Photograph by Morrison, Chicago.

JOHN F. STEVENS,

CHIEF ENGINEER, ISTHMIAN CANAL COMMISSION.

"The biggest things on the Isthmus
are the ninety-ton steam-shovels and John F. Stevens."

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NINETY-TON STEAM SHOVEL, LIFTING FIVE CUBIC YARDS OF MATERIAL AT EACH DIP, LOADING ROCK ON INADEQUATE FRENCH DUMP-CARS TEMPORARILY IN USE. THE LAST SHIPMENTS OF ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY SIMILAR SHOVELS ARE NOW BEING DELIVERED ON THE ISTHMUS.

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EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XIV. MAY, 1906. No. 5.

ZONE POLICE SERGEANT.

Making Good at Panama

ZONE POLICE PRIVATE.

By LINDSAY DENISON

"The whole truth, whether it hurts or not."
—PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—In order to answer the question, "What is really going on at Panama?" EVERYBODY'S sent one of its editors to the Isthmus to report as simply and directly as possible how the American people's business is being done on that scandal-vexed strip of land. Besides the extraordinary credentials addressed by President Roosevelt to the employees of the Government, Mr. Denison had also means of access to the confidence of many influential residents of the Isthmus who have no connection with the Canal Commission. He found that the task of constructing the canal is tremendously more impressive in its sheer bigness than can well be understood by any one who has not been over the ground; that the American Government has undertaken the work in an adequately broad and comprehensive way; that the canal is being dug in earnest; that for every dollar spent a persistent and aggressively honest effort is being made to get a fair return. Here and there is a trace of petty graft—"mosquito bites on an elephant"—and there are an unpleasantly large number of traces of individual incapacity and stupidity. But on the whole, the immensity of the undertaking, the tragi-comic inefficiency of the tropical laborer, the gaunt specters of the Isthmian fevers, the demoralizing embarrassment of carrying on the biggest job in the world thousands of miles from its base of supply—all these giants of despair are being faced with a calm and wise and gritty determination that should make every American's cheek glow with patriotic pride.

THE truth does not hurt. It thrills.

We should have been unemotional Americans indeed, that February morning when we lay in quarantine off the La Boca wharves in Ancon Harbor, the Pacific entrance to the Canal Zone, had we not been stirred a little by the panorama before us. A United States cruiser swung white and glittering off our bow; all around us were steamships from South America, from Hawaii, from San Francisco, waiting their turn to go up to the wharves at the canal entrance and discharge their cargoes. Beyond them under the glimmering tropic sun were the low-lying hills dotted with white- and gray-painted hospitals and residences, showing through the dark green clumps of the royal palms. Off to the right, beyond Ancon Hill, stretched the City of Panama—a glow of low, red-tiled roofs, of moldy pink and yellow walls, with here and there a massive Spanish church belfry rising over them. And almost lost in the haze, still farther along the coast, they showed us a little gray tower, the only remnant of the first Panama, built by those wonderful Spaniards who centuries ago surveyed the Isthmus for a seventeen-foot canal and began the digging of it, only to be driven from their work and annihilated by the licensed British pirate, Morgan.

The prospect could not but cheer us for the moment. The houses on Ancon Hill looked clean and well painted. The locomotives were tooting cheerily over beyond the long wharf; the musical clang of many rivet-

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FRENCH DUMP-CARS USED AS BULKHEAD FILLING AT CRISTOBAL.

ing hammers, somewhere inland, made a gladdening labor-motif for the symphony of sound. Perhaps Panama was not altogether gone to the bad.

But we were dubious. For fourteen days, sailing down the west Central American coast, we had listened at table and in the smoking-room, as well as in coffee-factors' offices, hotel courts, and on street corners ashore, to grisly, slimy tales of scandal at Panama. The climate was deadly as that of a S. P. C. A. dog-killing chamber; the Isthmus was full of yellow fever concealed by the United States hospital authorities; the fumigation squad of the sanitary department was an incendiary band which went about deliberately carrying out a plan to set fire to the cities of Panama and Colon and thus wipe them off the map; at Panama the American-built water-works were full of sewage, at Colon they had gone dry; the Zone police were a band of negro cutthroats, who were likely to rise up at any moment and massacre every white man on the Isthmus; graft was everywhere; every member of the Isthmian Canal Commission was "getting his bit" from the lumber and supply contracts; millions of feet of lumber were being encouraged to float out to sea, so that more might be bought, to the profit of the Government grafters and the lumber dealers; the pay of laborers was being held back purposely so that the paymasters might force from the helpless Jamaicans a liberal rebate in consideration of being paid at all; food little better than swill was being served to the Americans in the Isthmian Commission's eating-houses, to the tremendous profit of the commissary officers; disabled steam-shovels were lying idle along the railroad all across the Isthmus, while the engineers and their subordinates reveled vinously in the Panama brothels, shouting: "It's Government money, so who cares"; the Panama Railroad was a thief-ridden trail of inefficiency from Panama to Colon; inter-oceanic freight was piled mountains high at either terminal. We were prepared to hold our noses and go across on the run.

"Why, gentlemen," said one of the most informing of our fellow voyagers, "you see that there are no vultures hanging over Panama; vultures would starve to death here; their human competitors have skinned the land."

Then we went ashore and were loaded into a dusty, ancient, ramshackle train into which a self-respecting cow would have refused to be loaded in the United States; we were man-handled by violent negro train-hands and a conductor who wore a large diamond in his necktie and who thrust his cash-fare collections into his trousers pocket without ringing a bell punch or giving a receipt. We were unloaded on the outskirts of Panama at a baking-oven of a station, surrounded by a dust field with a fringe of flea-bitten horses, tumble-down hacks, and saloons which seemed likely to fall in at any moment upon the wrecks of humanity which crowded the bars.

It was all true after all, we moaned in our hearts. The alleged "Knocker's Brigade" were martyrs to truth. The President's brave letter, in my breast pocket, felt as heavy as a block of lead. We were driven through streets as rough as any Maine woods lumber road,

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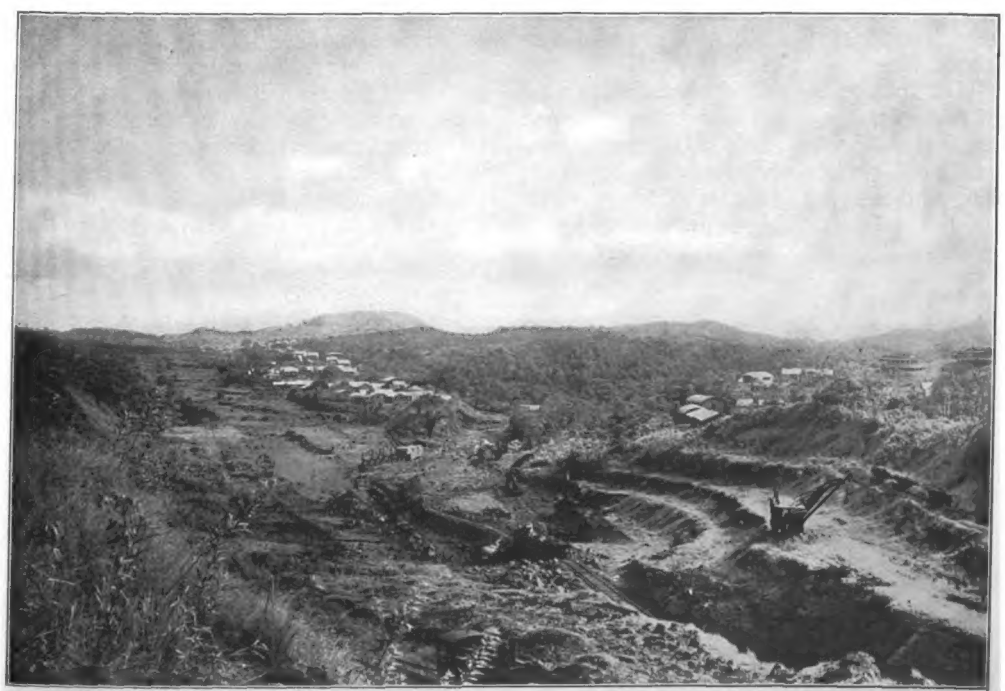
past houses where naked mongrel children, tow-head and kinky-haired together, screamed under the chastisings of slatternly mothers; we were housed in a hotel where a meek request for the interpolating of sheets between the counterpane and the mattress ticking was met with a smile of amused though contemptuous compliance.

In all the world there is not another city so depressing as Panama. Natives and aliens go through its streets with dragging feet and saddened faces. I saw a cab-horse, standing in front of the dismal public square, move a few inches forward so that he might lean against a telegraph pole—and the action was so much in the spirit of the town that it did not jar upon my perceptions as remarkable until long afterward. We wondered how American white men of decent tastes and education could stay more than six weeks in such a hole and keep their reason.

Thus it will appear that two more thoroughly disheartened Americans could not have looked out on Isthmian affairs than former Congressman Francis Burton Harrison and myself when we started out for our first day of inspection of the canal work. Mr. Harrison had at least his compensating reflections; he is a Democrat and believes that the Roosevelt administration is cheering us, as a nation, down the broad way that leadeth to destruction. Mingling sadness and bitterness, with no anticipation of any pleasanter feeling, we went out to Empire early in the morning.

With that first sight of the real canal work, the day of lamentation was over. We came upon the days of being glad that we were Americans, of being glad that we were living in the American generation which is joining the Atlantic and Pacific, of admiration for the thoroughness of the work already accomplished and the immensity of the work yet to be done. Standing in the veranda of the office of Mr. Dauchy, chief engineer of the Culebra division, on the hill at Empire, we overlooked the line of the canal for miles. Way to the south of us—it must always be remembered that the Isthmus runs nearly east and west and that one who travels across it from the Pacific to the Atlantic is moving from south to north—was the summit of the Culebra cut. Jets of white steam floating out from the sloping brown sides of the gigantic notch in the mountains showed where the steam-shovels were biting and rooting. Right



Photograph by W. A. Fishbaugh, Empire, Panama.

THE CANAL PRISM FROM BAS OBISPO TO EMPIRE—PART OF TWENTY-ONE-MILE CULEBRA CUT. NEARLY ALL THE EXCAVATING VISIBLE IN THE PICTURE WAS DONE BY THE FRENCH.

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DIVISION HEADQUARTERS AT CRISTOBAL, FORMERLY DE LESSEPS' PALACE, THE SCENE OF SCANDALOUS FRENCH REVELS. THIS HOUSE STANDS AT THE END OF A HALF-MILE LONG BREAKWATER BUILT OF CUBIC METER CEMENT BLOCKS IMPORTED FROM FRANCE.

under the hill, a few hundred feet below us, one of the giant shovels was widening the bed of the old French cut to make room for more tracks for the dump-trains, which were to bring away the spoil from the heaviest cutting. Standing on the lip of the bank over it was Dauchy, all in white linen, holding a green umbrella over his head. In the intervening distance were antlike swarms of men, setting drills, leveling track-grades, laying ties, skidding and rolling masses of utterly useless and troublesome French machinery out of the way of American progress.

New comprehensions of what the building of the canal means come crowding over one as he overlooks thus, for the first time, a five- or six-mile section of the work. One finds himself discarding all the standards by which he has measured big constructive works before. The Lucin cut-off, the New York subway and tunnel diggings, the Yuma irrigation dam, the Tehuantepec Railway breakwater become as unimportant as mere subsections of the canal job. At first the tremendousness of it is appalling; and then there comes a mighty uplift of pride and satisfaction as the eye grasps, one after another, the evidences that American ingenuity, bravery, and persistence have set about the task deliberately and steadily, undaunted by its bigness, undisturbed by meddlers and trouble-makers at home, undismayed by the records of former failure which crop out of the hungry jungle every hundred feet of the way from Panama to Colon.

The magnificence of the French failure is not the least illuminating discovery that impresses the visitor to the Isthmus. We here

TIVOLI HOTEL AT ANCON, BUILT BY THE GOVERNMENT FOR CANAL EMPLOYEES.

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LABORERS' QUARTERS AND MARINE BARRACKS AT BAS OBISPO. BUILDINGS ARE RAISED ABOVE GROUND ON MASONRY PILLARS TO INSURE DRYNESS, AND ALL VERANDAS ARE SCREENED AGAINST MOSQUITOES.

at home are accustomed to believing that the French spent some twenty years on the Isthmus accomplishing nothing in particular; we have had a vague notion that they started the digging of the Culebra cut and made some useful surveys, and that they poured their millions of money into the Isthmus as ineffectually as though it had been water. One cannot spend much time on the Isthmus without discovering in himself a mighty respect for the French. They did a great work—though they hardly began the task which we have pledged ourselves to finish.

The canal line is about forty-seven miles long. The French practically completed eleven miles of it. From Colon harbor to Gatun, they dredged and dug a channel up which the largest ships steamed for nine miles without difficulty. From La Boca, at the other end, there were at least two miles of canal finished. In the twelve years or more which elapsed after the French gave up the project—merely keeping a sufficient force scratching away at the Culebra cut to hold their franchise—these great ditches have filled up with silt and the Colon end of the canal is navigable for less than three miles. But a very few months of dredging will clear the channel again, and widen it to the extent required by the American plans.

The bed of the canal—"the canal prism," the engineers call it—has been outlined from Atlantic to Pacific. At the point where we found Mr. Dauchy and the 90-ton shovel tearing its way into the rock, widening the prism, this outline was a ditch two hundred feet wide and fifty feet deep. It is not possible, even with the aid of the voluminous rec-

NEGROES IN ANCON HOSPITAL. THE SCREENED-IN BED IN THE FAR CORNER IS FOR CASES PRESENTING POSSIBILITIES OF YELLOW FEVER.

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ords which they left, to know exactly what the French plan was. But apparently dredging was to be an important feature of it. Near the town of Pedro Miguel—now colloquially Americanized to "Pete McGill"—is a great marine dredge of the most imposing capacity; it was set up high and dry on the top of the mountain twenty miles or more from either sea and with no water to float it bigger than a stream which a ten-year-old child could straddle. It is a monument to the wonderful French devotion to the ideal even in the practical; it is not a thing to laugh at. Behold how magnificent was the thought!—by dry digging to excavate a ditch wide enough and deep enough to be filled with water which should float the dredge; then the dredge would deepen and lengthen this little pond on the mountain top and other dredges would join it, and *voilà!*—the cut would be made by dredging and not by digging! And one of the most vexatious problems in this era of unpoetic engineering on the Isthmus is to get that huge hulk out of the canal prism without expending more in dynamite and labor on the plaguy thing than it cost the French when it was new.

It wrings the heart to ride across the Isthmus past an almost unbroken succession of ponderous pieces of machinery, brought from France at infinite pains and expense, abandoned, useless, overgrown by tropical creepers. One sees the smoke-stacks of twenty-five or thirty or fifty locomotives sticking out of the green; they are on a siding where they were deposited on delivery; never a pound of steam has been in their boilers.

In another spot are a line of cranes and bucket derricks, all too small and inefficient to be used in work on the scale that characterizes the American plan. Cut into the jungle with a machete for fifty feet, anywhere within quarter of a mile of the canal line, and there are disclosed trains of gravel cars, piles of steel rails of the thin, top-heavy French pattern, hundreds of buckets, rock-tongs, and funny little hoisting-engines.

It is hard for a layman to understand why all this old iron—they say the French spent $92,000,000 in bringing it to the Isthmus—has not some present value. But the engineers have but little patience with the suggestion. For instance, Mr. Holcombe, chief of the Chagres division, managed to use parts of two or three engines to make a water-sterilizer for his camp at Bas Obispo and to convert a bucket-hoist into a ballast-loader, but the labor required and the time expended made the result cost almost as much as though new machinery had been brought down from the United States. At Cristobal, Mr. Maltby, chief of the sea-level division, is throwing hundreds of the dinky little flat cars into the bulkheads along the water-front as filling material. They make fine ballast—and they are useless as cars because, like the French locomotives, they are mounted on trucks so rigid that they cannot be used for fast work on roughly graded, temporary construction tramways.

The French built hundreds of houses and shops. They were well built and well equipped. But twelve years of complete neglect made most of them into rickety shells. It is impossible for a Northerner to realize what the growth of the tropical jungle is. Not a hundred feet from one of the principal stations of the Panama Railroad the clearing away of a space for additional switch-sidings discovered two large French dwellings whose existence had been unsuspected by the Americans for two years. They were cleaned and painted and repaired, and, like hundreds of other houses which have been made over, are now comfortable homes for canal workers.

The French, it will be seen, therefore, left us much more than a mere right of way. They left buildings which we have been able to use for offices and quarters; they left a very great deal of completed work; they left maps and plans which have been at least of suggestive value to our engineers; and most precious inheritance of all, they left us in their own experience a terrible warning against shiftlessness, extravagance, and carelessness of health.

We are become a most cock-sure people under the stimulus of newspapers which have assumed legislative and judicial functions in addition to the obligation of printing the world's news. We have learned to say with minatory positiveness: "Now here! The way to dig a canal is to dig it! Make the dirt fly!"

It is as though the housekeeper went down into the kitchen of a house into which the family had just moved and found the cook cleaning up only too obvious traces of the previous tenant, or arranging new pots and pans, or even peeling potatoes; and thereupon made proclamation: "Now here! The way to cook is to cook! What are you fooling around at side issues for? Why don't you cook?"

We have been peeling potatoes, and cleaning up and collecting and installing new uten-

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sils on the Isthmus for two years. It has been a big two years' work.

The Isthmus has been made as nearly healthful as any tropical country can be made. Decent quarters, either remodeled French houses or new buildings, have been provided for all the workmen.

There are now about 19,000 men on the canal payrolls. Very few of them are on actual construction work. As the sanitary and house and wharf building work is completed, more and more laborers from these departments will be transferred to the digging force. But there are now nearly as many laborers on the Isthmus as it will ever be practicable to use. The Government has ceased maintaining labor bureaus in the West Indies.

Machinery and materials have been collected and wharves and shops have been erected for receiving and setting them up. The line of the canal has been nearly cleaned of débris, and much of it has been prepared by leveling and the laying of work tracks for the actual continuation of the French digging. There remains to be accomplished the reformation of the unspeakable Panama railroad; it must yet be double tracked, and spur switches must be laid between the spoil-road, down in the bottom of the canal prism, and the Panama railroad proper—because nearly all the earth and rock taken from the route of the canal must be carried out over the Panama railroad to the Colon or Panama swamps before it can be dumped.

First of all came the necessity for removing from men who contemplated going to work on the Isthmus the fear of death by disease; and almost simultaneously came the question of quarters; for even the work of making the Isthmus healthful required many more men than there were sleeping-places. The sanitary work was put under the control of Colonel W. C. Gorgas, who knows more about the fighting of yellow fever than any man in the world. Colonel Gorgas is a Georgian, as simple as a child and modest almost to bashfulness. But when two men who have been to the Isthmus meet in New York and begin talking things over, one of them sooner or later says to the other: "You met Gorgas, of course?" And then they look each other in the eye, and nod, and think the more of each other because both of them have found out and recognized one of the world's real men.

The details of the work which Colonel Gorgas and his people have done in two years are not exciting. He set out with three single objects: the prevention of yellow fever, the minimization of malaria and of typhoid. This meant that he must keep canal employees free from the danger of being bitten by the yellow-fever mosquito, the *stegomyia;* that he must kill off also the malaria mosquito, the *anopheles;* and that there must be a pure water-supply. One of the effervescent persons who went to the Isthmus in the recent era of mud-slinging came back frantically braying that Gorgas was a fraud, because there were still unhappy sights and smells in the back yards and cesspools of Panama and Colon. The modern fever fighter has but little regard for nasty sights or smells so long as by the aid of screens or chemicals he can render the places whence they arise free from the possibility of fever propagation. The sweetening and beautifying process will be the last stage of Colonel Gorgas's work. But if this critic had raised his eyes from the swampy back yards which so distressed him at Colon, he would have seen Colonel Gorgas's men digging a ditch which has since made all that section of the city as dry as a bone.

But there are mighty few mosquitoes left on the Isthmus. In seven days, I was approached, so far as I know, by only two, and these were met at night. Mr. Harrison was bitten by six or seven. Time was when one walked the streets of Panama in a cloud of mosquitoes by day as well as by night. The British consul, Mr. Mallet, showed me that he had taken all the screens out of his office windows. "Two years ago," he assured me, "at this time of year, we should not have been able to sit in this room with the windows open; the mosquitoes would have driven us mad." All along the line of the canal, wherever there are dwellings, rank vegetation has been cut away within a radius of a thousand feet of nearly every house, low places have been drained, cement gutters have been laid. Inasmuch as a mosquito seldom travels a thousand feet from the place where he is born, very few come around. Nevertheless, miles on miles of wire screening have been put at the doors and windows and around the verandas of offices and dwellings.

As to water-supply, water-works have been finished at Panama and Colon for which the Panamanian Government has undertaken to pay us—*mañana.* The Panama plant was not equipped with intake screens at first and a number of silly fish got into the pipes and

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died; and for a time the Panamanians thought but little of the *americano* order to fill up wells and cisterns and depend on the new source of supply. Before any serious illness was caused by the fish pollution the screens were put in and the water is now pure. The Colon water-works are to be fed from a basin which is quite dependent on the annual rainfall. If there should be no rain for a whole year, there would be no water. Later it may be necessary to carry the pipes back to a more certain source of supply.

There were some complaints that the sanitary squad fumigators were careless and caused several of the big fires which have occurred lately. I have been running to fires in New York city for some ten years. After going over the ground of these Panama fires rather carefully and hearing all the stories, there was only one instance in which it seemed even remotely possible that the mosquito hunters could be held responsible.

Large hospitals have been built at Ancon and Colon; together they have accommodations for 900 patients. They are far more pleasantly situated and better kept up than the New York City public hospitals with which I am familiar. Ancon, where the higher officers of the Commission now have their homes, is as pleasant and healthful a place as one could hope to live in. What Ancon is like in the rainy season I do not know; but I would rather live there in February than live anywhere within one hundred miles of New York City Hall between June and September. The grounds about the hospital are beautiful and as neat as a millionaire's formal garden. And mighty lucky does the Isthmian visitor think himself who is invited to stop at Ancon with a friend and to escape the horrible Panama hotels.

There are six thirty-bed emergency hospitals along the line, and every day a hospital car, filled with cots and screened against mosquitoes, runs over the railroad from Panama to Colon and back, picking up acute cases and suspicious cases to be cared for at the main hospitals. The Jamaica negro does not like to go to hospital. He would rather draw pay. And inasmuch as he never does any work to amount to anything, he cannot see why he should not be allowed to drag himself to roll-call, even though sick, lie groaning in the sun all day, and collect from the Government therefor. No small part of the sanitary department's duty is the hunting down of the sick Jamaican.

The results are eloquent. In the New York street-cleaning department 26 men out of every 1,000 are daily reported ill and unfit for duty. Only 21 out of 1,000 canal employees are daily reported ill and unfit for duty. On February 13th there had been not a single case of yellow fever for two months; and malaria, in spite of the fact that hundreds of laborers were bringing in new cases every week, was decreasing. Colonel Gorgas has made good.

So has the quarters' end of the Department of Labor and Quarters. The pictures tell this more satisfactorily than anything which can be written here. In some of the barrack houses there are three cots, one above the other in tiers. But they are clean. In spite of the pity lavished on the lower order of laborers by some visitors to the Isthmus, Jamaican newspaper correspondents who have come over on inspection trips go back reporting that the negro laborer is better off in his canal quarters than at home. Within a few weeks offices and dwellings for the Chief Engineer and his staff will have been completed on the heights at Empire, overlooking the Culebra cut. Out there the nights are cool, the days are breezy; there is none of the deadly depression of Panama, and the hundreds of young men who have been turned loose to amuse themselves in Panama every night will be thrown back on their own resources and kept from the night amusements which flourish in the city and aren't good for unacclimated young persons from the north. I didn't spend much time spying on the personal habits of the American contingent on the Isthmus, but this much was easily apparent: Over and above the normal percentage of loose livers which we have always among us, even in such sanctified communities as San Francisco and New York, the disorderly persons in Panama's places of revelry come pretty much from one department—the auditor's office. They are the so-called "secret-service timekeepers"—detectives who go about unannounced checking up on foremen to maintain the straightness of the pay-rolls; they are not accountable for their own time and they seem to be liberally paid. A New York policeman would call them "shoo-flies." Their behavior is a scandal.

That pay department is a most annoying interference, anyway, with the comfort of one who would like to take unalloyed satisfaction in the progress of Isthmian work. It is stupid and inelastic. It is altogether occu-

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pied with the magnificent importance of its own routine and not at all with the necessity of shortening that routine. Our laws provide certain rules of checking, counterchecking, and certifying on pay-rolls; it is a cumbersome system at best, but its very complications have been made the excuse for not making it as good as it might be made. Mr. Stevens, the Chief Engineer, told me that the day laborers were being paid within from seven to ten days—a delay equivalent to that made in the payment of similar laborers on big construction works in the United States. Mr. Stevens was not fairly informed. I found men on the line of the canal on February 13th who had not been paid for work finished on January 31st. Later reports from the Isthmus, not reliable, tell me that seven days more elapsed before they were paid.

In discussing the pay question a division engineer showed me a pay-roll for 2,400 men for two weeks. It weighed 103 pounds! There seems to be no good reason why any law should compel us to work out pay-rolls as astronomers work out an eclipse. Moreover, the delay has a most demoralizing effect on the laborer. Whatever may be the custom here at home, the Jamaican wants his money as soon as he has earned it. He is uneasy and half-hearted until he gets it. He is a worse workman because of the pay system.*

And the Lord, who in His inscrutable wisdom made the Jamaica negro, did not make him for a workman. He has all the childish irresponsibility of the negro, all the procrastination of the Spaniard, all the stolid self-sufficiency of the Briton.

We were sitting at lunch on the bank of the Chagres River, six miles back from Gamboa. In front of us was an ant highway, a four-inch wide, downtrodden, brown strip through the grass. Thousands of ants were hustling along this road. They came out of the woods a hundred feet away and went bustling along the path until they were lost to sight. All those going up-stream were laden with bits of green leaves; they were staggering under their loads, pushing, helping, frantically energetic in making traffic move.

"Where do they all come from?" I asked. "Where are they all going?"

The Division Engineer had been sitting with his head in his hands in that silent, weary, studying mood which so soon becomes characteristic of the men of large responsibilities on the Isthmus. He looked at the ants and sighed wearily:

"They didn't come from Jamaica, I know that!" he said.

We are paying the Jamaican four times what he can earn in Jamaica. Mr. Stevens says that the Jamaican does one-third of a man's work every day. Mr. Dauchy says one-fifth of a man's work. A foreman of painters gave me this data: "I had a job I wanted done in a hurry because the wife of a chum was coming down from the States and he wanted the place ready for her. I did the job myself. It took me a day and three-quarters. Later I put seven Jamaica niggers on the house next door, exactly the same size; they were at it four days!"

Jamaicans are apparently Jacks of all trades. Hungry for the big wages of Panama, negro school teachers, barbers, shoemakers, store clerks have flocked to the Isthmus to find employment as masons, carpenters, blacksmiths, and painters indifferently. They are wasteful; they are stupid; they are possessed with an unutterable hatred of exertion other than conversation, preferably on religious or ethical topics. Here are some more statistics from my friend the foreman of painters: Hospital 54 is a building about forty feet square; the amount of white lead required for the paint to be applied to it would be, here in the States, about 75 pounds; it was necessary to use 250 pounds of white lead on the job; none of it was stolen; none was carried away; that white lead and all the other wasted materials which were mixed with it are chargeable to the Jamaica negro's inefficiency.

Yet the canal must be built with Jamaican labor, in the main. Some workmen are being brought from Galicia in Spain; some have been imported from Martinique; a few, very few, have come down from the United States. Their withdrawal from this country was the cause of such a howl from the manufacturers and, through them, the politicians of the States from which they were recruited, that the canal appropriations in Congress were endangered. In time we may develop foremen who can make the Jamaican earn his money, as he did in the construction of the Costa Rican railways, where he made a mighty good name for himself; we may find it wise to pay him less (and more promptly).

There is a way of making the Jamaican work.

* Since this article was written President Roosevelt has personally ordered a general overhauling of the Isthmian pay department and the regeneration of the Panama Railroad management.

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A foreman found a man prying at the wheel of a steam-shovel with a crowbar. The claw was turned the wrong way.

"Turn that crowbar over," he suggested. The Jamaican regarded him with a tolerant smile and did not turn the crowbar.

"Did you hear what I said?" demanded the foreman. The Jamaican pouted.

"Yes, sare, I heard what you said, sare!" he said almost rebukingly; and he did not turn the crowbar.

"Turn it over!"

"I do not think it needful, sare."

The foreman said things which he shouldn't.

"Don't you talk that way to me, sare," said the negro, straightening up; "you mustn't talk that way to me. I'm a British object, sare!" This with the greatest dignity.

Just then a big Georgia negro who had been listening to the debate lost patience. He leaned down and picked up a stone as big as a brick. He made oration to the "British object" thus:

"Hyah, you nigger! You g'wan tu'n dat crowbar over 'foh I hit you on de shin wif dis yeah rock!"

The crowbar turned over in a flash, and one Jamaican did almost half a day's work in eight hours.

It has been suggested that Oriental coolies be imported. The Panamanians don't want them; but we are almost at an end of our patience in considering Panamanian whims. It will be time for them to be dictatorial when they begin paying us for their paving and water-works and for the Panama Government patients who have been cared for in our hospitals. It is suggested that the thousands of Chinamen who were taken to South Africa by the British and are now about to be returned to China could be transferred to the Isthmus to advantage. The French tried to use Chinese labor. They had a camp of 700 Chinamen at Matachin. The Chinamen didn't like the climate; many of them were taken ill, and one gloomy day in the rainy season they began to commit suicide; it was easier than going to hospital or going home. Four hundred of them killed themselves before the camp could be abolished and the coolies started home. Matachin is mentioned cheerfully when one begins to talk about Chinese labor.

One reason why the Jamaica laborer is not effective is that he does not get enough to eat; the laborers buy their own supplies from the Canal Commission's commissary stores and do their own cooking. The supplies are cheap and healthful. But each laborer cooks for himself, over a fire in the yard of his barracks; between parsimony and incompetence as a cook, he is not sufficiently nourished.

The eating-houses for white men, we found to be very much better than we had any reason to expect. We had better dinners and suppers in the Government restaurants at thirty cents each than I ever found in New York for fifty cents. Some of the men growl over the food; it is the way of men. But certainly no one in the Government restaurants which we visited knew we were scandal-hunting or had any means of making special preparations for us.

Incidentally, on every table in every Government restaurant is a bottle of quinine pills. "Three grains of quinine," says Colonel Gorgas, "is an antidote for malaria. Why not make it easy for the men to keep well?" An interesting illustration of the thoroughness of the sanitary department's work.

It will not be long before Mr. Stevens will find himself unable to go farther until it is decided at Washington what shall be the type of the canal. The preparatory work done so far is equally applicable to a sea-level canal or to a canal with two locks and an eighty-five feet above sea-level stretch through the Culebra heights.

Not everything that has been accomplished so far is to be accredited to Mr. Stevens. He has been on the ground less than a year. But he came to a work which had been carried on by a bickering, quarrelsome board, more occupied with political considerations than with canal-digging. It is customary for admirers of Stevens to preface their admiration with sneers for Wallace, his predecessor. This is quite unnecessary. Mr. Wallace is an engineer of undoubtedly great ability; now that the internal squabbles of his régime have quieted down, it must be acknowledged that most of the things Mr. Stevens and his staff have done are things which Mr. Wallace wanted to do but which his commission refused to countenance or support. Upon the Isthmus one gets the idea that Mr. Wallace lacked that intuition of the human equation which is part of the equipment of every really great engineer; men are the engineer's tools no less than diamond drills. He "didn't know how to get along with folks," either over or under him.

Having this impression of Wallace, what a mighty internal satisfaction comes to him who meets John F. Stevens face to face. He is of

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the type whose desk is always clean; who always has time on his hands; who has always just finished doing something worth while. He speaks of himself as "the laziest man on the Isthmus"; he oversees more work, clerical and in the field, than any three men under him. Easy-speaking, easy-mannered, he has a working edge as hard as the steel teeth of the buckets of his ninety-ton shovels. The biggest things on the Isthmus are those steam-shovels and John F. Stevens. They work in the same irresistible, even-tempered, untiring way; it makes no difference to them what comes, solid rock or mud, Jamaica labor or senatorial billingsgate politics.

It is good to know his subordinates, too—Dauchy, glum and scowling, hating with an intense personal hatred the seams of rock that will not run parallel with the lines of his shovel-cutting; Maltby, sallow and long-legged, twisting himself around the legs of an office chair, and cussing with the explosiveness of a machine gun as he argues for straight Government construction and against the letting of contracts; Holcombe, leading his young surveyors up and down the Chagres with as much fire as though he were at the head of a cavalry campaign; and a score of others, all of them men of decided individuality, of tested ability, and all inspired by one sustained purpose: the digging of the canal as President Roosevelt wants it built, straight and quickly.

I am no railroad man; I am glad that I am not in the place of General Manager Beird of the Panama Railroad. When he was put on the job, the railroad had a good road-bed—everything else from the rails up to the tops of the smoke-stacks of the engines was disgraceful, including the management. He has achieved some new engines and cars; more are coming; in the mean time none of the old cars has been cleaned or painted, apparently; an insufficient number of them is run; the employees are discourteous and dishonest—the price of a ticket from Colon to Panama is $4.80 (silver), but the price you pay the conductor when you have not bought a ticket is $2.00 (silver). The freight traffic across the Isthmus is too much for the carrying capacity. Wonders have been done in the way of reducing congestion, but I have yet to find out why cement belonging to the Commission and coffee in transit to Europe from the west coast should be exposed to the rain on flat cars, while railroad ties are painstakingly stowed in box cars. No train runs on time; few of them start on time. In undertaking the Panama Railroad with its New York-Colon steamship annex, the Government assumed the obligations of a common carrier; this is so little understood that once, at least, the Panama Railroad delivered to a Panama Railroad steamer forty tons of freight which the shipper had ordered forwarded by the Royal Mail line of steamers. Cynical agents of outside lines call this a simple device to increase the Government line's tonnage.

But not even the railroad, bad as it is, has in it the worst possibilities to be found in the Canal Zone. The railroad can be reorganized and readjusted—the introduction of the new rolling-stock will accomplish much in itself. There is a big chance for harm in the character of the men who stand between the engineers and the laborers. The engineers, the professional men, as has been said and intimated throughout this article, disclose themselves to the observer as the salt of the earth. The Jamaica negro, at the other end of the scale, is a sickening problem, but he has been made to work before and can be again, once we find out how. The skilled laborers and the foremen immediately in charge of the laborers are men of sound sense, of some adventurous spirit—of which their going down to the Isthmus is the best evidence—and familiarity with their trades. But there is a set of men variously called "superintending foremen" or "superintendents" who are, for the most part, utterly incompetent. They apparently sought employment on the Isthmus because they were not worth their salt at home where they were known. They are the laughing stock of the under-foremen and the skilled laborers and the despair of the engineers. When jacked up to make some kind of bluff at working, they moon around with an under-foreman, owlishly trying to learn from him the things in which they ought to be instructing him. The work of ridding the pay-rolls of these drones has begun. It cannot be carried on too swiftly or too severely. The blame for their appointment is laid directly to the Civil Service Commission and to certain political influences, not identified. The importance of the work these men were called upon to do was overlooked in the rush of the effort made to get the best possible men for the highest positions. The President has already severed all connection between the Civil Service Commission and the canal personnel. After this, boss workmen will be selected for their looks and their manners and their practical acquaintance with their

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trades, and not on their ability to write out pretty examination papers.

There is one more ugly complication. Every little while a circle of malingerers develops among the skilled laborers. First one and then another and another American develops an indifference toward his job, a cynical lack of belief in the sincerity of everybody connected with the canal from the President down. There is "trouble in the air." In every case this disturbance is traced to a professional labor agitator from the States who has recently entered that particular camp. What does it mean to the engineers and to the more observant and serious-minded workmen? Their explanation is so startling that I hesitated to accept it—but in seven days of steady inquiry, fifty intangible bits of evidence, whiffs of gossip, brought me to the same belief.

We all know that when a gentle Wall Street pirate wants to depress the market price of a railroad security the customary tactics are the starting of a strike on that road; the instruments used by financial pirates are these same furtive, smooth-tongued, ingenious trouble-starters who have appeared on the Isthmus with such persistent regularity. The men and agencies and corporations which are battling against the canal's progress, which are seeking to undermine the President's determination for its rapid completion, which are behind the congressional delays and the magnifying into an awful scandal of every possible excuse for discussion—these are the same men and agencies who go out railroad-wrecking. There is a deep-seated belief on the Isthmus that when other means fail, the enemies of the canal—the secret financial enemies, not the short-sighted fellows who are trying to make capital by dragging the canal into politics—will endeavor to use all that is corruptible and mercenary in the administration of the labor-unions of the United States to upset the great work that Mr. Stevens and his subordinates are carrying on. It is believed that the work of planting the seed has already begun.

But one thing is certain. The brawler and rioter will take mighty little comfort in indulging himself in the Canal Zone. Under Governor Magoon there has developed a system of government of the zone which abhors lawlessness or disorder. Its outward and visible signs are three hundred negro policemen, strapping big fellows, former Jamaican constables of an altogether different type from the so-called Jamaican laborer; their officers are for the most part former United States cavalrymen, clean-cut, alert, intelligent fellows, chock full of nerve and discipline. They are housed in combination police stations and jails that are more comfortable than any police station I have ever seen in the United States. Their prisoners are dealt with under a code fashioned from our Philippine code; in the Canal Zone the Law is not a byword; it is a venerated fact.

This article has nothing to do with the administration of the Isthmian Canal Commission's officers in Washington and New York. This is the story of what one finds when he goes to the Isthmus to see and hear for himself. To be sure, he does find that a great many orders for supplies which are sent from the men in the field are changed by the men of the purchasing department, and sometimes the machinery, materials and instruments sent in response to those orders are not in the least suitable—which may mean self-importance in the purchasing department or may mean graft, but certainly means annoyance on the Isthmus. To be sure, the moral effect of the presence of a majority of the Canal Commission on the Isthmus during each year, on the men there and on men at home who contemplate applying for canal work, would not be inconsiderable. But such points are aside from the present issue.

On the Isthmus of Panama the business of the American people is being well done. It is not perfect. There is too much petty graft—as on the railroad; but it is of no more importance than mosquito bites on an elephant. But one has only to use his eyes to see that we have gone into one of the pest-holes of the world and have made it fairly habitable; that we have tackled a job in which another great nation failed conspicuously and are so conducting it as to keep clear of shame; that in spite of tremendous difficulties on the spot and malicious and mercenary hindrances here at home we are doing sane, effective, honest work; that we are going to build the canal and build it well!

There are too many men on the Isthmus who ought not to be there. But in John F. Stevens and in the men who surround him there burns the spirit embodied in the words which Theodore Roosevelt is said to have uttered recently to an engineer about to depart for Panama:

"Remember this: that whatever the American people may think of you and me, the last thing they will ever forget about either of us is that we had to do with the making of the Panama Canal!"

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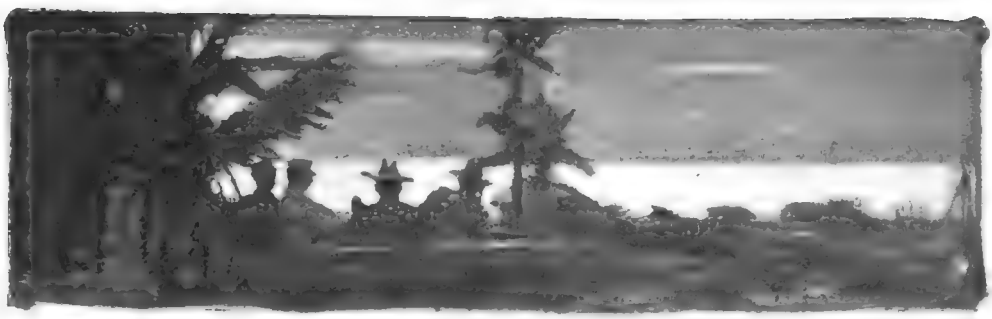

The Pity of Woman

By JAMES HOPPER

Illustrations by Allen True

OVER on Mariveles the sun had set in somber splendor. A velvet pall of darkness had fallen upon the earth like a conclusion; but the waters of the bay still glowed, glowed with a light that was not reflected, but arose as from within—a luminous exhalation, as it were, from the mysterious depths—a dark purplish light which should not have been, which astonished the soul, and was sinister. Some one on the veranda mentioned Morton. The short, idle sentence split the peace of the moment like an electric spark. And the silence that immediately engulfed it was not as the silence that had been before; it was a silence full of unrest, of vague spiritual heavings and stirrings, for the case of the man was one which filled us with inward clamor and questioning, and yet pinned us beneath the weight of some indefinable oppression.

But Courtland began to speak, and we leaned forward, intent, knowing that he must understand. Yet his first words were a confession of doubt, of that same inability to pierce the depths of the thing and pass sentence which vaguely exasperated us all:

It isn't the fall of him that's difficult; that's easy, too easy—we see so much of it. But the redemption—unless we go back to the old explanation, puerile to us complicated moderns, perhaps from its very obviousness—the old theory of purification through suffering. And then there is she. She is the mystery, the holy mystery. Before her she had his soul, legible to her like a book. And the pages were a smear of mud and blood. And yet what did she read, what did she read in these defiled pages?

(Courtland's voice droned off on the question. A heavy torpor descended from the low sky. We leaned forward, intent for the word, the solution.)

You remember him—a tall, dark, aquiline man, with something Indian in his features, and efficiency written in every muscle-play of his magnificent body. A strong man, you would remark at first sight, a strong man, physically and morally. Bah! the strength of man—a phrase, words, bubble! He had the body, the jaw, the presence—a mere shell. The weakness was there anyhow, some little spot of blight within, I don't know just what; it might have been a touch of the romantic merely that glowed sometimes in the liquidity of his brown eyes.

He was one of life's fortunates, too. Belonged to a good family in the States—New Englanders, reputable and cold and narrow, stiff with rectitude as their own rock-ribbed coasts. Well educated, had gone to college, had played football, et cetera. Well, he came over here with the Volunteers. Easy to read after that. First, fervent, romantic patriotism, then mad exasperation, then mere cold, cynical brutality. Two years of loosening of fiber in the promiscuity of camp, of reversion to type in butchery of field. When the Volunteers returned, he did not go with them. The tropics had him by that time,

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had penetrated his heart with their pernicious charm.

He went into the Constabulary. He behaved well there, too. When I first saw him he had just returned from an expedition and his name was in all mouths. His command had proved faithless, and he had fought his way back, through enemy and friend, through incredible suffering. It was fine—but it was the shell. Inside was the spot of blight. And it began to spread, by imperceptible degrees. You could hardly see the progress, you know—only by taking periods far apart, and then it hit you with a shock. Finally he was at the last step—you know the step I mean, the one that we down here consider the last.

I stumbled upon the establishment by chance. It was cholera time; I had been detailed as inspector. It was very sordid, really. No hut beneath the palms; two rooms in the walled city. Disorder, untidiness, moral lassitude there. And she was not even pretty. Her eyes, slightly oblique, were closely set together, which gave her an extraordinary, calculating air. While he romanced—I suppose that he did; I hope that he did—she seemed counting, ceaselessly counting the Mex. that might come to her out of that affair. The only redeeming thing that I saw—redeeming, I mean, from a purely plastic standpoint—was a beautiful, liquid-eyed child they had there—her sister. You catch my distinction. It wasn't at all redeeming from another point of view—that child there in the shame of their lives. Everything else might have been pardonable—but that——

After a while even the outer shell began to show it. His white suits lost their impeccability; often he left the upper button open. Sometimes he wore his khaki without leggings. He didn't shave often enough. A vague sordidness began to creep over him like mold.

He drank. Not steadily; but about once a week he marched into the club with his hostile swagger (mind you, the swagger was all against himself; nobody knew of his situation; he did not know that I knew); he sat down resolutely at one of the tables and called for drink after drink, which he swallowed with a strange, decided, inflexible manner, as if he were doing something of absolute importance, something that he must do in spite of the world, in spite of himself. He kept that up, a frown between his eyes as if from tremendous mental effort, hour after hour, sometimes till the whiteness of dawn. Then he rose suddenly, clicked his heels together, and stalked off, seemingly unaffected.

One evening, as he came in thus, I was sitting alone on the veranda. He gave me a casual glance, walked straight on a few steps, then, swerving suddenly, settled in the seat next to mine. He said nothing at first, just sat there, a black bar between his eyes, seizing glass after glass as the *muchachos*, by that time well trained, ran them up to him. Then he began to speak.

He spoke about Her! Of course, at that time, I did not know of her existence. I was bewildered, thought he spoke of the other one, the one in the walled city, the one I had seen. Then as I understood, I was shocked as by a desecration.

"It's four years ago, Courtland, that I told her good-by," he said soberly, leaning over and placing a hand upon my knee. "She was in the garden, in the dew of the morning, and she was picking roses."

He was silent a long time. I was dumb; a sense of sacrilege filled my being. He began again:

"Her eyes are green, Courtland, green like the sea. And she can read into my soul, Courtland, right into my soul!"

Another period of silence, and then:

"'I am yours; whenever you need me I shall come to you.' That's what she said."

He jerked forward over the table, his head in his hands. A horrible spiritual discomfort crept into me. I didn't want to hear about it; I didn't! I wanted to hush him, push my hand against that blasphemous mouth——

"And I left her, in the garden, in the dew of the morning, among the roses!"

He rose stiffly, drew his hands from his face, down to his sides, as if with great effort, squared his shoulders, snapped his heels together, and marched off as he had come in.

Thus I first saw her, and always after saw her, in indelible picture—a frail young girl, of eyes with the sea-glint in them, picking roses in the dewy morning. Roses!—thousands of them—red and white and yellow; they are at her feet, at her sides, above her; their petals are in her hair, their incense is about her like adoration.

I saw him off and on after that, but he never mentioned her again—for which I was thankful. The disintegration was going on. Those black periods of revolt were less frequent now. Professionally he was still

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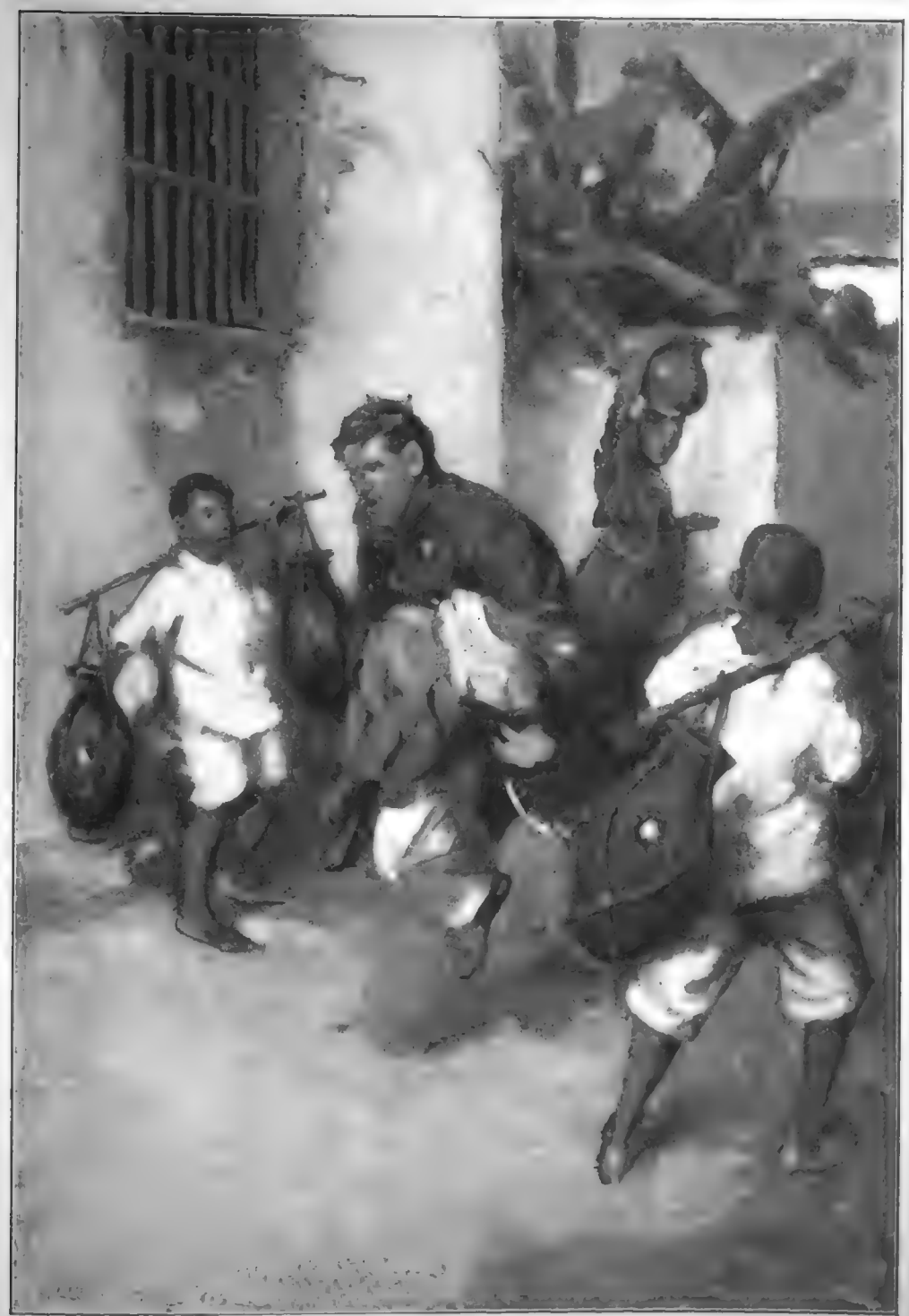

HE RACED SILENTLY ALONG THE ENDLESS, NARROW STREETS.

Google

DISORDER, UNTIDINESS, MORAL LASSITUDE.

strong. From the Katipunan one night he had received the little blood-dipped cross that meant that he was marked for their vengeance —and now his was the honor of carrying proudly, like an iron corselet, an exterior of cold indifference above the inward tension of every moment.

And then came that night.

Yes, that's the night, the night of which you all know something. But I know more; he told me everything, that one time he talked, his lips unsealed in a burst of hysteria.

He awoke that night smothered beneath the black weight of some indefinite discomfort. Instinctively his right hand slipped beneath his pillow and closed upon the Mauser pistol; but when he had lived thus a full minute, his fingers clutched about the stock, his breath convulsive in his throat, he slowly released the weapon with a sigh that was not of relief. For it was not from the Katipunan warning that came this vague oppression that through his sleep had wrapped him as a shroud; it was something deeper, more subtle and more intimate; it was interfibered with his innermost being, and it was torture.

He fought the haunting thing. It was a terrible night. The heat lay upon him like a catafalque. The enfevering rumor of moat-born gnats clung to the netting surrounding him; from the patio-hall there came the weary cough of a *muchacho*, stretched in his toil-damp clothes upon the polished floor. Outside, between the conch-shell shutters of the veranda the horizon was luminous with the moon. A beam stole into the steaming darkness of the room. It flashed up the mosquito bar into shimmering vapor; blandly it began a pointing-out of details, the inexorable details of his life's vulgarity. A nausea shook his being; he slipped to the floor and out to the balcony.

Beneath the moon Manila was agleam. The whole firmament was liquid with the light; it poured down like luminous rain, slid in cascades over the church domes, the tin roofs, the metallic palms, till the whole earth shimmered back to the skies. In the entire city only one spot gloomed—the old fort, mysterious and pestilential with its black oozing walls, its fever-belting moat; but beyond it, as if in exasperation at this stubborn non-conformity, the brightness broke out again triumphant in the glimmering sheen of the bay.

But from that serenity he turned, and he looked back, he had to look back. He peered into the room of infamy, peered at the bed, rising black and monumental in the farther depths, at the heaps of clothing here and there in cynical promiscuity, at the pile of greasy cooking utensils upon the stand, at the whole ensemble of disorder, weakness, moral lassitude. Passionlessly the light was sweeping all this, plucking out of the shadow one by one the details of his life's squalor It stole toward the right wall, fell upon a cot, and

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from it there emerged a white little form that came hesitatingly to him. It was Magdalena, the child, the sister of Maria.

She had been with them long. But now, suddenly her presence there in that atmosphere of sin struck him with a great shock.

"Back," he whispered; "back to bed, *chiquita*; it's time to be sleeping."

But she wanted something—a lock of his hair. Maria had one; she wanted one also.

He remembered that she had asked this before, with childish insistence. He had not given much attention to it. And really, in all probability, it was mere childish whim. But now the thing staggered him, like something monstrous. Who could tell what there was in the mind of that child, with great wonder-eyes open to the shamelessness of his life? He chided her harshly and sent her scampering back to her bed.

Then turning his back upon the room, upon all the miserable sordidness of it, he looked out upon the waters. And a ship, a white army transport, was coming in. Slowly it glided between the ghostlike silhouettes of vessels at anchor; it turned ponderously; there was a splash of phosphorescence at the bow, a running clang of chain through hawser. He did not know what that craft held for him, ah, no! You know, don't you? He did not; but suddenly his whole spiritual being tugged within him, sprang back the long, solitary path of the ship, back across the moonlit bay, past Corregidor, out into the sea, along the foamy track, back miles in thousands to a harder, cleaner land, to a little California town embowered in scented hills, and it threw itself at the feet of a girl—the girl he had left among the roses, whose eyes could read into his soul.

The moon went out behind a cloud. He had slid to the floor and lay there, his head upon his arm. Then—he told me that later—he heard somebody hiccup, hiccup hard, metallically. After a while he discovered that it was he. He was sobbing. And long in the enfevered darkness there pulsed that strange, hard hiccup of the man with the iron hand of wo upon his throat.

He must have fallen asleep at length; when he woke again a sense of danger weighed upon his whole body like lead. He was stretched full length, his face downward upon his arms, and although he did not turn his head to see, he knew that it was dark, pitch dark. It seemed to him that a moment ago something cold and steely had touched his temple.

He lay thus, it seemed to him a long time, motionless, while his heart-pulse rose in crescendo till it almost suffocated him. For to his ears, along the sound-conducting floor, there came a faint, soft rustle of something, somebody crawling. A mad desire to rise, shout, attack, break the silent horror of the moment thrilled him, but fear laid its cold paralyzing hand upon him, and he could not move.

Suddenly the spell was broken. A click as of a knife falling from the hand of the assassin to the floor shot the blood through his veins as

LONG, GRAVELY SHE READ THE SOUL LAID BARE BEFORE HER.

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by chemical reaction. With a shout he had sprung to his feet, darted across the room, and seized the Mauser beneath his pillow. He turned his eyes upon the floor and in the center caught sight of a vague, crouching form. A shot rang into his ears, vibrated in pain along each of his nerves, and then he was leaning back against the bedpost, limp and cold, sick with the sense of mistake, mistake hideous and irretrievable.

He stayed there, against the bedpost, limp and cold, his eyes straining through the darkness at the vague huddle in the center of the room. He knew that Maria had awakened with a scream, that she had struck a light, that she was bending over the nameless thing, and he felt a strange relief as her broad back hid it from view. But she returned to him and put her dilated eyes, her brown face, fear-spotted, near his own, and she whispered hoarsely, "Magdalena!"

But this was only confirmation of what his whole being was crying to him, and he was busy listening to something else, listening to the crack of a Mauser pistol tearing through his brain, and then springing out into the silent night, echoing, swelling, thundering in fierce crescendo down the hushed streets, reverberated from wall to wall, rushing, a tidal wave of sound, into every house and nook and crevice, shouting, proclaiming, shrieking with its iron voice the story of his life, till the whole city, ringing from the call, hurled it on and on across the sea into Her ears, the heralding trumpet-call of his dishonor, of his fall, of his degradation.

But Maria was speaking. "Hush," she whispered; "do not tell. We can hide. Martinez will help us. To-morrow we'll bury her. It's the cholera; the health men will believe you; nobody will look close."

Together they went back to the spot. Kneeling low, he gathered the little girl up in his arms. Something fell with a steely clang to the floor. He picked it up; it was a pair of scissors. Something that eddied down slowly fell from her other hand; it was a lock of his own hair. He stood there, with the limp little body in his arms, stupid with the sudden vision of the trap set for him, the trap of retributive Fate, its appalling simplicity of means, its atrocity of result. But he must act. Hurriedly seizing his old, moth-eaten, army overcoat, he began to button it upon himself. Maria was talking again.

"Hush," she said, "do not tell. We can hide. Martinez will help us. We'll bury her to-morrow. It's the cholera. The health men will believe you; and nobody will dare look close."

He stopped with his hand upon the last brass button, his head bent to one side, listening to the insidious murmur. And he knew that it was true, hellishly true. The great stricken city, hypnotized with its fear, was indifferent to everything else. The whole thing could be hidden, buried, annihilated. Then he saw himself again as he had been earlier in the night, standing in the moonlight of the balcony, peering into the room, into the depths of his degradation. "No, no, enough, enough!" he snarled. And seizing the little body with its possible spark of life, he rushed out into the street.

The dawn was breaking. Bareheaded, barefooted, he raced silently along the endless, narrow streets. He passed long files of white-garbed men—the cigarmakers on the way to the factories; they scattered before him in fear. The naked *muchachos* were galloping their ponies to the beach for their morning bath; they circled wide as they came upon him. At a plaza he tried to hail a *carromata*, but the *cochero* whipped up his horse in a frenzy of distrust. It was cholera time, and cold egoism ruled the city. He told me of it, that one time. "I was alone, Courtland, alone, alone. None would hear me, none would hear me. They fled, they fled. I was alone, alone with my crime in my arms, with my story in my arms, the story of my life, of my degradation; alone, Courtland, with my temptation, my *temptation*, Courtland—" A vacuum formed about him as he raced on, cutting his feet upon the stones, panting with the physical effort and the spiritual horror, on and on through narrow streets long as death. He came to a quay, a silent dark place in the shadow of the city wall, and there his temptation slowed him up. Maria was right. It was cholera time; the great unmoral city was indifferent to everything else. The little body with its possible spark of life—this infinitesimal possibility which demanded of him such a stupendous sacrifice—could be dropped quietly into the river, to stream out there into the unfathomable secret of the bay. He could still wipe out the slate. And she would never know, she would never know!

She! He saw her as he had left her, in the garden, in the dewy morning. Her eyes were steadily upon him. "Enough! Enough!" he cried with a growl like that of a wild beast.

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He passed along a crooked bridge, and at the end a big Metropolitan policeman stopped him with a question. He brushed past with a muttered answer. The policeman hesitated a moment, then followed, and behind the patter of his bare feet the heavy boots echoed, pounding in patient pursuit. At last he stood beneath the pale, sputtering light of the hospital porch, striking feverishly at the great doors. They opened before him and he entered, the policeman at his heels. A man took his burden quickly as he sank on the bench, and disappeared through a small door at the end of the hall. A gong clanged twice in quick succession, then once more, and as if in answer two white-jacketed men came down the stairs, passed across the hall, and vanished into the room where the first man had gone. A silence fell over the place. The big clock against the staircase ticked resoundingly. The policeman leaned back against the wall and examined the man huddled there upon the bench with curious glance.

After a time, long as eternity, one of the white-jacketed men came out into the hall and stood in front of Morton. Morton looked up at him in a great question, but the man did not seem to see it.

"Er—er"—he drawled, as if embarrassed. Then suddenly, "Who shot her?"

"I did," answered Morton.

"Er—er—what with?"

"Mauser—pistol—thirty-eight."

"Yes, yes," acquiesced the man. "And how old did you say she was?"

"For Christ's sake," broke out Morton in sudden cry; "how is she; is she dead; is there any hope?"

"Why, yes; of course she is dead," answered the man, as if shocked that there should be any doubt about it. Then he turned to the policeman as if saying: "I've done my part; the rest belongs to you."

But Morton had risen, stiffened with the vision of what there was left for him to do.

"I'm Morton," he said to the policeman; "second-class Inspector, Luzon Constabulary. I did the shooting. It was a mistake. I'm going to my room to dress; then I'll report to my chief; and after that I'll surrender myself to the Metropolitan Police. You can follow if you wish."

The policeman hesitated a moment, subjugated by the man's manner. "It's all right," he said; "you can go; I'll telephone to headquarters."

And as Morton went out he saw the policeman step to the telephone box at the end of the hall. And he knew that with the puerile, nasal voice of the wire the heralding had begun.

Outside, the sun was already pouring its bitterness upon the gleaming city, and the

SHE HAD GONE AND TAKEN THE BOY WITH HER.

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streets were fermenting with feverish humanity—white-garbed men, hurrying to the factories, bright-camisaed women going to the market with baskets upon their heads, naked-busted cargadores with gleaming muscles. Morton plunged ahead through the throng, which broke before him with sullen acquiescence in the right of the strong. The exaltation of the night had given place to a strange stupor. His head wobbled on his shoulders, empty as a sleigh-bell, and a great weariness was in his limbs.

He entered his room without a tremor and looked stupidly about him. The place reeked with the sordid disorder of every morning; of the sudden horror of the night there was only one sign—a blanket had been thrown carelessly over a certain spot in the center of the room. He turned to his clothes-chest and began to dress. He worked slowly, losing time on unimportant details. It took him a long time to choose the white suit that he would wear amid the dozen that he spread on the bed, and then he was still longer putting in the buttons. When he was dressed he noticed that he had to shave and called for his boy. The boy did not come, and then he noticed that several familiar objects were missing from the room. He opened Maria's drawer; it was empty. She had gone and probably taken the boy with her. He lit the coal-oil stove upon the cooking-stand, heated water, and shaved. Finally he was ready. He went down-stairs, jumped into a *carromata* that was just rattling out of the court, and drove to the Intendencia.

The Chief let him into his inner office immediately. Looking down upon his superior seated at his desk, Morton told the night's story in dry, monotonous manner, as a story told already a hundred times, and he noticed as he talked that the Chief knew already all about it, but was too polite to interrupt. When he had done the Chief spoke.

"Yes," he said; "it's too bad, too bad. But you must brace up, take it like a man. We all live differently here from what we should at home, and such things are liable to happen. Yes, it's too bad. You must brace up."

He stopped, then went on again. "It's too bad, too bad. I suppose — er — that you are going to surrender yourself to the Metropolitan. Mere matter of form, of course——"

"Yes," said Morton wearily. He turned to go. The Chief was speaking again.

"By the way," he was saying, his eyes close together in a perplexed frown; "somebody has been here for you this morning, several times, yes, several times. I—you——"

But Morton, after standing politely a moment without hearing, had gone out, leaving the Chief frowning perplexedly at his desk. He went through the corridor, into the outer office, and then——

I was there. That part he did not tell me. I came in behind him (I was following him with I don't know what notion of comfort). I saw him stop suddenly. A woman stood before him.

It was She. I knew her right away, the pale sweet girl, the girl of the roses. She was standing before him; and her eyes, the eyes with the sea-glint in them, were plunging into his soul. He did not shrink; he stood there before her, his eyes in hers, his shoulders thrown back, his arms hanging limp down his sides with palms turned outward in a gesture of utter surrender. Long, gravely she read the soul laid bare before her. Suddenly she started back, one, two steps—heavy, falling steps; as at the same higher command he also backed, one, two steps—heavy, falling steps. His head dropped to his chest, his eyes closed. I panted.

With an imperceptible movement she glided forward again. His eyes opened. She laid her right hand upon his shoulder.

"You have suffered," she said.

And there you are!

(The darkness had deepened; Courtland was invisible; but we could picture the gesture—a wide sweep of the arm outward, ending in a discouraged droop.)

I've explained nothing, pointed out nothing, merely told it to you. I see her again, always; I see her glide to him, note the sweet gravity of her gesture, the tremulous profundity of her glance. I hear that phrase, that holy, incomprehensible phrase. And an awe bends me down as before something mysterious and sacred.

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Echoes.

by Zona Gale.

WHEN Lisa comes to our house in her pretty frocks and bright hats, with a curl here and a bow there and a persistent and distracting dimple, I am wont to scold her like this:

"Lisa! I dare say you know nothing whatever about the first conjugation. I dare say your French is suited only to silent reading and may not be ventured upon aloud. I have no doubt that you play your little 'pieces' correctly enough, but have you the least idea what they are about? And as for your needlework, though you may embroider a very fair rosebud, I shall never trust you with so much as a buttonhole. What do you know of life? And mind that you come in and let me see your gown on your way to the ball to-night."

No wonder that Pelleas, who spoils Lisa outrageously, tells me that I lack discipline and influence; and no wonder that Lisa, who adores us both and firmly believes that we know nothing whatever about the world because we are seventy years old and everything is now become quite "different"—no wonder that Lisa laughs at us and flatters us by calling us tender names, and continues to pay the same disregard both to conjugations and buttonholes. But Pelleas and I smile at each other, seeing her clear, serene eyes, and assure each other that it is just as well. When one is seventy one has collected most of one's scoldings and most of one's fears and has exchanged them for the mere privilege of nodding at some one one loves and assuring him that everything in the world is well. So it is; but one has to do a deal of fretting over French and buttonholes and the like before one learns even that. Yet I have a pleasant conviction that when little Lisa comes to us before a ball, and throws back her cloak for one dazzling moment, and kisses us and runs away, no one could look on without feeling infinitely reconciled to all the world.

It is because Lisa is so charming and because no one can scold her or deny her anything, that Pelleas and I, in a burst of hospitality unwonted now that we are seventy, gave her permission to invade our old house one sparkling winter afternoon and make candy in the kitchen and rabbits in the dining-room and dance in the drawing-room and do all the appallingly energetic things that youth regards as its province of entertainment. I think that Pelleas and I, under the spell of Lisa's fresh face framed in pale velvet and furs, actually forgot that we are thought to be nervous and to prefer the quiet.

"Ah, please, Aunt Ettarre!" said Lisa, her arm about me, "nobody's kitchen is like

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yours—that great place with its brick fireplace and old cavey closets and its dressers of things that shine and wink—oh, please, Aunt Ettarre! There is not another kitchen like it in New York. Ours are all tiled and new and have gas-ranges—don't you see that candy will taste quite different in your kitchen?"

"All the worse," proclaimed Pelleas, who always feigns a most terrible displeasure which deceives nobody, for his eyes meantime twinkle betrayingly, "all the worse. You will eat more candy than is good for you. No candy is fit for any human being to eat."

"Nor rabbit?" asked Lisa, as if she were on the verge of being persuaded.

"Nor rabbit," pressed Pelleas with warmth; "all that kind of thing is bad for you. You might as well learn that at once, Lisa."

Lisa dropped her cheek upon her hand.

"Did you learn it, Uncle Pelleas?" she asked meekly.

"Long ago," replied Pelleas convincingly.

"By eating rabbits and candy?" demanded Lisa, a dimple appearing.

"By wholesome experience," explained Pelleas didactically.

"When you are doing things, they are very bad for you. When you have done them, they are wholesome experience," deduced Lisa triumphantly, one arm about his neck. "You dear—you wouldn't wish me to grow to be seventy and never be able to tell my grandnieces—suppose we come at three and stay just until five?"

"Very well," said Pelleas; "not a moment longer."

I have never known an argument in which Lisa was concerned to end in any other way. I think it is that she lifts her eyes so charmingly when she argues; or that she has a way of shutting her eyes when she laughs; or that she is so eager and buoyant and happy—ah, well, I don't know why in the world it may be save merely that Lisa is Lisa.

Accordingly a few days ago they came—Lisa and six or seven others.

"Really," said I to Pelleas while they were leaving their wraps, "I *think* they are Lisa and her friends. But I am not sure that they are not a company of stray flowers and butterflies and ribbon bows and rainbows. Pelleas—O Pelleas! Why did we ever grow old? Indeed, I don't in the least belong to your generation, Pelleas. I belong to theirs, out there in the hall."

"Well, so do I," retorted Pelleas calmly. "That's the only generation there is, really. Everybody belongs to that generation—unless it is Nichola."

To tell the truth, though we carefully guarded it from Lisa, our old serving-woman Nicholà had made us completely and peculiarly uncomfortable ever since we had announced to her that these guests were bidden to our house. In vain we pointed out that she need prepare nothing whatever for them; that all that she would be asked to do was to turn her kitchen over to their mysteries; in vain we repeated that it was for Lisa—Lisa—to whom, indeed, Nichola long ago fell victim. Nothing would pacify her. She set her kitchen in order after luncheon; and then she climbed the stairs to her room and made fast the door; and there Pelleas and I well knew she would stay, no matter what saucepan were not to be found or what catastrophe of flames and fragments might follow.

"But Lisa may do quite as she likes," we had agreed with determination; "Lisa shall have her party here if she wishes. Is she not our grandniece? And what objection can Nichola possibly have to caramels and rabbits?" we demanded with fine inconsistency. But we well knew that Nichola refuses to take sides with any one. Like Victor Hugo when he was asked to join a triumvirate, she repels all advances, saying constantly: "It is almost impossible to amalgamate me."

"Ah, now," said Lisa, coming into the drawing-room with all her rainbow cloud of friends attending, "this is delightful. Here is Mrs. Jocelyn who is going to make the candy—I mean she is going to chaperon us if you really won't sit in the kitchen and be throned on the dresser and let us pour caramels in your laps, as we should like. Mrs. Jocelyn's caramels are better than anybody's—unless you make them, Aunt Ettarre. And as for her lemon creams——!"

So the happy chatter ran in the interval of the presentations, though indeed most of Lisa's bouquet of young companions we already know very well. The last one to greet us was young Eric Chartres—whom neither Pelleas nor I had seen in some years, since he had just come home from Oxford. And I could not fail to note that Lisa did not so much as look toward him, but presented him with an enchanting droop of eyelids and a glance that included every one else. And instantly I was most happily alert. For if only it should chance that Lisa and Sally Chartres's grandson. . . .

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"Sally Chartres's grandson," said I in perplexity to Pelleas when they had all gone rustling below stairs and we were left in the still drawing-room, "Sally Chartres's grandson. Why, Pelleas—it really isn't possible. Sally is our age, and this fine young fellow is her *grandson!*"

"Ah, well!" said Pelleas reasonably, "he was obliged to be somebody's grandson. And every grandparent believes that for *him* to be a grandparent is most ridiculous."

"Pelleas," said I thoughtfully, "do you know that he looks a bit—just a very little—as you looked, at his age?"

"Does he really?" asked Pelleas, vastly pleased, and "Pooh!" he instantly added, to prove how little vanity he has.

"He does," I insisted. "For a moment as I looked at him I could have believed——"

Pelleas turned to me with eyes that were almost startled.

"Do you know," he confessed slowly, "more than once when I have looked at Lisa—especially Lisa in that gown with the *spingley* things that shine," described Pelleas laboriously—"I could almost have thought it was you, Ettarre. Yes—really. There is something about her——"

We fell silent for a moment, looking away out the window across the white winter avenue to the winter park. Winter without, winter within. . . . Ah, no doubt it is a wonderful thing to have lived to a ripe old age; and yet sometimes, when a round cheek or a young poise of head or a mere smile of the morning reminds you for an instant of a youth-time that was dearer to you than your own—ah, well, at least let no one say that youth has not its compensations! And yet, to paraphrase M. de Boissy, I am not one of those who are grateful to youth for the blessings of Providence.

Presently we went back to our book. I forget what it may have been on that day; but I know that it was some delicate thing of shadows and lines faintly traced and hues that faded, for upon its tranquil background I laid a very pattern of remembered things—vistas of spring, music that once trembled, wind that once blew, moments of glad mornings when the shadows fell so—and so; faces no longer turned to me, echoes undying, "moons like these," and yet so strangely different. I dare say that I am a most sentimental and unbalanced old woman to let a company of young people at caramel-making in my kitchen unlock so many old doors of which they had no suspicion, but I was powerless to prevent it. And when Pelleas ceased reading aloud I do not in the least know. I looked up at last and he was sitting silent, his finger between the pages, his eyes, too, on the winter park.

"But, Pelleas!" I cried, almost crossly, and not far from tears, "we are frightfully ungrateful. Besides, you know you wouldn't go back."

Pelleas turned to me in his most adorable air of scorn.

"Who so much as thought of such a thing?" he inquired with dignity. "Do you fancy for one instant that I wish to be that young monkey of a Chartres down there, in love with Lisa?"

So Pelleas had noticed how matters were with them!

"Do you think he is in love with Lisa, too?" I cried eagerly.

"I don't know anything at all about it," replied Pelleas, who dislikes above all things to be thought looking out for romance, and whom nothing in the world interests more deeply.

"Don't you want to read on?" I suggested; but whether he did read or not I have not the remotest notion.

The next that I recall is Lisa herself slipping into the room, looking her most gastronomic in a bewitching ruffly apron which it was a marvel to me some of the guests did not mistake for the confections. She set a plate of sweets on the table beside us, and touched my hand to her flushed face.

"Dearest," she begged, "would you mind if we behaved still more like babies and played—guess what?—hide-and-seek all over the house down-stairs? Do you know, dear, we've counted; and we've none of us ever played hide-and-seek in our lives! What do you think of that?"

I hope that Lisa was as impressed as she appeared. As for myself I tremble to think of the accounting to be made by latter-day parents to some god of games when he learns that they have sent their children to dancing-school and paid no heed whatever to their culture in hide-and-seek.

"Fancy!" said I indignantly. "But play then, certainly. Not only down-stairs," I added in just rage, "but all over the house, wherever you find a door open. And when you go home, tell your dear mothers that, as for me, I have no idea what this world is coming to."

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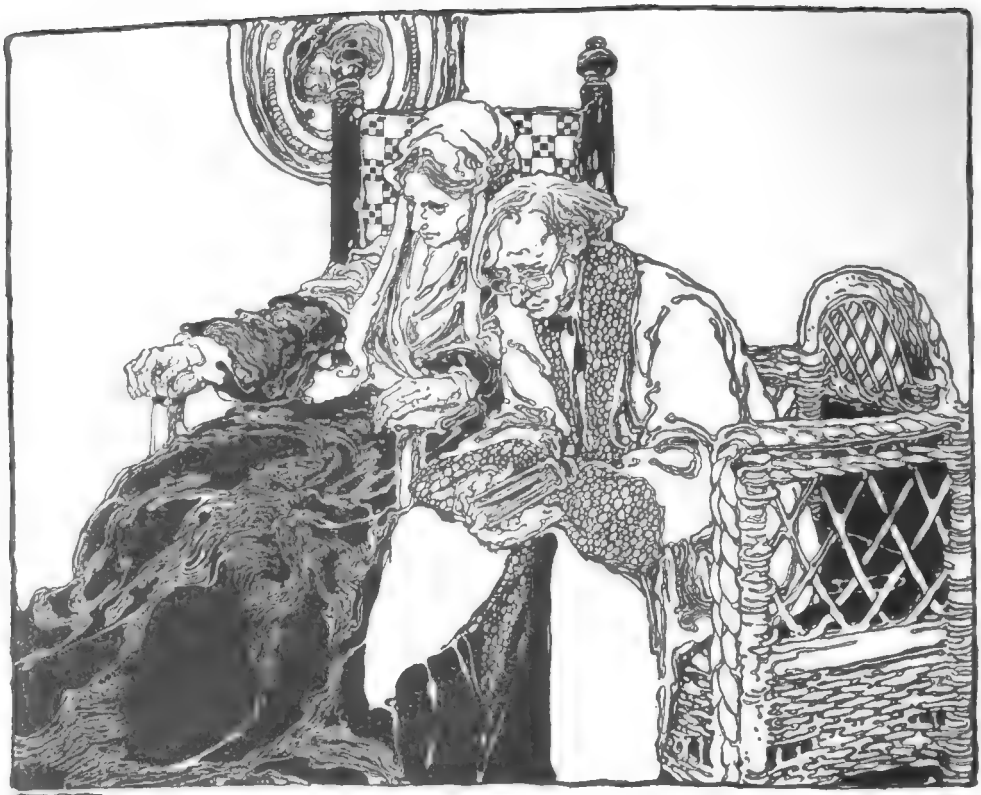

We fell silent for a moment.

Nearly every day I am reminded of that old carpenter whom Heyse quotes as crying distractedly in his ruin: "I no longer understand this universe!"

When she had gone Pelleas and I looked at each other in some trepidation. The drawing-room, with its screens and deep windows and high-backed chairs, was a splendid place to hide, so that, manifestly, we two must not occupy it to the exclusion of the others; but if we went to our room Nichola might appear before us at any minute, when she heard the scampering feet, and demand to know what was the matter and threaten to clear the house at once. Nichola, when she is angry, has, as they said of Pitt, "the strength of thunder and the splendor of lightning," and we are frankly afraid of her.

"Ah, Pelleas!" said I suddenly, "you know those old letters that we've been meaning to go up to the attic to look out? Why not go there now?"

It looked a bit like flight, I am bound to confess, for the approaching laughter was already on the lower stairs when we hurried from the drawing-room. We got to the upper floor with all speed, and the young folk did not hear us, for they were in merry talk about who should be blindman—*ces pauvres enfants*, who had never even played at blind man's buff. We hastened along the corridor, past Nichola's grim threshold, and were thankful enough to find the attic door open so that she need not hear our escape and suspect the lawlessness. (If only Nichola would confine herself to goose-pie and leave these grave matters of conduct to us! But she is full as unconformable as the vicar's lady.) We stole up the attic stairs most guiltily, and through another open door, and so into the dim twilight of that haunted upper place.

If it were not that all attics are too hot in summer and too cold in winter to be practicable places for reading, I should, upon occasion, prefer them to all other rooms in the house. I profess that I prefer them to very

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many libraries. I have known houses whose libraries do not invite, but gesticulate; whose drawing-rooms are as uninhabitable as the guillotine; and whose dining-rooms have an air of awful permanence, like a ship's dining-room; yet above stairs would lie a great, splendid attic of the utmost taste and distinction—a very home of dreams. As for ours, it is so like the traditional attic of old prints that I have always a sly impulse to attempt framing it for the walls of our drawing-room. There are three deep dormer windows which to my delight, in spite of all that Nichola can do, are constantly filled with cobwebs and dust that the late afternoon sun changes to crystals and tissue. There are chests and boxes which thrill one with the certainty that they are filled with something—how shall I say?—something that does not anywhere exist. Do you not remember chests which, it seemed to you, must certainly contain vague, splendid, mysterious things—such things as sultans give as wedding gifts, such things as parcels are always suggesting without ever fulfilling the suggestion? Yet when chests like these are opened they are always found to harbor most commonplace matter—skirts, roundabouts, hats minus trimming, cotton wadding, magazines saved for forgotten reasons, jet beads that adorned forgotten gowns, printed reports of forgotten meetings called for forgotten purposes—what mockery they invariably seem! And yet I never go up to our attic without the same impulse of expectancy. I dare say, if I persist, I shall find a Spanish doubloon there some day.

Sloping roof, slanting sun, garments hanging from rafters, old sofas where, o' daytimes, the ghosts nap—vanishing at the first footfall on the stair—disused blinds and screens, and a broken loom on which Pelleas's mother used to weave his little smocks—among these we made our way until we came upon what we have always called the "Little Trunk," with the accent on the "little" to distinguish it from all other little trunks possible. In this Pelleas and I have always kept the letters which we wrote to each other in the days when he expected to be sent to India, and I was evading the visits and flowers of a cavalry officer of middle age whom my father admired. Ah! those letters from Pelleas, filled to the brim with chivalrous adoration and phrases made of stars—and yet whenever I quote from one of them Pelleas always stoutly denies that he ever said any such thing. I have always been meaning to ask other wives if other husbands exhibit similar apostasy on the same subject. From his accounts one would say that Pelleas had confined his love-letters to discussions of immigration and subsidies. And it was about one exceptionally beloved phrase of his of which he professed a sweeping ignorance that I was bent upon convincing him, and so had long determined upon a visit to the Little Trunk.

We lifted the packets with loving scorn and sympathy for the two tragic young lovers who had written them. I had labeled them in this fashion: "The First Six Weeks After the Selby-Whitford Ball"—which was where Pelleas and I had met; "While I Was at the Cleatams's House Party"—to which the cavalry officer had been bidden and Pelleas had not; and then "After the Coaching Party"—which was on a day in the Berkshires when Pelleas was on the box and I was on the box-seat and we molded this pleasant scheme of things as near to our hearts' desire as possible—and have kept it there ever since—an easy matter when you love some one enough. Easier, at all events, than those who do not love some one enough would have one suppose.

I found the phrase. There it was in violet ink on paper grown sadly yellow; and Pelleas, his elbow on his knee and his head on his hand, sat with the slanting sun making his hair look absurdly silver and smiled a forced confession to his handiwork. Then he fingered one of the parcels of my letters done in my tip-tilted writing which looks as if it had been traced to minuet-time—as my Lord Chesterfield recommended that everything be done; and seeing him absorbed, I opened the packet of the post-coaching-party letters, which are dearer to me than all the rest.

"An interval of calm sunshine," wrote Dr. Johnson once, "courted us out to see a cave on the shore, famous for its echo." And, a few sentences farther on: "There is no echo, such is the fidelity of report!" The incident crystallizes an ancient sadness of mine—a regret for the paucity of regarded echoes. For myself, I am a worshiper of echoes, and I never find them all solemn and sorrowful as do so many; I love echoes of old days and memory of glamour—and so does Pelleas, though indeed he is wont to say an apologetic "Pooh!" before and after each recollection. And here was a trunk filled with sheaves of happy echoes, and I was straightway plunged

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"I love echoes of old days — and so does Pelleas.

in so gracious a pastime that I forgot the attic and the Little Trunk and the occasion altogether; I remembered only that long-ago russet day among the hazy hills, and the sound of the coaching-horn, and the look of Pelleas's hands upon the long lines, and the very singing of the wind that faithfully promised how that day of gold should never end. I remembered the very bonnet I had worn—a great cave of black velvet faced with shirred silk of rose-color and hanging somewhere in the attic at that moment among the ghostly garments that are always getting themselves saved. And at the brow of a fair, rolling road Pelleas had drawn rein and had turned to me, his dear face shining with his secret which was no secret; and presently I was looking bravely out from the cave of black velvet and answering:

"I love you, too."

Whereat Pelleas had begged, under cover of the floating laughter of the rest of the coach:

"When then—but *when*, Ettarre, will you marry me?"

And I had responded with vague prophecies of two years, and vague fears that we were both too young.

"Too young!" Pelleas had cried so that I suspected the entire coach-load would have understood the context. "I am not too young to adore you. Marry me now—come to India with me. Think, sweetheart—Ettarre, think!"

Ah, that rocking ride down the hillside, that silver fluting of the horn, that heavenly hour of all the hours in the world!

The near rustling that made me lift my eyes at last from the letter was very faint—indeed, was hardly perceptible. It was made of light footsteps and a whisper of garments and a little rippling of escaped laughter. I looked, and near the open door at the head of the stairs, where the shadows creeping toward the dormer windows had already penetrated, I saw something which, without my knowing, made my hand grope for Pelleas's hand.

Lisa was standing within the door, and with her was Sally Chartres's grandson. Had I not bidden them go all over the house, wherever they might find a door open? No wonder these two had ventured to the farthest stronghold. Lisa had her little white wool skirts gathered daintily in one hand, and she was poised to step delicately among the rubbish. Her cheeks were flushed, her hair was enchantingly astray, her lips were laughing—she might have emerged from some neglected canvas stowed away in that twilight. But what fairly startled me to her reality was that, from some vague hook of the rafters, Eric was bringing down a queer, old-fashioned bonnet that made them both laugh softly and immoderately, and in spite of her protest he set it upon her bright hair.

"No," she begged, "Eric—no. Please."

"Yes!" said Sally Chartres's grandson. "I

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want to see how you would have looked—if I had loved you fifty years ago."

And there, smiling up at him from out a great cave of black velvet faced with shirred silk of rose-color, was Lisa, wearing my old bonnet of the very day in the Berkshires when Pelleas and I had floated through the autumn atop of that fairy coach. And there stood Eric looking down at her with, as I live, a secret in his eyes which was no secret at all. Ah, and how like Pelleas he was—the lithe, erect figure, the buoyant, happy face, the fair hair upon his temples——

I protest to every one that it would have been unforgivable to make ourselves known, for the moment was to those dear young hearts one in a lifetime and so elusive that a word from us would have dispelled its wizardry. Besides, it lasted but a fragment of time. I am not sure what he said, but she listened and she understood, and though she hesitated it was a hesitation which deceived nobody; and then I dare be sworn that I heard her answer:

"I love you, too."

There was a moment of sweet, broken talk, of her shy laughter and his eager speech; and thereafter beyond all doubting I heard Eric's happy:

"When then—but *when*, Lisa, will you marry me?"

And Lisa responded with vague fragments about years to come and youth and waiting; and Sally Chartres's grandson took her in his arms—for this was our attic and no coach-top—and no one can ever persuade me that he did not cry out to her that he was not too young to adore her beyond the whole world. "Marry me now! Come back to England with me!"—ah, my old ears may not have heard it wholly right, but it cannot have been so very different!—"Think, sweetheart—Lisa, think!"

I caught the look in both their faces; I saw the shyness and the surrender and the happiness of heaven in their eyes—and I sat holding Pelleas's hand tightly and scarce daring to breathe. But my heart was beating amazingly, and without my knowledge I think that the yellowed paper in my fingers must have rustled, for they started and looked toward the blinding windows, shining with crystals and cobweb tissues in the late sun. Then there was a rush of feet and whisperings and laughter in the corridor below and on the attic stairs; and then they came up, three or four of the rainbow company below stairs,

Wearing my old bonnet of the very day in the Berkshires.

and in the merry clamor the two were caught away, Lisa with the great cave of a bonnet still upon her head.

"O Pelleas," I said almost in awe, "Pelleas!"

He nodded without speaking, and my

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hands trembled absurdly as I showed him the very letter that I had been reading. Was it not wonderful—and before all things wonderful, that such a shining door of the past should have opened and disclosed to us a vista that stretched quite to the shining present?

"Ah, Ettarre—Ettarre!" cried Pelleas almost sharply, "her laugh, and her voice—and that way of turning her head—she is so like you. She looks so amazingly as you used to look!"

We laid the letters back in the Little Trunk at last, though indeed I have no remembrance of how long we sat there, glad and sad, talking a little and in silence. But when the sun was pouring its last glory through the dim glass we rose and made our way below. After all, we recollected guiltily, we had guests; and guests, in their way, are as pleasant as echoes.

Nichola's door was still closed, and when we had crept past and reached the stairs we found the corridor strangely quiet. The drawing-room and the library, too, were quite deserted, and so we kept on down to the kitchen, determined to play the host and hostess for a tardy while to show our almost tender good-will.

The kitchen was lighted and there, in the wilderness of sticky pans and kettles, stood Nichola. She was alone. She did not hear us enter, and while we were hesitating whether to face her wrath or flee without information, we saw to our amazement that she was laughing. Before her was a great plate of dainties and upon it an envelope with "For Nichola" in Lisa's round writing, and the envelope showed heavy.

Our old serving-woman looked up suddenly and saw us, but she did not cease to smile and nod.

"For the love of heaven," she cried, "there were sweets like this at the festa in Palestrina—and the neighbors brought me home three kinds, wrapped in colored paper. And why," she turned upon me shrilly, "why not let the dear lambs make their good things here every week, every week? Our lady knows it is better for 'em than their matinées."

Our old Nichola understands nothing of the "privilege of indifference," but has a modern taste for the dignity of holding opinions.

"We will, we will, Nichola," I promised earnestly. "And where are they now?" we asked her. "Where are those young people, Nichola?"

Nichola clattered the pans and hummed a cracked and broken version of no one knows what long-buried aria.

"But they went away an hour ago," she answered, "to the park, to give the last of their nuts to the squirrels. They will come back to say good night—they will come back at any minute!" cried Nichola, who does not tolerate our presence in her kitchen.

Pelleas and I looked at each other swiftly.

"Nichola!" we said, remembering what we had just seen in the attic, "but Nichola! How long have they been gone to the park?"

"Hours," Nichola informed us shrilly, and would say no more.

We went back to the deserted drawing-room, still unlighted save by the open fire. We stood in the dancing half-circle of the flames, and the same question was in our eyes.

"Pelleas," said I, "Pelleas! I am not sure—are you sure? Did they really come up to the attic—Lisa and Eric? Did they really come there? Or was it just because we were thinking——"

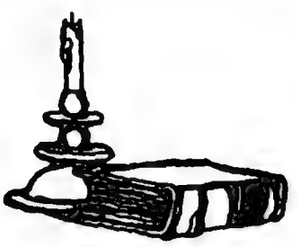
He did not meet my eyes but stood, half-smiling, looking toward the leaping fire.

"Lisa looks uncommonly like you," he said absently.

"And Eric might have been you, he is so like you," I declared again. "O Pelleas! Maybe it was not they at all! Maybe it was we ourselves!"

Pelleas looked at me swiftly; then he made a step toward me and took both my hands; then he changed his mind and looked away, and—"Pooh!" said he enigmatically. But he did not drop my hands.

I dare say that many will be found to tell us that what we suspect is manifestly impossible. Besides, we have never actually admitted that we do suspect. But we are old—and we have seen much magic.



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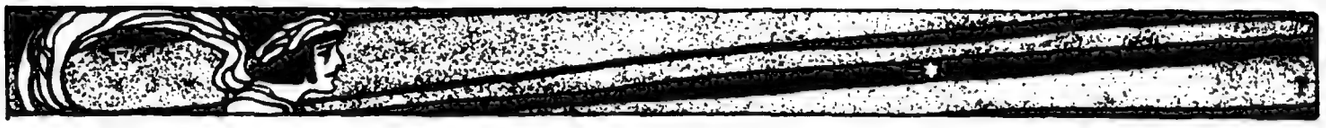

The New Democracy

By ROSE H. PHELPS STOKES

I'M with the people—I'm with every man
Who tills the soil, and sows the potent seed,
And gathers harvests for the common good;
Who wields the ax not for himself alone;
Or if for self, yet harms not any man;
Who turns the wheels of Industry around
With foot, or hand, or with the active brain,
Supplying every need for every man—
Were but supplies with love distributed
And with a sense of common brotherhood.

I am with those who dream the pregnant dream
Of happy workers in a happy state;
Who dream the dream of true Democracy;
Who damn this state which makes for joyless life
Through cruelest curse of mad monopoly.

I'm for the workers of the present state,
Who love to serve, and serve because they love;
Who count the sense of service to the Whole
A greater recompense than Greed to-day
Counts all its golden millions ("for the good"—
It likes to say, "they render to the world").

I'm for the joyous workers yet to be:
They who to-day consider work a curse;
They who to-day are cursed with overwork;
They who to-day do starve for lack of work;
They who to-day live but from others' work—
I'm for the joyous workers yet to be.

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The Condemned-Meat Industry

A Reply to Mr. J. Ogden Armour

By UPTON SINCLAIR

Author of "The Jungle"

EDITOR'S NOTE.—J. Ogden Armour has at last been smoked out of the sullen retirement in which the Beef Trust bosses have kept themselves since the fires of public indignation against them were lighted by Charles E. Russell's powerful series on the Beef Trust in this magazine. Mr. Armour, in an article in the "Saturday Evening Post," makes the flat-footed assertion that the Government inspection of the Beef Trust slaughter-houses is an impregnable wall protecting the public from impure meat, and that not an atom of diseased meat finds its way into the products of the Armours. EVERYBODY'S, having lighted the fire, feels impelled to discuss this statement. Mr. Russell is in India working out for us his notable series, "Soldiers of the Common Good." Mr. Upton Sinclair, the author of "The Jungle" (a terrific statement of Packingtown conditions, which we commend to our readers aside from its political conclusions), is preparing for us a similar review of labor conditions in other industries. In collecting data for "The Jungle," Mr. Sinclair studied the meat industry for two years, including much time spent in the Chicago stock-yards as a workman; he is the best equipped outside authority on stock-yard conditions. We have asked Mr. Sinclair to suspend work on his new series in order to confront Mr. Armour in Mr. Russell's place. His answer is startling, and yet convincing. "Soldiers of the Common Good" will be resumed in our June number.

IN the course of his recent defense of the Beef Trust, Mr. J. Ogden Armour writes as follows:

> Government inspection is another important feature of the packers' business. To the general public, the meat-eating public, it ought to appeal as one of the *most important* features of any and all business in the whole country. It is the wall that stands between the meat-eating public and the sale of diseased meat. This Government inspection alone, if there were no other business or economic reasons, would be an all-sufficient reason for the existence of the packing and dressed-meat business on a mammoth scale. It should, if understood, make the general public a partizan supporter of the large packers.
>
> Strangely enough, in view of its vital importance, this Government inspection has been the subject of almost endless misrepresentation—of *ignorantly or maliciously false statements.* The public has been told that meat animals and carcasses condemned as diseased are afterward secretly made use of by the packers and sold to the public for food in the form of both dressed meats and canned meats. Right here I desire to brand such statements as absolutely false as applied to the business of Armour & Co. I believe they are equally false as to all establishments in this country that are classed as packing-houses. I repeat: "In Armour & Co.'s business *not one atom of any condemned animal or carcass finds its way, directly or indirectly, from any source, into any food product or food ingredient.*"

This denial is positive and all-inclusive. It comes from a man of immense wealth, occupying a position of enormous responsibility, and having a considerable standing in the community. It is a denial of acts which, if really committed, would be atrocious and abominable crimes; and, accordingly, ninety-nine per cent. of the people who read it, and who possess no information about the matter, accept it as final and conclusive. A man who proposes to controvert it must set out with all the convictions of his readers against him.

A year or so ago, when I was familiar with Packingtown, and with the methods employed in Mr. Armour's factories, but not with the conditions in his office, I should have been inclined to say that Mr. Armour was mistaken; I should have said that it was the Valentines and the Connors and the Arthur Meekers of his establishment who did the things which are regularly done; and that he, Mr. Armour, in making his denial to the public, was simply ignorant of the real truth. Now, however, I know that such is not the case; for I know that Mr. Armour is the master at Armour & Co.'s, and that he knows everything that goes on there. I

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know that he gets up and stands at his telephone every morning at seven o'clock, and fixes the prices which are to be paid for live stock throughout the markets of the United States on that day; I know this from men who have stood at the other end of the telephone when he did it. I know that in the consultations which take place concerning the business of Armour & Co., he is deferred to by all as the head and leader; I know this from men who attend these consultations. I know that he has his finger upon every detail of the packing-house business; and therefore —using italics, in accordance with Mr. Armour's own example—I know that *in the statements quoted above, Mr. Armour wilfully and deliberately states what he absolutely and positively knows to be falsehoods.*

I have had to face Mr. Armour, and his power, and his prestige, and his respectability, so often that I am now grown used to it. I had to face it, for instance, when I went out to find a publisher for my book; I know that several declined to print it, because they believed Mr. Armour, and did not believe me. The firm which at present publishes it sent out to the editor of an ultra-respectable newspaper in Chicago, asking for an impartial opinion about the book, and the editor in reply transmitted a twenty-eight-page typewritten report, upon the letter-heads of the newspaper, purporting to be the result of an impartial investigation, and branding "The Jungle" as a tissue of falsehoods; and later on I was able to prove that this entire report was drawn up in the office of the legal department of Armour & Co.! Fortunately, however, I was in a position to show the falsity of some of these statements, and I then suggested to the publishers the only plan by which they could assure themselves of the truth of my book, which was that they themselves should send out a man, of whose intelligence and integrity they were absolutely sure, who should make a thorough and first-hand investigation, and report to them the results. They adopted this suggestion; and in order that they might feel absolutely certain, they selected their own attorney, a gentleman intimately known to the members of the firm. The firm was Doubleday, Page & Co.; and the lawyer was Mr. Thomas H. McKee, of 111 Broadway, New York. He went to Chicago, met some of my witnesses, and made some private investigations of his own; and I will now quote one paragraph from the formal report which he transmitted over his signature to the firm which had sent him out:

"With a special conductor, Mr. B. J. Mullaney, provided for me by Mr. Urion, attorney for Armour interests, I went through the Armour plant again. Mullaney introduced me to T. J. Conners, manager, who called Mr. Hull, superintendent of beef plant, and said to him: 'I have just told Mr. McKee that we have nothing here to conceal, and that he can see anything he wants, and can stay as long as he likes. Please see that my promise is made good.' I expressed my desire to investigate two points: first, the system of inspection; second, the by-product food industry.

"I saw six hogs hung in line which had been condemned. *A truck loaded with chopped-up condemned hogs was, in my presence (I followed it), placed in one of the tanks from which lard comes.* I asked particularly about this, and the inspector, together with Mr. Hull, stated that lard and fertilizer would be the product from that tank. The tanks are in a long room. The east side is lined with tanks for manufacture of lard and fertilizer; the west side with tanks whose product is grease and fertilizer. The grease is for soap, lubricator, etc. Here is a clear infraction of the law, because it requires that such condemned meat be mixed with sufficient offal to destroy it as food. Of the six condemned hogs referred to, two were afflicted with cholera, the skin being red as blood and the legs scabbed; three were marked 'tubercular,' though they appeared normal to a layman; the sixth had an ulcer in its side which was apparent. Two men were engaged in chopping up hogs from this line. The truck-load prepared while I stood there was deposited in a lard tank. I asked particularly about the line of demarcation between the carcasses used for lard and carcasses used for grease. No explanation was given either by the inspector or by my conductor. 'It all depends upon how bad he is,' was the answer. I gathered the impression, however, that not very many carcasses were placed in grease tanks."

I have no comments to make on the above narrative, except to refer the reader to the law, Department of Agriculture Rules, June 27, 1904, Article IX; and then to quote once more the italicized statement from Mr. Armour's article: "*Not one atom of any condemned animal or carcass finds its way, directly or indirectly, from any source, into any food product or food ingredient.*"

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Mr. Armour speaks of "ignorantly or maliciously false statements"; just what he imagines to be the cause of the malice in my case, he has not stated. I can only say that I went out to Chicago without the slightest idea of any of the things which I was to discover in Mr. Armour's establishment. I selected Packingtown because I wished to give a picture of working-class life in a modern, highly concentrated industry, and because I knew that Packingtown was a place where modern commercial forces had full and unrestricted sway. I lived among the stock-yards people for many weeks, making the most minute and painstaking examination into every detail of their lives, as well as of the packing-house methods. I shall never forget my emotions on my very first evening in the yards, when I sat in the kitchen of one of Mr. Armour's cattle-butchers, an old Lithuanian working man, who had spent twenty-five years of his life in Packingtown. He had been one of Tom Carey's "Indians" in his early days; he had been naturalized when only two months in America, and had voted seven times at a recent election. He was intimately familiar with every detail of Mr. Armour's business—as familiar, I dare say, as Mr. Armour himself—and when he was fairly started at telling me what he had seen and done, my hair began to rise on end. He told me that meat which had been condemned as unfit for food, and had been dropped into tanks to be rendered into fertilizer, was taken out at the bottom of the tanks, and canned or cut up for sausage. He told me that he had done this with his own hands; he told me that his brother-in-law, who worked in another of the big packing-houses, had done it quite recently; and still I could not believe him—it *could* not be true! I took the story to the head of the University Settlement in the stock-yards, and asked her what she thought about it. She said: "Mr. Sinclair, I have lived thirteen years in this neighborhood, and during that time scarcely a week passes that some one does not tell me some such story; but I can't believe them—they *can't* be true! Will your man, or his brother-in-law, or other men that know of it, make an affidavit to it?" I took the question to the grizzled old cattle-butcher, and he laughed. "Sure," he said, "I'll make an affidavit to it—on one condition." "What is that?" I asked. "Simply that the lady will go under bond to give me a job for the balance of my life."

I count in my memory five men who worked in the yards who told me that they had positive knowledge of this practise; but my efforts to see it with my own eyes were unavailing. I got into many places in the big packing-houses and I saw sights of filth and horror such as I hope never to see again; but even disguised as a working man, and in company with men who were intimately known in the establishments, I was unable to get past the "spotters" and watchmen who guard those particular doors that I wished to pass. I tried it until I was known at all the places, and then I had to give it up; and so I came away—and in mentioning this matter in my book, because I had not seen it myself, I told of it as a thing which my hero did not see, but which he heard as a rumor from other people. And then only the other day I came upon positive evidence of this crime—*and in Mr. Armour's own establishment!*

At the time of the embalmed-beef scandal, at the conclusion of the Spanish War, when the whole country was convulsed with fury over the revelations made by soldiers and officers (including General Miles and President Roosevelt) concerning the quality of meat which Armour & Co. had furnished to the troops, and concerning the death-rate which it had caused, the enormity of the "condemned-meat industry" became suddenly clear to one man who had formerly supervised it. Mr. Thomas F. Dolan, then residing in Boston, had, up to a short time previous, been a superintendent at Armour & Co.'s, and one of Mr. Philip D. Armour's most capable and trusted men. He had letters, written in a familiar tone, showing that Mr. Armour was of the opinion that he Mr. Dolan could kill more cattle for him in a given time than any other man he ever had; he had a jeweled pin presented to him by Mr. Armour, and a gold watch with Mr. Armour's name in it. When he read of the death-rate in the army, he made an affidavit concerning the things which were done in the establishment of Armour & Co., and this affidavit he took to the New York *Journal*, which published it on March 4, 1899. Here are some extracts from it:

> For ten years I was employed by Philip D. Armour, the great Chicago beef packer and canner. I rose from a common beef skinner to the station of superintendent of the beef-killing gang, with 500 men directly under me. . . .
>
> There were many ways of getting around the inspectors—so many, in fact, that not more than two or three cattle out of one thousand were condemned. I know exactly what I am writing of in this connec-

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tion, as my particular instructions from Mr. W. E. Pierce, superintendent of the beef houses for Armour & Co., were very explicit and definite.

Whenever a beef got past the yard inspectors with a case of lumpy jaw and came into the slaughter-house or the "killing-bed," I was authorized by Mr. Pierce to take his head off, thus removing the evidences of lumpy jaw, and after casting the smitten portion into the tank where refuse goes, to send the rest of the carcass on its way to market.

In cases where tuberculosis became evident to the men who were skinning the cattle it was their duty, on instructions from Mr. Pierce, communicated to them through me, at once to remove the tubercles and cast them into a trap-door provided for that purpose.

I have seen as much as forty pounds of flesh afflicted with gangrene cut from the carcass of a beef, in order that the rest of the animal might be utilized in trade.

One of the most important regulations of the Bureau of Animal Industry is that no cows in calf are to be placed on the market. Out of a slaughter of 2,000 cows, or a day's killing, perhaps one-half are with calves. My instructions from Mr. Pierce were to dispose of the calves by hiding them until night, or until the inspectors left off duty. The little carcasses were then brought from all over the packing-house and skinned by boys, who received two cents for removing each pelt. The pelts were sold for fifty cents each to the kid-glove manufacturers. This occurs every night at Mr. Armour's concern at Chicago, or after each killing of cows.

I now propose to state here exactly what I myself have witnessed in Philip D. Armour's packing-house with cattle that have been condemned by the Government inspectors.

A workman, one Nicholas Newson during my time, informs the inspector that the tanks are prepared for the reception of the condemned cattle and that his presence is required to see the beef cast into the steam-tank. Mr. Inspector proceeds at once to the place indicated, and the condemned cattle, having been brought up to the tank-room on trucks, are forthwith cast into the hissing steam-boilers and disappear. That is to say, they disappear so far as the inspector is concerned. He cranes his neck slightly, nods his head approvingly, and walks away.

But the condemned steer does not stay in the tank any longer than the time required for his remains to drop through the boiler down to the floor below, where he is caught on a truck and hauled back again to the cutting-room. The bottom of the tank was open, and the steer passed through the aperture.

I have witnessed the farce many times. I have seen the beef dropped into the vat in which a steam-pipe was exhausting with a great noise so that the thud of the beef striking the truck below could not be heard, and in a short time I have witnessed Nicholas bringing it back to be prepared for the market.

I have even marked beef with my knife so as to distinguish it, and watched it return to the point where it started. . . .

Of all the evils of the stock-yards, the canning department is perhaps the worst. It is there that the cattle from all parts of the United States are prepared for canning. No matter how scrawny or debilitated canners are, they must go the route of their brothers and arrive ultimately at the great boiling vats, where they are steamed until they are reasonably tender. Bundles of gristle and bone melt into pulpy masses and are stirred up for the canning department.

I have seen cattle come into Armour's stock-yard so weak and exhausted that they expired in the corrals, where they lay for an hour or two, dead, until they were afterward hauled in, skinned, and put on the market for beef or into the canning department for cans.

It was the custom to make a pretense of killing in such cases. The coagulated blood in their veins was too sluggish to flow, and instead of getting five gallons of blood, which is the amount commonly taken from a healthy steer, a mere dark-red clot would form at the wound.

In other words, the Armour establishment was selling carrion.

There are hundreds of other men in the employ of Mr. Armour who could verify every line I have written. They have known of these things ever since packing has been an industry. But I do not ask them to come to the front in this matter. I stand on my oath, word for word, sentence for sentence, and statement for statement.

I write this story of my own free will and volition, and no one is responsible for it but myself. It is the product of ten years of experience. It is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help me God.

THOMAS F. DOLAN.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this first day of March, 1899.

ORVILLE P. DERBY,
Notary Public, Kings County, N. Y.
Certificate filed in New York County.

You read all that, and you say: "It is a Hearst story. It is one of the romances of the yellow journals. It was made up by a man who is engaged in stirring up class hatred, and in selling extra editions of his newspapers. The thing is probably a fake from beginning to end." Very well, suppose we grant it; that is nothing whatever to the point. The essential thing is an entirely different thing from the truth of the story—it is that the story was *published;* and that it was published in a newspaper whose proprietor owns property, and can be reached by the courts. It was a definite and explicit charge concerning certain things which Mr. Armour has "branded," over his own signature, as "absolutely false"; and now the one question of any importance is:

What did Mr. Armour do about it?

Did he have Mr. Thomas F. Dolan arrested for criminal libel; did he bring a suit for a million dollars libel against Mr. William R. Hearst; did he defy his accusers to produce their evidence and prove the atrocious crimes with which they had charged him? *No, he did not do any of these things!* What he did, I happen to know from a man who was present in Mr. Armour's office when he did it, and who advised and urged Mr. Armour

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strongly *not* to do it; what he did, upon his own decision, was to send an agent to Boston with five new, crisp one-thousand-dollar bills, to offer to Mr. Dolan, provided that he would make another affidavit declaring that his former statements were false, and that he had been paid a large sum of money by the New York *Journal* to make them!

The man whom Mr. Armour sent is now in an insane asylum at Peoria, Ill.; his name is Gilligan. He went to Mr. Dolan and offered him, not merely the five new, crisp one-thousand-dollar bills, but also a trip to Europe, with expenses for himself and family paid for three years, provided that he would make oath to a falsehood, and then take the next steamer. Mr. Dolan referred the matter to the newspaper people, who agreed with him that he could make quite as good use of the $5,000 as could Mr. Armour, and so Mr. Dolan took the five new, crisp one-thousand-dollar bills and deposited them in bank, to be held in trust for the education of his children; and that afternoon Mr. Gilligan, on his way back to report his triumph to his employer, was confronted with a copy of the New York *Evening Journal*, of March 16, 1899, containing the whole affidavit and the whole story, under the caption (in letters which it would take a good part of this magazine page to reproduce):

ARMOUR PAYS $5,000 FOR A GOLD BRICK IN BOSTON!

This is a pretty story. It falls in so beautifully with the letter recently made public by President Roosevelt, describing how Mr. Armour's attorneys had been bribing newspaper reporters to misrepresent the evidence at the Government prosecutions in Chicago. It also falls in beautifully with Mr. Armour's statement concerning the endless blackmail to which a packer would be liable who undertook to profit by the "condemned-meat industry." As a matter of fact, any one who knows anything at all about Mr. Armour's affairs knows that his life is made miserable by blackmailers. Scarcely an employee of any responsibility leaves Armour & Co., who fails to take with him some incriminating documents, and then come back and sell them to Mr. Armour at fancy prices. I wish I were at liberty to tell some of the stories which I know about such things. Only last week an intimate friend of mine was conversing with a man who had gotten an immense sum from Mr. Armour; that I do not name the man and the exact figure is simply because Mr. Armour might buy him again, and thus close an important source of information.

But not all the persons who have information about the practises of the Chicago packers are blackmailers. Some of them are honest and public-spirited men. One of these is Dr. William K. Jaques, of 4316 Greenwood Avenue, Chicago, a physician of large practise in the city, a professor of bacteriology in the Illinois State University, and bacteriologist in charge of the city inspection of meat during the years 1902–3. Dr. Jaques was a competent and conscientious official, who conceived it to be his duty to protect the people of the United States from eating diseased and tainted meat. He found that the carcasses of steers which had been condemned for tuberculosis, actinomycosis, lumpy jaw, and gangrene, and which were supposed to be "locked up in bond" (until they could be deposited in tanks and rendered into fertilizer), were left upon open platforms and carted away at night to be sold in Chicago for human food. He found also that the bodies of hogs which had been smothered or killed in transit were dumped out upon the platforms and left until a convenient time, and then loaded into box-cars, shipped to a place called Globe, in Indiana, and made into a fancy grade of lard. In his efforts to prevent these practises Dr. Jaques armed his inspectors with bicycle pumps, and ordered them to inject kerosene into all meat which they condemned. As a result of this Dr. Jaques was removed for "insubordination"; shortly afterward the entire city bureau of inspection was abolished.

Mr. Armour makes a great deal of the inspection of his meat by the Federal Government, and after describing in detail how the work of inspection is done, he adds: "This Government inspection thus becomes an important adjunct of the packer's business from two view-points. It puts the stamp of legitimacy and honesty upon the packer's product, and so is to him a necessity; to the public it is an *insurance* against the selling of diseased meats." This is a statement which the packers make continuously; it is hard for a man who knows the truth to read them and preserve his temper. What *is* the truth about this Federal inspection? To put it into one sentence—again following Mr. Armour's example by using italics—it is this: *That the Federal inspection of meat was*,

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historically, established at the packers' request; that it is maintained and paid for by the people of the United States for the benefit of the packers; that men wearing the blue uniforms and brass buttons of the United States service are employed for the purpose of certifying to the nations of the civilized world that all the diseased and tainted meat which happens to come into existence in the United States of America is carefully sifted out and consumed by the American people.

This is a strong statement; and yet I might go even farther. I might say this also: *that the laws regulating the inspection of meat were written by the packers, and written by the packers for the express purpose of making this whole condemned-meat industry impossible of prevention.* The Federal inspectors have power to condemn meat, but they have no power to destroy it. This power is delegated, under the law, to the representatives of "the State or municipality in which it is found." I cannot do better, upon this whole point, than to quote a letter written to me last January by Dr. Jaques, who is an unimpeachable authority upon this subject:

> The condemnation of diseased meat is a State function and it is delegated to the city of Chicago in its charter. The city ordinance empowers the Commissioner of Health to perform this duty. Federal inspectors *do* condemn and destroy meat, but they have no legal right to do this. Their instructions as to separating and tagging of diseased meat ends with "to be disposed of according to the laws and ordinances of the State and municipality in which it is found." This throws it into the hands of the city inspectors, and they are the only ones who can legally destroy it. The Federal inspectors admit this, and claim that their condemnations are made under the threat of withdrawing the inspection if not allowed to do so.
>
> *Foreign countries refused our meat and the packers appealed to our Government. It was finally arranged that Germany would accept American meat if our Government would guarantee its quality; to this end Federal inspection was instituted at the packing-houses.* The Federal inspector comes to the packer to inspect his meat for export, and at his bidding. He is under the packer's influence continually, and if not satisfactory to the packer will lose his place. His instructions make it easy for him by saying that the diseased meat is "to be disposed of according to the laws and ordinances of the State and municipality in which it is found." The city inspectors are the usual grade of employees, on duty during City Hall hours, from 9 until 5. The Civic Federation employed a detective to watch three of these, and found that most of their time was spent in saloons. There were only four of them at the yards. They were under a head of department at the City Hall, who got his position for strenuous activity in the last campaign. The packers' contribution made this same duty pleasant.
>
> Just to show how the packers have their hands on the situation I have only to say that the first of this month Dr. Biehn, my successor, was withdrawn from this work and the stock-yards inspection placed under "Fish" Murray, a protégé of the stock-yards alderman, Cary. Murray was fish inspector under me and laughed at my efforts to make him do something to earn his salary. To my knowledge, he never condemned a pound of fish nor did a day's work in the fourteen months that I was his chief. The Health Department now issues a statement that the condition is remedied, and that Chicago is no longer a dumping-ground for bad meat. The truth is that the mayor is already fixing up his fences for reelection.

I quote this at length in order that the reader may realize in all its hideous detail the exact significance of that innocent-looking little provision in our national laws that meat which is condemned as unfit for food shall be disposed of "according to the laws and ordinances of the State or municipality in which it is found." If anything further is necessary to convince him of the truth of my statement that these laws were written by the packers, and in order to make the "condemned-meat industry" impossible of prevention, let him consider these two sentences—as bald and explicit as sentences can be: "Rules and Regulations for the Inspection of Live Stock and their Products; United States Department of Agriculture, Bureau of Animal Industries, Order No. 125, Section 25: 'A microscopic examination for trichinosis shall be made of all swine products exported to countries requiring such examination. *No microscopic examination will be made of hogs slaughtered for interstate trade, but this examination shall be confined to those intended for the export trade.*'" Since one and one-half per cent. of all the hogs slaughtered in Chicago are found to be infected with trichinosis, it follows that the American people eat not only their own one and one-half per cent., but also the one and one-half per cent. of the share of Europe!

Mr. Armour dilates at length upon the fact that the Federal inspectors are appointed by the Government, and that they are all trained veterinarians. It is a pity that he did not go into detail, and state how many of them there are and how much work they have to do. When I was in Packingtown I met Mr. Adolphe Smith, an English specialist who had been sent out as correspondent of the London *Lancet*, the leading medical paper of Great Britain. Mr. Smith had made a lifelong study of the subject of slaughter-houses; for the past fourteen years he had been inspecting for the *Lancet* the abattoirs of every country

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in the civilized world; and in the articles which he wrote for the *Lancet* (January 7, 14, 21, 28, 1905) he denounced the conditions which he found in Chicago as unspeakable and abominable, worthy of the Dark Ages. Among the things which he censured most severely were the insufficiency of the Government inspection force, the ridiculously inadequate pay of the inspectors, and the disgraceful lack of consideration with which they were treated. "At the Chicago stock-yards," he wrote, "I could not but feel scandalized and humiliated when I saw the foul and abominable premises in which the representatives of science, the representatives of the United States of America, the representatives of the majesty of the law, condescended to work daily in the accomplishment of their mission. . . . It is a very good thing that inspectors are appointed by the authorities at Washington, but it would be better still if they were first sent to Berlin to learn not only how a slaughter-house ought to be managed and constructed, but to observe how those who have the honor of being intrusted with a public duty are more respected than business men, however rich."

Some time after Dr. Jaques left his position a brief account of his experiences crept into print, and a Chicago newspaper interviewed him and misquoted him; he offered a statement of what he had really said, which the newspaper—the same one to which I have referred previously in this article—refused to print. The following is a brief extract from that statement:

> My education as a physician teaches me that disease follows the same law whether in animals or human beings. An accurate post mortem requires close inspection of all the internal organs together with the use of the microscope, before a physician can say there is no disease present. How many post mortems could the most expert physician make in a day? Ten would be a big day's work; fifty would tax the endurance of the most strenuous. It is reported that 150,000 animals have been received at the Union Stock-yards in a single day. How many animal pathologists are employed by the Government who are capable of making a reliable post mortem and saying that an animal is not diseased? In round numbers, say there are fifty—a few more or less, for the sake of illustration, are not material. Say there are only fifty thousand animals killed a day at the stock-yards. This would be a thousand to each inspector, a hundred an hour, nearly two a minute. What is such inspection as that worth? It is true, there is some inspection that is well done; it is that which is done for the sharp eyes of the foreigner.
>
> Inspection to be effective should include the entire twenty-four hours. Federal inspection is probably effective in daylight. City inspectors work during City Hall hours. The railroads and express companies bring animals into the city every hour of the day. When the chief inspector has access to every room in the packing-houses and knows what is done there every hour in the twenty-four; when his army of inspectors know the disposition of the meat brought into the city by more than thirty railroads; when he knows the destination and use of the refuse which the meat and liver wagons gather after nightfall from Fulton Market, South Water Street, and other markets; when he knows the meat that comes to the city by wagon and other ways; then, in my estimation, he can give something like an accurate estimation of the amount of diseased, putrid meat that is converted into food in Chicago. Until he has this information, he must confess to the ignorance of which he accuses others. No one has this information. There are a hundred streets and avenues by which diseased meat can enter the city and be put on sale in the markets. The public has made no effort to find out, and it is left to the men who deal in this merchandise to dump what they please into the stomachs of the blissfully ignorant public. Neither do any of us know how much disease and suffering this food causes. The diagnosis of the best physicians is so often turned down at the post-mortem table that the actual results of diseased food are difficult to ascertain.

Owing to the agitation created in Chicago by the revelations of the London *Lancet*, the city inspection bureau, which had been restored by Mayor Dunne, went to work really to enforce the law. The results are set forth in the city bulletins. During the week ending September, 1905, the city inspectors condemned at the Chicago stock-yards 173,769 pounds of meat; *and during the corresponding week of the previous year they had condemned only 2,002 pounds!* By October 28th six new meat inspectors had been appointed, and they destroyed in one week 496 animals, weighing 145,345 pounds. The Federal Government employs in the packing-houses of the entire country a total of 411 inspectors; and during the year 1904 these inspectors condemned 19,097 carcasses, an average of 367 per week, or less than one per week for each inspector. During one week, as we have seen, the eight or nine new appointees of the city of Chicago condemned 496 animals, or an average of *over fifty for each inspector!* The 411 Government inspectors *passed* a total of 104,203,753 carcasses; and assuming that each inspector was on duty eight hours a day for 300 days, he examined and certified to the good condition of 105 animals an hour, or nearly two a minute—a calculation for the entire country, which gives about the same result as that of Dr. Jaques for the inspection in Chicago. In the bulletin of the Chicago Board of Health for September 23, 1905, we

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are told what happened in the stock-yards when the city inspection so suddenly woke up:

> Among these animals were six cattle that had been passed by the Government inspectors. Two cattle were found last week by the Department inspectors that had been passed by the Government inspectors after the evidences of tuberculosis had been trimmed out. The city inspectors destroyed these cattle. The Government inspectors refused to allow the city meat inspectors to remove glands and other organs suspected of being diseased, for the purpose of microscopic examination by the laboratory bacteriologists.

At the close of the Spanish War there was held a court of inquiry which took testimony that shed a flood of light upon packing-house methods. I quote a few facts which were brought out dealing with this question of the efficiency of the Federal inspection, concerning which Mr. Armour boasts so boldly. In the course of "The Jungle" I described how "downers," that is, cattle which have been injured or killed in transit, are slaughtered at night, and how the big packing-houses have special elevators upon which to lift them to the "killing-beds." Dr. George Lytle, an assistant inspector, on duty at Swift's and Armour's, testified that he left the packing-house at about half past five in the afternoon; that he went on at seven o'clock the next morning; and that during the thirteen or fourteen hours between he was not there, nor was any one else connected with the bureau there, and that the room was not "secured or locked or fastened in any way." Dr. Lytle also admitted that the inspectors had no authority to prevent the use of chemicals in the preserving of meat. There was brought into evidence a letter from Dr. D. E. Salmon, chief of the Bureau of Animal Industry in Washington, which letter stated explicitly that "the inspection of live animals and meat products by this bureau is made before and at the time of slaughter to determine the disease, or announce an unwholesome condition of the animal or meat at that time. The stamps which are affixed to the packages are simply to indicate that an inspection as stated above has been made, and is no guarantee that the meat has been properly cured and packed."

Let the reader realize the full significance of this fact, and the light which it throws upon the system of inspection upon which Mr. Armour congratulates the American people. In a pamphlet put out by the Kentucky State Food Control Department occurs the following paragraph:

> This [Government] stamp was intended by Congress to show that the animal has been passed by the veterinary inspector as fit for slaughter, and the carcass as fit for packing, having in mind the physiological wholesomeness only. But the public has been educated by continuous advertisement to believe that this unqualified "*Meat Inspection Stamp*" guarantees the product against all forms of unwholesomeness and adulteration, when the facts are, meats bearing this stamp often contain antiseptics, aniline dyes, and such other adulterations as the packer may find profitable, thereby making this unqualified stamp of the Federal Government one of the grossest forms of food misbranding.

In the course of the testimony before the court, the chief men of Armour & Co. admitted that the "canned roast beef" which they furnished to our soldiers during the Spanish War had first been boiled to make "extracts"; and we see that the Federal inspection is powerless to prevent that. I have charged, and I charge here again, that the so-called "potted ham" and "deviled ham" sold by Armour & Co. consist of the old dry waste ends of smoked beef, ground up with potato skins, with the hard cartilaginous gullets of beef, and with the udders of cows, dyed to prevent their showing white. And the Federal inspection has no power to prevent *that!* The Federal inspection has no power to say whether or not any measures shall be taken to see that poisoned rats are not ground up in the sausage meat, as man after man in the yards told me that he had seen; it has no power to prevent the "doctoring" of spoiled hams with all sorts of chemicals; to prevent the preserving of sausage with borax and salicylic acid, and the dyeing of it to save the time and expense incidental to smoking! It has no power to prevent the adulteration of sausages with "potato flour," the by-product of the manufacture of potato-alcohol; or to prevent the adulteration of lard with beef fat, tallow and lard stearin, paraffin and cotton-seed oil. Does Mr. Armour deny that all these things which I have named are done in his establishment? If he does deny it, I will refer him to the Tenth Biennial Report of the Minnesota State Dairy and Food Commissioner, in which, on page 173, the "Shield Leaf Lard" of Armour & Co. is officially branded as "illegal"; and again, on page 175, the "Lard," and on page 176, the "Vegetol," and on page 182, the "Shield Lard" are described in the same way. What has Mr. Armour to say to that? Mr. Armour advertises extensively his "Veribest" brands of potted meats. In the Bulletin of the Dairy and Food Division of the Pennsylvania Depart-

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ment of Agriculture, for November 15, 1905, I find that Armour & Co.'s "Veribest" potted ham is declared, as a result of analyses by the State chemist, to be "preserved." What has Mr. Armour to say to that? Similarly his "Frankfurter Sausage," purchased in open market in Altoona, Pa., was found to be "preserved"; similarly his "Minced Ham," purchased in Greenburg and in Pittsburg, and his potted ham, purchased in Lancaster. In the Kentucky pamphlet previously quoted are some cases reported to the courts in September and October, 1905, and among them are Mr. Armour's "Star Sausage" and "Oleomargarine," both preserved with "boric acid." In Bulletin No. 63 of the North Dakota Agricultural College, I find the following among the meats labeled "illegal," as containing either borax or sulphites: Armour's "Sliced Star Brand" of dried beef, Armour's "White Label Brand" of sliced dried beef, Armour's "Gold Brand" breakfast bacon, Armour's bologna sausage, and again Armour's "Gold Brand" breakfast bacon. The report continues: "The question is asked as to the amount of these preservatives present in meats. In ham, dried beef, and like cured products we have found from five to fifteen grains of boric acid per pound of meat. In sausages, bolognas, hamburger steak, etc., we have found from twenty grains to fifty grains of boric acid per pound." In the Bulletin of the North Carolina State Board of Agriculture for December, 1904, I find the "Oxford Smoked" chipped beef of Armour & Co. containing salicylic acid, and the "Shield Brand" dried chipped beef of the Armour Canning Company, containing salicylic acid. In the Fifteenth Annual Report of the Ohio Dairy and Food Commissioner, I find the pork and sausage from Armour & Co. analyzed as preserved with borax and adulterated with starch. In the Monthly Bulletin of the Indiana State Board of Health for November, 1905, I find three different brands of Armour & Co.'s sausage containing borax, also one brand of "Leberwurst." According to the New York *Health Journal* "borax and boric acid have been proven by French investigators to cause deterioration of the blood-corpuscles on continued use, so that now in that country it is no longer permitted to be mixed with butter as a preservative." Dr. Wiley, the Government chemist, made a practical test of them upon his "poison-squad," and after two years of exhaustive experiment he made a report summarized in the press as follows:

> The results obtained from the experiments show that even in doses not exceeding a half gram (7½ grains) a day, boric acid and borax as preservatives are prejudicial to health when consumed for a long time. The safe rule is to exclude these preservatives from foods for general consumption. When mixed with food they are absorbed into the circulation from the intestinal canal. If continued for a long time in quantities not exceeding a half-grain per day they cause occasional periods of loss of appetite, bad feeling, fulness in the head, and distress in the stomach. If given in larger and increasing doses, these symptoms are more rapidly developed and accentuated with a slight clouding of the mental processes. When increased to three grams a day the doses sometimes cause nausea and vomiting.

In the Fourteenth Annual Report of the Ohio Dairy and Food Commissioner, page 110, Mr. Armour's "Berlin Ham" is branded as colored with aniline dye; a discovery which the reader will not fail to connect with my statement concerning the grinding up and dyeing of the udders of cows and the gullets of beef! At an exhibition given before the National Association of Stewards at Philadelphia a few weeks ago, three dogs were shown which had been fed on colored foods, and had lost flesh and become weak. After a fifteen days' diet of artificially colored foods, a St. Bernard dog lost thirty-two pounds. One of these dogs was scarcely able to stagger across the stage, and the Philadelphia Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was asked to stop the experiments!

Writing in a magazine of large circulation and influence, and having the floor all to himself, Mr. Armour spoke serenely and boastfully of the quality of his meat products, and challenged the world to impeach his integrity, but when he was brought into court charged with *crime* by the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, he spoke in a different tone, and to a different purport; he said "guilty." He pleaded this to a criminal indictment for selling "preserved" minced ham in Greenburg, and paid the fine of $50 and costs. He pleaded guilty again in Shenandoah, Pa., on June 16, 1905, to the criminal charge of selling adulterated "blockweirst"; and again he paid the fine of $50 and costs. Why should Mr. Armour be let off with fines which are of less consequence to him than the price of a postage stamp to you or me, instead of going to jail like other convicted criminals who do not happen to be millionaires?

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PRESIDENT FALLIÈRES' COMFORTABLE HOMESTEAD AT LOUPILLON, GASCONY.

The New President of France

By VANCE THOMPSON

Illustrated with Photographs

THE French Republic holds in the world to-day a position of dignity more genuine than at any other time of its history. Recent years have not been without scandals, both legislative and financial; and this democracy, which has acquired equality of political rights, is still warring in hot-headed discontent for equality of social conditions; but in spite of scandal and tumult the régime is justified of its works. Strong in the will for peace, with no covetous hopes of conquest, France is to-day worthy of almost unqualified praise; for the anticlerical agitation, blown up by that noisier kind of politician who vibrates instead of thinking, is perhaps a passing phase. After thirty-five troubled years, the republic has settled into order and equilibrium. The Frenchman has a homely and affectionate nickname for his government: Marianne. And Marianne is no longer a trusting girl who can be whistled away by adventurers. The tenor song, the black-velvet mask, and the rope ladder cannot tempt her from her balcony. The rulers she likes best are good old men, conservative in thought, of mediocre ability and some political skill. The retiring president, Monsieur Émile Loubet, stood for all that was wholesome and businesslike. His successor is another *brav'homme*: a discreet, opportune man, with no disturbing ideals; neither strenuous nor combative; and quite content, he will tell you, to put up with good enough when better is to be got only by taking to the barricades.

Monsieur Armand Fallières was elected eighth President of the Third Republic, by the Congress assembled at Versailles, Wednesday afternoon, January 17, 1906.

I

THE ELECTION

PARIS took very little interest in the election, and the provinces were unconcerned; the eleven million electors of France, having

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MOST RECENT PORTRAIT OF THE NEW PRESIDENT, HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED.

commissioned their senators and deputies to elect a president for them, went about their daily business, confident that the choice would be tolerably good. The method is not without its advantages, demanding neither the expense nor the momentous upheaval incident upon a popular campaign. With unbroken party discipline the Left—made up of Radicals, Progressists, Socialists, and a few Moderates—selected their candidate and voted him in. Thus Monsieur Fallières, who had presided over the Senate for a number of years, was elected, simply, methodically, as a board of directors might choose the new head of an insurance company; and democracy was as well served as though its eleven million voters had howled and paraded for weeks.

It was a gray winter day of wind and rain. By special train, by automobile and electric car, the senators and deputies went to Versailles; journalists and diplomatists from all the world went with them; and a few thousand idle citizens. They were hardly noticed in the naked streets and great wind-swept squares of the royal city; Versailles is somber and mute; nothing disturbs its eternal serenity. A small army had been mobilized, rather for pomp than protection. The immense *Place des Armes* was lined with troopers and little artillerymen, immobile in the rain. What spectators there were, gathered in the rue Gambetta, near the wing of the palace in which the Congress is held; before the door seventeen poor wretches shivered in the bleak air. It is a tradition that the election must be held in a place open to the public, and the hopeless seventeen had been delegated to act as "populace"—as the old play-books would call them—and to crowd into the great hall, among the lords and lackeys of politics. It was eleven o'clock when Monsieur Fallières

MADAME FALLIÈRES, NOW LADY OF THE ÉLYSÉE PALACE.
(From a painting.)

drove up in a closed carriage. Ushers in silver and blue, flunkies in lavender and white, dignitaries of the Senate, saluted him with what passes for republican simplicity in this land of ancient traditions of royalty.

A short old man, and short of leg; but his other dimensions are enormous; he is vast and deep and wide; you would fancy a barrel were buttoned under his waistcoat; withal he has a big Rabelaisian head, covered still with curly white hair; his nose is prominent and his eyes twinkle in their fat orbits; the double chin is

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hidden by a gray beard, horseshoe shape; your first and immediate impression is that of a jolly old man, fond of his glass and his joke—an impression not to be neglected. And so, merry and obese, this old Falstaff rolled through the king's antechamber and the hall of the *Œil de Bœuf;* on through the bedroom of Louis XIV to the great salon of Louis XV, where a table was spread for him. There—it is a tradition of the day—he breakfasted in state, amply, with the good appetite of a democrat who feels he is a match for any king—at table. Out of doors the rain fell; always the rain, falling on the melancholy little soldiers and the unhappy "populace" of seventeen citizens.

Near the palace is the *Restaurant aux Reservoirs*, as famous in French political history as the "Ship" of Greenwich was in the public life of England. There gathered all that is notable in republican France: dusty old financiers whom no one knew, ministers, senators, deputies with their wives and daughters, or conspicuous *artistes* from the *Comédie* and the *Opéra-Comique;* at one table an old academician talked solemnly to Maurice Barrès; aristocracy usurped one end of the hall: the blond counts of Castellane,

MADEMOISELLE ANNE-MARIE FALLIÈRES, ONLY DAUGHTER OF THE NEW PRESIDENT.

PRESIDENT FALLIÈRES AND EX-PRESIDENT LOUBET, AS THEY MET RECENTLY AT THE CHASE AT RAMBOUILLET.

the Prince of Monaco, the Comtesse de Bearne, the Duchesse de Rohan, the Marquise de Ganay; and every one discussed the chances of Fallières. There was only one candidate against him, Monsieur Paul Doumer, the picturesque president of the Chamber of Deputies, for whom the Conservatives and Moderates strove vainly: so good a man, so decorative, and the father of seven sons—all the blond counts were for Doumer. But they who were to name the new chief of state were drinking in humbler taverns—yonder in Robespierre's favorite wine shop and other haunts of radicalism. When the eating and drinking were done, electors and spectators crossed over in little groups to the old palace. A swarm of ushers kept

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Some snap-shots of President Fallières taken

the great doors; with infinite precaution they admitted those who were provided with tickets—and the populace of seventeen. The hall of Congress is modern, though it is reached by the royal staircase. It was dim and gray, lit only by the winter light falling through the glass roof. Had you looked down from the gallery you had seen a hundred little white spots and dark spots, alternating—the bald heads of the senators and the hair of the deputies; and to right and left the tribunes, packed thick with bright-hatted women, with ambassadors, with diplomatic agents; on the ministerial bench you had recognized, perhaps, Rouvier's Mephistophelian head, Étienne and Clementel and Dujardin-Beaumetz.

It was one o'clock, and Monsieur Fallières, as presiding officer of the Senate, rang a little bell and opened the session. The women chattered as blithely as ever; the electors whispered and argued; Monsieur Jaurés came bustling in, an umbrella under his arm; and in the heedless unconcern Monsieur Fallières read aloud the articles of the constitution authorizing the convention, and announced that the voting would begin. He opened at hazard a dictionary at the letter P; those whose names began with that letter voted first, and the rest followed in alphabetical order. It was a long defile past the voting urn; now and then

A FEATURE OF THE RECENT ELECTION WAS THE GREAT NUMBER OF MOTOR CARS USED BY THE MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT.

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during his morning walk through Paris.

a little applause—for Ribot, for the melancholy Brisson, for the old Royalist Baudry d'Asson in his scarlet waistcoat; former minister Combes was hooted and cheered; the Right acclaimed Doumer of the many sons and the Napoleonic head. The senators passed; on crutches, in arm-chairs, half carried by the blue and silver ushers. An hour; an hour and a half went by; then the count began. Without in the *Galerie des Tombeaux* the spectators waited for the result. Suddenly a wild cheer swept the air: "*Vive la République! Vive Fallières!*" He had been elected by 449 votes out of 849. Doumer, the candidate of conservative discontent, had received 371. The compliment of six votes had been given Monsieur Rouvier, the prime minister; one vote had gone to Combes and one to that eternal candidate, Brisson. It was all over; in train and automobile the delegates went home to Paris through a driving rain; the new president was escorted to the Luxembourg amid genuine, though not tumultuous, demonstrations of enthusiasm: the old palace of Louis XIV was left to silence, but over it flapped the tricolor of triumphant democracy.

II

THE MAN

EVERY man is the sum total of his race. Now, Monsieur Fallières is of Gascony. He

VERSAILLES: POLITICIANS AND JOURNALISTS WAITING TO HEAR THE RETURNS.

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was born at Mezin in 1841. His grandfather was a blacksmith, a giant of a man, who could have killed an ox with a blow and eaten it at a meal. Memories of this Gargantua still linger on the banks of the Garonne; how he would lift a cask of wine to his lips and drink as from a cup; and Monsieur Fallières' father, a clerk in a constable's court, was just such another roaring blade—a lover of wine and old songs and Gascon sunlight.

Armand Fallières went through the local schools with no credit, and was sent up to Paris to study law. A year of jolly idleness in the Latin Quarter failed to get him through his examinations, and he went back to the south. A few years later he was admitted to the bar at Toulouse; but the old father predicted: "He will never amount to anything." A few local cases in which he pleaded showed that he had a kind of eloquence, and the politicians took him up. From the fall of the Second Empire he went steadily up in the republican hierarchy: Mayor of Nérac, deputy, minister, senator, his advance was uninterrupted; when Monsieur Loubet became president, he succeeded to the presidency of the Senate. His entrance to the Élysée was the logical conclusion of a career which has not been without a kind of plain usefulness. This good-natured, corpulent old man, with love for a good dinner and the wine of Loupillon, with his Gascon stories and loud-roaring laughter, is a type of much that is good in French public life. That kind of man never runs the risk of getting himself burned as a martyr or hated as a reformer; and his concessions to political necessity are not liable to be of a bad sort. He brings into politics the same friendly give-and-take that makes him beloved by his neighbors. Down in Gascony, Monsieur Fallières lives in Loupillon, in the house built by his father. There, dressed like a peasant, he comes and goes among his vines. His door is always open, his table always set. It is a large and patriarchal life. A dozen or a score of his neighbors may come casually to the midday meal. There is always room. And the repasts are always ample: two or three meats, a roast turkey, Gascon pies and cakes, the wine from his vineyard. It is life raised to the *n*th power of simple enjoyment, broad in comfort and good-fellowship. In Paris he lives in much the same way. For the last seven years he has inhabited the Luxembourg, by right of his presidency of the Senate. Any morning of all these years you might have met him in the streets, for he combats his obesity by long walks. At eight o'clock it has been his custom to set out from the Luxembourg, an umbrella under his arm, an old felt hat on his head, his antique "polka-dot" scarf floating under his chin; at a smart little pace he marched away to the Arc de Triomphe or the Parc Montsouris and back again—weighing quite as much as ever and with an appetite that promised more weight. The good Madame Fallières had, in the meantime, been to the St. Germain market, her cook carrying the basket, and invariably reached their home just as her husband was coming in. Monsieur Fallières would take a peep into the basket and prod the breast-bone of the ducks with an appreciative finger; and his wife smiled. Then he went to his room—it is part of his daily hygiene—for a shower-bath, and, since he has never got used to having servants about him, it is always Madame Fallières who rubs him down. A jolly, simple old man; and the wife is jolly and round and calm; her plump face is singularly sweet; her hair is intensely black. They have two children. André, the son, is past thirty, and has had some success as a lawyer. Mademoiselle Anne, the daughter, is unmarried. A little while ago she wished to enter a convent. She yielded to the persuasion of her parents and did not take the veil, but much of her life is passed in shadowy churches and in anonymous works of

THE GREAT SEAL OF STATE USED FOR THE PROTOCOL OF THE ELECTION.

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THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY ON JANUARY 16TH, 1906, BALLOTING FOR M. FALLIÈRES, WHO CAN BE SEEN PRESIDING.

M. FALLIÈRES RECEIVING CONGRATULATIONS ON HIS REËLECTION AS SENATOR, A FEW DAYS BEFORE BEING MADE PRESIDENT.

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charity. France wonders a little how these good, simple folk will adapt themselves to the banal but pompous routine of the Élysée. Kindly, open, and unembarrassed, they may give to casual kings and visiting royalties a lesson in good manners. And then, it should be borne in mind, the new president has all the adaptability of one who has lived only in politics—by the people and for the people. When he presided over the High Court which banished Déroulède and other discontented Republicans and Imperialists, a few years ago, he assumed an unsmiling dignity which was very imposing; and in the Senate his attitude is that of ponderous statesmanship. No one better than he understands the democratic love for ceremonial. In a word, he is a wholly genial and unpretentious man, who knows how to put on the statesman's mask when need be. He undertakes his new rôle with serene confidence, and will fill it as well as another. Fallières succeeds Loubet; from a political point of view nothing is changed; one sound and practical politician replaces another, and is equally committed to a policy of peace at home and abroad. How largely Monsieur Fallières will be ruled by the extreme Radicals and Socialists to whom he owes his election is a question not easily answered. In spite of his southern affability, he has a fund of quiet obstinacy upon which he can draw in an emergency. It is beyond doubt, however, that he will continue the radical war upon the Church, for anticlericalism is the basis of the modern democratic parties in France; and his election was justly hailed as a triumph over the "eternal adversary." The pleasant speech in which he thanked his electors was a promise that so long as he should be at the Élysée it should remain a fortress of democracy. And so the future holds for France a continual effort for the amelioration of the conditions of labor, steady devotion to the cause of peace, of industry and social well-being. A man of higher ambition than Monsieur Fallières might hope to become in fact the president of all Frenchmen, no matter what creeds were theirs or to what class they belonged; but many years will pass before the French democracy forgets, or pardons, its adversaries.

A green old man—hearty and gay in spite of his sixty-five years—Monsieur Fallières has before him seven years of rule. Paris, light-heartedly, sums up its opinion of him in the remark: "Fallières is president? Well, one will dine well at the Élysée."

And perhaps Cæsar's wise confidence in men who ate well and slept o' nights may be wisdom, too, in a republic.

Consistency

By MARY NORMILE

O NOT for naught, I always thought,
My lips were red as a cherry,
So I granted bliss in many a kiss
To Jim and Joe and Jerry.

When the lad I love, and hold above
My pride in name and race,
Laid lips to mine, for the first sweet time,
I struck him in the face.

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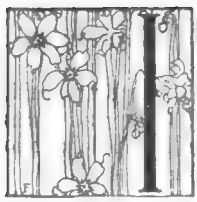
The Autobiography of an Elderly Woman



HAPPENED to see a little dust on the table and around on the bric-à-brac—it seems to me that dusting is a lost art—and I was just wiping it off. I was enjoying myself, for I belong to a generation which was taught to work with its hands and to delight in doing its work nicely, when I heard Margaret's step on the stairs; she is my youngest daughter, home on a visit. My first impulse was to sit down and pretend to be reading, but I resolved to brazen it out—after all there is no reason why I shouldn't dust my own bric-à-brac in my own home if I choose.

She came into the parlor. "*What* are you doing, darling?" she said.

"I am dusting the vases on the mantel," I answered, and I tried to keep any note of guilt from my voice.

"Why couldn't you have called Annie?" she asked me, with tender reproach.

"I like to stir around myself sometimes," I said, and for the life of me I couldn't help being a little defiant.

"Well, then, why couldn't you let me do it? You might have called me," she went on in the same tone.

"I told you I like to do it."

"It isn't good for you to stand on your feet so much. Give me that duster, mother. You'll tire yourself all out."

"I get tired *sitting*," I broke out.

"I always have said that you ought to take more exercise in the open air." By this time she had taken away my duster. "Why don't you go out and take a little walk? Come on. I'll go with you." Presently she had finished dusting, but I saw ever so many little places that I should have to wipe up later on, furtively. I should have enjoyed finishing that dusting myself.

"I'll run up and get your things," said Margaret.

Now, I cannot abide having any one trifle with my bureau drawers, and it isn't because I'm old enough to have middle-aged sons and daughters, either. Ever since I can remember, I have put my things away myself. I keep my bonnets in the little drawers and my gloves and veils—my every-day ones, that is—beside them; and I know that I shall never be able to find anything again once Margaret has been among them. Besides that, I do not like going to walk. Walking aimlessly for exercise has always seemed most futile to me; a feeble stroll that has no objective point, not even the post-office, annoys me more than any other way of spending my time. I have never walked except when I had something to walk for, and I don't intend to begin at my time of life.

"I don't think I'll go to walk, dear. I'm going out this afternoon—" Now, though I said this indifferently enough, in a tone which didn't invite discussion, yet I braced myself inwardly. I knew what was coming.

"O mother darling," my daughter cried. "You're not *going* to that lecture, with your cold, in that drafty hall! And you always catch more cold in a crowd! You won't go, will you?"

"Well, well," I temporized.

"You won't go—promise." Then the door-bell rang, and I made my escape to my own room and locked my door after me. I knew well enough what would happen—how Margaret would tell the others at dinner that I was going out, and how they would protest. And I made up my mind, as I often have before, that since I am old enough to know what is best for me, I would go to that lecture, let them talk as they might; so I got ready for the battle, resolving for the hundredth time that I would not be run by my children.

As I sat in my room plotting—yes, plotting—how I should outwit my daughter, it came over me what a funny thing it was that I should be contriving to get my own way, for

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all the world like a naughty, elderly child, while my youngest daughter was worrying about my headstrong ways as if she were my mother instead of my being hers.

How increasingly often I hear as the years go on, not only from my own children, but from other people whose mothers are already old:

"Mother will not take care of herself!" And then follow fearsome stories of mother's latest escapade—just as one tells how naughty Johnnie is getting and how Susie kicks her bed clothes off—stories of how mother made a raid on the attic and cleaned it almost single-handed when all the family were away; stories of clandestine descents into the perilous depths of the cellar; hair-raising tales of how mother was found on a step-ladder hanging a window curtain; how mother insisted on putting down the preserves and pickles, rows and rows and rows of shining glasses of them, herself, and how tired she was afterward, as if putting down the preserves tired only women who were past middle age. And a certain indignation rose within me as I remembered that I can visit my own attic and my own cellar only by stealth or with a devoted and tyrannical child of mine standing over me to see that I don't "overdo." For the motto of all devoted sons and daughters is: "Nag mother to death, if necessary, but don't let her overdo."

Well, what if I should "overdo"? Before one is old one is allowed to shorten one's life unchecked; one may have orgies of work undisturbed. And I for one would far rather shorten my life by overdoing than have it lengthened out by a series of mournful, inactive years. Again I said I would not be run by my children. And as I got to this point in my meditation I heard my son Dudley coming up the stairs. I knew he would come to see me, so I unlocked my door.

I had said that I would not be run by my children. Now see to what constant nagging reduces a naturally straightforward woman. I know that Dudley watches me very closely, and I often wish he would sometimes ignore my moods as I do his, but this time I was ready for him, pulling a long face when he came in.

He said at once—I knew he would:

"You look blue, old girl."

"I never," I burst out, "can do the least thing without you children interfering. I can't read *all* the time, you know; but whenever I propose to do anything I meet with such opposition that for the sake of peace I give up at once." I spoke more warmly than I felt as far as this particular instance was concerned, for I was fighting for a principle.

"Who's been bothering you?" Dudley demanded.

"It isn't 'bothered' I've been," I remonstrated. "It's that you children are needlessly anxious about me. It's far better for me to go out now and then than to sit in the house from morning till night. And what's more," I added determinedly, "I am going to the lecture this afternoon no matter what Margaret or any one else says!"

Dudley laughed. "There, there," he said, patting my hand. "You *shall* go; no one is going to oppose you. You'll go if I have to take you there in a carriage myself."

So I knew I had won the day, for in our family Dudley is the important member. But I made up my mind, just the same, that I would go on my own two feet to that lecture, for there was no need at all of a carriage. And I did go, alone and walking, though I slipped out of the front door so quietly that it was hardly dignified—"sneaked" was what Margaret called it.

As Dudley went down the hall I thought how a similar warfare is being carried on all over this country to-day, wherever there are elderly mothers and middle-aged sons and daughters, the children trying to dominate their parents with the end in view of making them take abnormal care of their health, and the older people fighting ever more feebly and petulantly for their lost independence. Not only struggling to have their own way, not only chafing at the leading-strings in which their watchful, devoted children would keep them, but fighting, too, for the little glimmer of youth that is yet left them.

For all the care of one's children means but one thing—and that is age. While you slept old age came on you. You count the number of your years by the way your daughter watches your steps; you see your infirmities in your son's anxious eyes; and the reason of all this struggle—why our own attics and cellars are forbidden ground to us, why our daughters take our dusters from us and tenderly nag us—is that they are valiantly, if tactlessly, striving to delay by their care the hour which they know must come, while we try to ignore its approach. We like to kill the days, which sometimes crawl past us so slowly, with an illusion of activity, and

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we do not like to be reminded day by day, hour by hour, that we are old, that there is no work we need do, no "Ought" calling us any more, that our work in the world is being done by other people and our long vacation has already begun.

I select for particular mention the day when Margaret took my duster from me and I outwitted her by winning Dudley to my side and went to the lecture, because this day had an importance in my life: it was the day when I *realized* that age had claimed me at last. There is a great difference between being a thing and realizing it. A woman may say a hundred times that she is ugly; she may be ugly; but unless she realizes that she is ugly it will make very little difference. It is the consciousness of our defects which undoes us —and so with age. As I sat alone that evening and soberly went over the events of the day, I clearly realized the meaning of Margaret's taking away my duster. I realized that there was no work in the world that I ought to do but take care of myself. I realized that I was old, and from that day, though I often forget it, the world has looked a little different to me; my point of view has, in some subtle way, shifted. It was on that day that I sat down to think how it was that I had come to be old and what the invisible milestones were that I had passed along the way.

The first time age touched me it was with so light a finger that I did not recognize the touch; I didn't know what had happened. Indeed, the touch of age at first irritated me; then I laughed at it, and finally I became a little bewildered, realizing confusedly that a new element had come into my life to stay. But I did not know that it was the shadow of age which was upon me, that it was always there, invisible, quiet, persistent, and, patient as death, waiting to claim me.

This first touch of age comes when our children begin to dictate to us.

The other day I saw the youth of a woman begin to wither under my very eyes. She didn't know what was happening, but I knew what shadow was over her. To me she seems young, for I have seen her grow up, and though she has big daughters, I never thought of her as approaching middle age until the last time she and the girls came to see me. Edith is a big, handsome, buoyant woman, but there was a subdued air about her for which I couldn't account until her eldest daughter said sweetly, but with decision:

"Mother isn't looking well; she ought to have some sea air," and Edith replied with the note of helpless irritation that I have come to know so well:

"I have told the children so often that I dislike leaving my comfortable home in summer."

Then I knew why Edith seemed changed: her children had begun to run her.

This desire to reconstruct is the sign of health and vigor. As a nation we have very little respect for tradition to hamper us. That is why we have gone ahead so quickly. Each generation believes that it can do over the work of the preceding generation and do it better, and it begins on its fathers and mothers; gently and affectionately these young people set about reconstructing us, and however old we get to be, they never give up. Indeed, an aged mother may be almost a fountain of youth, as I have seen illustrated in this very town. There lives here an old woman who is upward of ninety, and with her live her unmarried daughters, women well along in their sixties. The old lady still calls her daughters "the girls," and orders them about smartly. They are all of the old school and they obey her very well, but in turn they tyrannize over her, look after her, "do for her," as we have it here. One can never drop in on them without their having a story to tell about some new rash deed of "mother's," and so they are young in spirit, having a work to do in the world—some one to run, and no chit of a younger generation to run them.

Another reason for their youthfulness is that the house has not had so much as a new match-safe for twenty years; they yet have about them things all of their own choosing; they have not had to part with the familiar friends of their youth.

Have you ever noticed when it is that people have their houses "done over"? I have. It usually occurs soon after the daughters have been "out" awhile, and have had time to develop a taste of their own. Then the moment comes when the furniture is rearranged, new touches are added, old-fashioned things sent away to the attic for a long rest, and the house passes from the older generation to the younger. The altered aspect of the house shows that the young people are beginning to take possession of their own. Do you remember when so many of the parlor carpets throughout the land were done away with and little slippery rugs put in their places?—and a wonder it is that we

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didn't all break our necks sliding across the floor on them.

I have an old friend who picks her way gingerly across the shining, polished floor as much in fear for her poor stiff bones as if she were walking on ice. As she walks carefully from one treacherous oasis of a rug to another and deposits herself on a Chippendale chair, I can but remember the time when the room was full of billowy upholstered chairs, faulty in line, perhaps, but holding out ample, inviting arms to you. And as she perches herself on the uncompromising colonial furniture, I know that she regrets her comfortable old chairs, though she bravely pretends she thinks the new furniture a great improvement—and here is another of the mile-stones of age.

We pretend as hard as we can that we like many things we don't like, that we may not seem old-fashioned to our dear ones. We do what we can to keep pace with them until our old legs are weary with running; but our children, do the best we may, are far in advance of us. We make concession after concession of our own preferences, even to giving up the things that lived with us when we were young and which grew old with us and old-fashioned even as we did; to please our children we treacherously discard them, pretending we think them, in their old-fashioned comfort, as hideous as do our young people. My friend points out the purity of design of the new furniture—but she has had one of the old parlor chairs done over and put in her own bedroom. She sits there a good deal. I have noticed that older women work and read much in their own rooms, and I sometimes wonder if it isn't because the rest of the house has become strange and unhomelike.

So the finger of age touches all of us in much the same fashion. The warning may not always come through some dear child, though with mothers it is oftenest in that way; but the voice of the valiant new generation speaks in one way or another to every man and woman, and from the moment you have heard that voice you have set your face old-age-wards though twenty years or more may pass before you are really old. The strong new generation, eager and clamorous, is at your heels ready to take your place, anxious to perform your tasks. Already your children are altering the world that you know. Already they are meditating the changes that they will make when the reins of power fall into their hands; and one day you will wake up in a new world, an unhomelike place to which you must adjust yourself as a baby must adjust himself to his surroundings; but with the difference that every day the baby makes progress, whereas every day you will find the new conditions harder to understand —as I have, and as your mother has.

As I look back over my life, it divides itself naturally into four parts. First come all the years before I married, and as I look back on my childhood and my short girlhood, it seems to me as though I were remembering the life of some other woman, for during these many years I know that I have changed several times from one person to another, and the world about me has had time to change also. All that early part swims in a fog, with here and there events popping out of the mist, more distinct than those a week past—often meaningless and trivial events these; I cannot tell by what caprice memory has elected to keep them so clear. Lately I find myself returning to certain opinions and prejudices of my girlhood, that I had long forgotten; time, after all, has not obliterated them, nor have I walked away from them. It is rather as if I had gone in a circle, and as I come to the completion of it I find my old thoughts and opinions, changed and grown older, waiting for me.

With my marriage begins the part of my life that seems real to me—it is as if I had dreamed all that went before. I loved the time when my children were little, and I have often wished that I could put them and myself back in the nursery again. I pity the women whose children come too late for them all to be in some sense children together. But however young a mother is, there is a great gap between her and her babies. My little children were of a different generation from me. And for all our striving to understand, they were babies and my husband and I "grown people," though as I look back we seem mere boy and girl.

We worried over our babies—there were five of them, all in the nursery at the same time—we sat up nights gravely discussing their "tendencies," and their education—only to find that the very "tendencies" over which we worried most they outgrew, and that when the time for education began in earnest, all the conditions had changed and new methods had been evolved.

It will always be this way, but mothers and

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fathers will always sit up late nights, as we did, discussing the "futures" of their little two-year-old sons.

We tried so hard to do right; we thought back through the years and said: "I felt this and this when I was little. I thought this way and this; such and such things frightened me. My father seemed unjust when he punished me for this offense; my mother made such and such mistakes. I will not make these mistakes with my children," and so, thinking to avoid all the mistakes of our own parents, we made, all unknowing, fresh mistakes of our own.

When I was little, for instance, I was very much afraid of the dark; so much so that the fears of my childhood haunted my whole life—an unlighted staircase has terrors for me even to this day. And I made up my mind that no child of mine should suffer from fear of darkness as I did. So my first child had a light in his room. He was always naughty about going to bed, and he grew to be a big boy before I found out that this was because the gray twilight of the room was horrible to him, and that he was very much afraid of the uncertain shapes of the furniture he saw in the dim light of the lamp, though not at all afraid of the dark. It is with such well-intentioned blunders that one brings up one's children.

Grandmothers know that this is so, and for that reason all the various "systems" seem like foolish words to them. They have learned that there will be mistakes made where there are parents and children—yes, and that there will be cruelties and injustices, and that the only way to deal with very little children is to love them very much and let them feel this love.

The time my children took in growing up seems to me phenomenally short; one day they were babies and the next they were young people to be reckoned with, having wills and personalities of their own. Other mothers tell me that their children grew up as quickly, but this I have hard work to believe.

When my oldest son was nearly a man and the others crowding on his heels, my dear husband died, and my son grew up overnight, and in the next few years—years that were very full ones, for all their sadness—my other children stole a march on me and grew up too—almost, I might say, behind my back. While I was taking on myself the new responsibilities of my so altered life and while the world seemed yet very empty of companionship, I found that my children were becoming my comrades, and so I entered on the third quarter of my life.

My boys and girls all at once belonged to my generation; we had common interests, common tastes and amusements; for all practical purposes we were the same age. It was at this time that the warning voice sounded in my ear, but I seemed to myself almost as young as my children, so no wonder I didn't recognize it as the voice of age calling to me. It is a very pleasant time when one is still on the great stage of life, playing one's small part shoulder to shoulder with one's children; shoulder to shoulder, too, with people a score of years one's seniors. This is the golden moment when time holds its breath for a while and one imagines that, however old one may get, one will forever stay in spirit at the same smiling "middle way." Age, considered at that time, seems rather the result of some accident or some weakness of will than the result of living a great number of years in the world. So for many years my children and I did our work side by side, I helping and advising them, they aiding and advising me in the common partnership of our lives.

After my husband's death I was very anxious to have my own mother make her home with me, and at the time I couldn't understand why she wouldn't. Now I know. She lived instead in a little house in the town where she had spent her life and for all companionship she had a "girl" nearly as old as herself. We used to worry about her a great deal, about her loneliness, her lack of care of herself—all the things that my children worry about now—but she met all our pleading to live with us with the baffling smile and the "Well, well, we'll see" she had used with us when we were little children.

One time I accompanied her home after a visit she had made us, in spite of her protests that it was ridiculous for me to do so. It had stormed and the roads were bad and I was afraid to let her travel alone. She strode ahead of me, straight as a pine-tree, up the brick path which led to her house, and opened the front door; the gesture of welcome she gave her lonely little home, and the long breath she drew, as of relief, I didn't then understand, though I always remembered them. I understand now. She had come back to herself, to her own life, to her memories. Here she could think her own

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thoughts and lead her life as she wished. She could even sit in a draft without an affectionately officious child following her up with a shawl; and her little home, lonely as it was, was less lonely than the strange world we lived in. I have often taken the duster from my mother's hands as Margaret did from mine the other morning. And I suppose the same little drama will be enacted until the end of time for all mothers and daughters.

I often lay down the book I am reading with a sense of loneliness because I never by any chance find one of my contemporaries among the pleasant book people. The old men and women in books seem to me mere conventionalizations of people, formally made old, as on the stage, by the drawing in of some charcoal wrinkles and the wearing of a gray wig. The old people in the books to-day are as conventional as were the book children of forty years ago; perhaps one day some one will discover the Land of Old Age, as our modern writers have discovered the Land of Childhood. Then they will write about us from within—our tragedies, our joys, and our vexations from our own point of view. Now the books reflect merely the attitude that those nearest us have toward us. These shallow symbols of old men and women make me lonely, because they show the aloofness in which we older people dwell, and the almost impassable gulf which separates one generation from another; tenderness is shown us and love, but understanding so seldom.

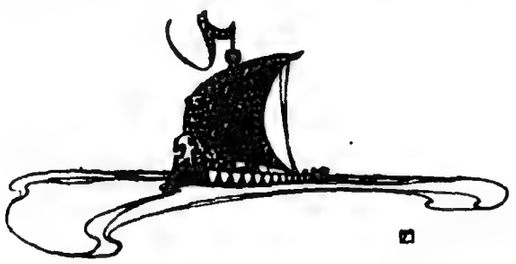
The fourth part of my life, my present life, began when again I became of a different generation from my children—with the difference that they now are the strong, I the weak; that they treasure me and care for me, worry over me and weep over me—a spry old lady, I am afraid sometimes a defiant old lady, impatient of the rules which they lay down for me, as once they were of the rules that I made for them.

How did the change come about? When did it happen? There was a time when I was more of a comrade than a mother to my daughters, when I was the adviser of my sons. Now I am not. I do not know when the change came, nor do they, if indeed they realize it at all. There was a time when I was of their generation, now I am not. I cannot put my finger on the time when old age finally claimed me. But there came a moment when my boys were more thoughtful of me, when they didn't come to me any more with their perplexities, not because I had what is called "failed," but because they felt that the time had come when I ought to be "spared" every possible worry. So there is a conspiracy of silence against me in my household. "We mustn't worry mother," is the watchword of my dear children, and the result of their great care is that I am on the outside of their lives.

Shadows come and go among them; they talk about them; I feel the chill of their trouble, but I'm never told what it's about. Before me they keep cheerful; when I come, the shadow passes from their faces and they talk with me about all the things that they think will interest me. I move in a little artificial, smiling world away from all the big interests of life. If one of them is sick away from home, I am not told until it is all over; if there is any crisis among them, they do all they can to keep me from hearing of it. But in the end I always do know, for no one can live in the shadow of any anxiety and not be aware of it.

So the great silence enfolds me more and more. I live more alone and solitary among those I love, groping in the silence, watching the faces of my children to find what is passing in their lives. I often think how sweet it would have been if my husband had lived and we could have grown old together, understanding and giving companionship to each other.

But I can look ahead as well as back. I know that age and I are not yet used to each other and that to-morrow I shall be glad to let its peace enwrap me; that I shall sit with folded hands, content to let the stream of life flow past me while among the children so dear to me I wait for the greater peace.



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A Tarnished Star

By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

Author of "Cap'n Eri," "Partners of the Tide," etc.

Illustrations by Rollin Kirby

"HELLO, senator! Glad to see you. Goin' to be to home long?"

"Not long, Mr. Cahoon. Only a day or two."

"That so? Sorry for that, but I cal'late we hadn't ought to complain. Guess you're needed up to the State House these days, hey? Oh, we've heard about you. That's right! Go for 'em. Honest men's scurce articles in politics, and Wellmouth's proud to own one of the few. Go for 'em! that's what I say; go for 'em!"

Mr. Cahoon hurried back into his store to wait on Aunt "Pashy" Snow, who desired to swap two dozen eggs for some groceries, and Senator Dyer continued an interrupted progress to the town hall, waylaid and congratulated every few minutes by a gushing fellow citizen.

It is a pleasant and gratifying thing to be nominated and elected a State senator when one is barely thirty, even though that nomination is more or less of an accident, directly attributable to a quarrel between the party bosses. It is even more pleasant and gratifying to find one's efforts and speeches in the cause of honest legislation featured in the public press and glorified at home and abroad. To be nicknamed "Honest Sam" by the people of one's native village is also very satisfactory. Altogether Senator Dyer, at home for the first time since his great speech against the Holliday Public Land Bill, and now on his way to the Wellmouth town meeting, felt reasonably happy and contented. If the old house where his mother lived, back there on the lower road, had been free from mortgage, if the debts incurred by a poor young man obliged to borrow money for a college education and the study of law had been out of the way, if being an honest leader in the people's cause were not such an expensive luxury, then—why, then the senator's happiness would have been supreme.

The town hall, painted a delightful shade of pink with light blue trimmings, was on Robbins's hill, with the high-school building in its rear. The senator waded through the sandy path leading to its front steps. And there, seated on the lowest of those steps, was Zebina Mayo, waiting for him. They shook hands, as became two of Wellmouth's leading personages.

Waiting had been Mr. Mayo's chief occupation during life. In the grammar school he had waited term after term, until the teacher decided that it was useless for him to wait longer and dismissed him without a diploma. Then he waited a week as a clerk in Cahoon's grocery, and at the end of the week Mr. Cahoon, by and with the consent of his customers, concluded that his services were no longer needed. And so Zebina went home to his doting mother, to wait and read and talk for thirty years or more.

He wasn't an idiot—far from it. He read the newspapers scrupulously every day and knew what was going on in the world better than the majority of those who made fun of him. He also read cheap novels, and a detective—personified by his half-brother who was a policeman in Boston—was his ideal of a hero! And yet Zebina was—Zebina. As Captain Jonadab Baxter put it: "Zebiny would have been a great man if the Almighty hadn't forgot to shut one of the water-tight compartments in his skull. As it is, there's a leak somewheres and he ain't seaworthy."

"Hello, Mayo!" said the senator. "How is it you're not in town meeting? Don't see how they can get along without you."

Mr. Mayo smiled rather feebly, as one uncertain whether or not a joke is concealed somewhere on the premises. "I was figgerin' to go in," he said; "but you see—that is, they told me you was a-comin' and wanted to see me, so I set down to wait."

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"*I* wanted to see you? Who told you that?"

"Why—er—er—Tad Thompson, seems to me 'twas. He said you cal'lated you had a place you was goin' to app'int me to. Secretary to the Senate, or some such office. I ain't had no experience, but——"

"AIN'T THERE *NOTHIN'* YOU COULD APP'INT ME TO?"

He stopped, cleared his throat, and looked anxiously at his companion. The senator laughed. He knew Mr. Thompson and his particular brand of humor.

"I'm afraid there's a mistake, Zebina," he said. "The secretary's position is already filled. Sorry. Good morning."

He started up the steps, but Mr. Mayo extended a hesitating hand and touched his coat-sleeve.

"Are—are you sure it's a mistake, Mr.—I mean senator?" he pleaded. "Ain't there *nothin'* you could app'int me to? The papers are allers tellin' about senatorial influence and such-like. You got John Davis made collector; don't you s'pose you could git me made somethin'? You see, mother she kind of thinks it's time I was workin', and I'd like to please her. I don't care much about salary, but if you could git me an office I'd be—I'd be reel thankful to you."

Dyer turned and looked down at the disappointed, childish face with the funny grizzled beard on the chin. Something — perhaps it was the reference to Zebina's uncomplaining, hard-working mother, reminding him of his own mother's pride in her boy—touched him and made him genuinely sorry.

"It's too bad, Zeb," he said. "I wish I could do something for you, but I'm afraid I can't. Thompson was fooling you, that's all. Come into the meeting and forget it."

He went on up the steps and into the hall, to be welcomed by a burst of applause and three cheers for "Wellmouth's pride, the people's champion." While the cheers were still echoing, the chairman of the board of selectmen came down the aisle to escort him to the platform.

Mr. Mayo sat down upon the steps again and looked mournfully at nothing. He shook his head several times, rose, hesitated, and then walked slowly home, missing a town meeting for the first time in years.

And at that meeting Senator Dyer was the hero. He was called upon for a speech, and his every sentence was cheered. He was asked for his opinion on town questions, and whatever he recommended was enthusiastically carried. He forgot his financial troubles and thoroughly enjoyed the ovation.

The meeting drew near its end. The principal offices were filled and they were voting for pound-keeper, for herring commissioner, and similar honored but non-working dignitaries. For constable old Mr. Issachar Titcomb was renominated and elected. Uncle Issachar's arrests in fourteen years of service had been less than one a year. His election was received with whoops of delight.

Then arose Mr. Thaddeus Thompson, "Tad" for short, humorist and politician. Even the chairman grinned as he recognized "Tad." A joke was coming.

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"Mr. Chairman and Fellow Citizens," began Thompson. "In regard to Constable Titcomb and the turrible labors of his position I feel it's my duty to say a few words. I ain't one of them folks that b'lieves in workin' a free horse to death. Anybody can see that the job's tellin' on Issachar. He looks fully five year older'n he done when he was fust elected." (Roars of laughter, punctuated by a shouted "Shut up, Tad Thompson, you fool!" from the indignant Titcomb.) "Now then, I move you, Mr. Chairman, that in view of the hard work of constable in this town, we app'int seven or eight assistants to help him out."

The meeting laughed and stamped and pounded, and it was generally conceded that "that was a good one on Issachar." The chairman was about to declare the motion out of order and ask for objections to an adjournment when Senator Dyer came forward to the edge of the platform.

"Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen," said he, smiling, "I have heard my friend Thompson's motion with much gratification. Although I respectfully beg to doubt the wisdom of appointing as many assistant constables as he recommends, it occurs to me that there is one office in this township which has never been filled. Wellmouth hasn't a chief of police. Now, I know a fellow citizen, a distinguished fellow citizen, who would, I am sure, be glad to serve as chief of police, without salary, purely for the honor of the appointment. And I therefore present, Mr. Chairman, for the office of chief of police, subject, of course, to the orders of Constable Titcomb, the name of that sterling scholar and patriot, Zebina Mayo."

It was five minutes before the chairman could restore order. When great men and school-teachers condescend to be funny, the wit is sure to be appreciated. The motion had a dozen seconders. It was put and unanimously carried. Then "Tad" Thompson proposed three cheers for the chief of police. They were given, with a tiger thrown in, and when Senator Dyer had been cheered once more, the town meeting adjourned. "Tad" forthwith organized a committee, headed by himself, to notify Zebina of his appointment.

The committee waylaid the new chief the following forenoon as he was passing Thompson's billiard-room. Meanwhile, the news had spread and the whole village was laughing at the joke. It was the dull season of the year, the summer people had gone, the fishermen were home for the winter, cranberry picking was over, and Wellmouth needed something to occupy its spare time. The tinsmith promptly set to work upon a mammoth star, bearing the word C-H-I-E-F in large capitals upon its glittering surface. The carpenter's apprentice fashioned a mighty club of oak, and the harness-maker donated a leather belt, made from an old trace. All those who lacked more important occupation gathered at the billiard-room with the committee.

At first Zebina refused to listen to the address of notification. He was suspicious of "Tad" and his friends. But when man after man solemnly assured him that the appointment was an absolute fact, when the town clerk showed him the records upon which it was inscribed, and when, as final proof, Uncle Issachar, the constable, bribed by several

"ANYBODY CAN SEE THAT THE JOB'S TELLIN' ON ISSACHAR."

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THE NEW CHIEF OF POLICE WENT PROUDLY FORTH.

introductions to the jug in Thompson's back room, added his pledge to those of the others, then Mr. Mayo began to believe. He had begged the senator to help him, and the senator had done it. Senatorial influence, that potent force mentioned in the papers, had won him recognition at last.

He raised his right hand, as bidden by the town clerk, and swore to observe faithfully the provisions of the wonderful oath of office the committee had proposed. He was to be vigilant night and day; he was to apprehend and seize malefactors of every kind at all times, without regard to personality or rank. Above all he was to eschew graft. Zebina knew what "graft" was. Recent investigations of the police departments of various cities, as reported in the Boston dailies, had posted him thoroughly.

The oath having been administered, the tin badge was pinned on his breast, and, girt with the leather belt and with the awful club swinging at his thigh, the new chief of police went proudly forth upon his first tour of duty. From the billard-room they watched him go, and then, the door being shut, the committee and its friends threw themselves upon settees and pool-tables and roared and haw-hawed until they were tired.

As Senator Dyer was about to step aboard the train for Boston that afternoon, some one called his name. He turned to see Chief Mayo, in all the pomp of his regalia, followed by a troop of small boys, standing beside him with outstretched hand.

"Senator," said Zebina, with emotion, "I want to thank you for what you done for me. I sha'n't forgit it neither. You know I'd ruther be a policeman than anything else in this world. And I'll try to do my duty's well's I can; as well as you do your'n—if such a thing's possible. I'm—I'm awful obleeged

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to you, and so's mother. She thought 'twas only makin' fun fust along, but when she found *you* done it for me, she guessed 'twas all right."

The senator shook the hand, looked at the pale blue eyes, and went into the car. He wasn't very proud of his joke just then. Somehow it didn't seem so funny.

But he forgot Zebina and all connected with him very shortly after his arrival at the State House. The Holliday Public Land Bill was still on the schedule, and the "people's champion" had his hands full. His little group of fighters still stuck by him, but behind the bill were powerful influences that bobbed up in unexpected quarters, and the munitions of war were all on their side. The governor was pretty sure to sign; the bill lacked only a few votes. And, at last, the powerful influences decided that it was worth while to concern themselves with Senator Dyer, the "country politician." When, a month or so later, the senator again came to Wellmouth for a short stay he looked worried, and the smiles with which he received the congratulations of his constituents were not as wholehearted as they had been.

Meanwhile the chief of police was having troubles of his own. The newness of the joke had worn off. Little boys no longer threw stones at him from behind fences, in order to be chased. He was sent upon no more ridiculous errands of investigation and suspicion. Even "Tad" Thompson let him alone; "Tad" had been visited by the district boss from Ostable, and he was busy just now. But Zebina's conscience was reproaching him. He had not made an arrest. He had done nothing to justify his appointment. And Mr. Mayo took that appointment very seriously.

"THERE AIN'T NOBODY CAN BRIBE ME."

On the day of Senator Dyer's arrival in town, Chief Mayo stepped into the post-office. There was the usual crowd reading the papers, and Uncle Issachar was among them.

"Hello, Zeb," hailed the constable, winking at the other loungers; "I been wanting to talk to you. I see by the papers that your brother Lennie's been distinguishing himself. Him and the other p'licemen made a big gamblin' raid up to Boston. Them's the kind of p'lice to have. How is it you ain't done nothin' sence we app'inted you? Haven't took up a single soul. Looks sort of bad, that does. Folks'll be for puttin' in a new chief, I'm afraid."

The loafers grinned and gathered around. Zebina turned red and fidgeted with his belt.

"I know it, Mr. Titcomb," he faltered. "I reelize I ain't done my duty. But somehow I ain't been round when anything wicked's been goin' on."

"It's a p'liceman's business to be on hand at them times," declared Mr. Titcomb, with sublime self-forgetfulness. "You'd ought to watch out. What you goin' to say to the senator when he asks what you've done to prove you're fit for the job he give you? Hey?"

Zebina fidgeted more than ever. "I know," he said sorrowfully. "I'm afraid I ain't fit for the job. Sometimes I cal'late I'd better resign."

"Oh, I wouldn't resign, not yit awhile. But if you don't arrest somebody pretty soon, folks'll think you've been bribed."

Mr. Mayo drew himself up. "There ain't nobody can bribe me," he declared. "Either I do my duty or quit—one or t'other."

He went home to read, with envy and bitterness of spirit, the account of the raid made upon a gambling-den by his half-brother and his fellow policemen in Boston. That night he prowled through alleys and back yards until after midnight, but failed to unearth even a chicken thief.

Next day a well-dressed and affable stranger arrived by train. He bore a handsome traveling-bag and intimated to the driver of the "depot wagon" that he was carrying the best line of cigars on the market. Samples of these cigars he bestowed upon the driver and others, and that afternoon it was known throughout Wellmouth that "another one of them cigar drummers" was stopping at the Ocean House.

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If those most certain of the newcomer's occupation had been present in the little back room of "Tad" Thompson's billiard saloon late that evening, their faith might have been shaken. The saloon closed, as per town ordinance, at half past ten, and now, an hour later, seated at the table in the little back room were the stranger and Mr. Thompson, playing "penny-ante." A fire was roaring in the air-tight stove, and the upper half of the window was open in consequence. The drawn shade rattled and rustled in the wind.

"It's time for him to be here now," observed Mr. Thompson, looking at his watch. "Gimme three cards. I'll bet he don't show up at all."

The "cigar drummer" slid the three cards from the top of the pack and tossed them across the table. He drew one card himself, and smiled.

"He'll show up all right," he observed. "I'll go you two to one that he does. He was on the fence before he left the city. What chance has he got against our crowd? It's Hobson's choice with him, and he knows it. The man isn't a fool."

"Tad" shook his head. "I know," he said, "but he ain't like you and me, Bailey. They call him 'Honest Sam' down here."

His companion laughed. "Humph!" he grunted. "Yes. Well, I've handled 'Honest Sams' before. He'll show up. Go ahead; it's your bet."

Thompson bet three cents, after some deliberation. The "drummer" promptly raised it five. Before "Tad" could decide whether to call or raise again the electric buzzer over the door whirred.

"There he is," said Bailey, throwing his cards on the table. "Go and let him in."

Thompson rose and, taking the hand lamp from the chest of drawers where the bottles were kept, went out. In a moment he returned escorting a man in a heavy overcoat with the collar turned up to his hat brim.

"Evening, senator," said Bailey, rising. "Glad to see you. Take off your coat and sit down. It's hotter than the southeast corner of clink in here."

Senator Dyer removed his hat and tossed it on the floor. He took off his overcoat and hung it on a hook in the closet. Then he pulled a chair to the farther end of the table and sat down, with the open closet door between himself and the window. Bailey and Thompson took the seats they had been occupying.

"Well, senator," began Bailey, "here we are. Have a cigar and a drink, won't you? Thompson, where's that bottle?"

Dyer declined the cigar and motioned "Tad" to keep his seat. The senator's face was pale and worn, and his eyes were those of a man who had not slept well. He did not look at the pair before him, but jammed his hands into his pockets and stared at the table.

"Go on," he said after a pause. "What have you got to say?"

"Now, senator—" began Thompson, but Bailey interrupted him.

"We've said our say," he broke in. "It's up to you now, senator. You know the situation. The bill's going through whether you fight it or not. We've all but got every man we need. *Only* it'll be easier if you stand one side and don't interfere. That's why I'm down here, as I told you I would be. We want to treat you square, that's all. You've got everything to gain and nothing to lose. If you keep your hands off, why"—here he lifted a traveling-bag from the floor, opened it, and threw a bundle of bank-notes on the table—"why, here's a neat little bunch of the long green, more'n enough to put you on your feet. Also there's a sure nomination for Congress next term and most anything you want politically to follow. That's so, ain't it, Tad?"

Thompson nodded emphatically.

Dyer looked up for the first time. "I'm not so sure that I can't get that nomination in spite of you," he said sullenly.

Bailey laughed. "Not on your life," he said. "You never would have been where you are if it hadn't been for the row between Oakes and Davidson. Now that's all patched up, and if you want your name on the slate you've got to be decent. Come, you're not an idiot. What do you say?"

"And, senator," urged "Tad" earnestly, "you haven't got to vote for the bill yourself. You can speechify and bluff all you want to. The folks down here'll think jest as much of you."

"That's right," affirmed Bailey, with emphasis. "That's dead right. Come, shall I pass over the coin?"

The senator did not answer, but stared at the table. The other men winked at each other and waited. Minutes passed. Then Dyer raised his head. "Well," he said wearily, "I suppose——"

He stopped. The three started and looked toward the window. An instant, then Senator Dyer sprang from his chair and darted

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"YOU! *YOU*—A *GAMBLER!*"

behind the closet door. Thompson rose. "What—" he began.

The window-shade flew up to the roller. The lower half of the window rose with a bang. Before the petrified Bailey and his companion could move, a man leaped into the window and stood beside the table.

"I arrest you in the name of the law!" shouted Chief Zebina Mayo, brandishing the club made by the carpenter's apprentice.

"What in blazes?" exclaimed Bailey. Thompson started, swallowed, and then burst into a roar of laughter.

"Laff, will you!" bellowed Zebina. "Laff! In the name of the law and the statoots of this town I arrest you, Tad Thompson, and this what's-his-name here for gamblin'. Here's my badge."

Bailey stared at the tin star, as bright as when it was made; Zebina's daily polishing had kept it so. Thompson continued his guffaws.

"Shut up, you jackass!" cried Bailey, turning to the billiard-room proprietor. "Who is this—this chromo, and what's the matter with him?"

"Tad" still rocked back and forth. "Oh, land of love!" he exclaimed, between spasms. "If this don't beat the Dutch. He thinks he's chief of police. Off his nut—daffy—understand?" And he tapped his forehead.

"Oh, I see!" observed Bailey. "Well, look here, Mister—Mister Chief, you've made a mistake. We weren't gambling."

"You wa'n't, hey!" Mr. Mayo was trembling all over in the excitement of his first great raid. "Don't you talk to me! It's been s'pected of you afore, Tad Thompson. And when I see a light in this room at this ungodly time o' night, thinks I, 'There's somethin' up!' And I shinned that tree 'crost the yard, and the curtain blew, and I see you two a-settin' here with the cards and money. And there they be now!" he shouted triumphantly, pointing to the table.

Thompson began to laugh again, but Bailey indignantly silenced him. "Get the idiot out of here," he whispered. "Get him out before——"

He motioned with his head toward the closet. "Tad" stopped laughing.

"Git me out?" repeated Zebina. "Git

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me out, hey? I'd like to see you a-doin' it! The fust man that lays his hand on me gits this billy over the— Whose hat's that?"

He pointed to the senator's hat on the floor.

"Mine," said Bailey promptly.

"You don't say? Well, whose chair's that? I *thought* there was three of you! Ah ha! Who's in that closet? Good God! Mr. *Dyer!*"

The senator had stepped forward and stood by the door. There was silence in the room. The matter-of-fact Bailey rose and pulled down the shade and closed the window.

"Lord! Lord!" muttered Chief Mayo, his world tumbling to pieces. "You! *You*—a *gambler!*"

"We weren't gamblin', I tell you, Zeb," protested Thompson. "Anyhow you wouldn't arrest the man that made you chief of police."

"A—gambler!" repeated Zebina hopelessly.

"But we wa'n't gamblin'," protested "Tad"; "and you couldn't arrest us anyhow."

"Shut up!" whispered Bailey, drawing him aside. "What's the odds? If he goes out and tells how we were shut up here with Dyer at twelve o'clock at night and about the money on the table and all, won't that give the whole snap away? See here, can that fool keep his mouth shut?"

Thompson nodded. "Yes," he answered. "He can, if he will."

And then Bailey presented the argument that, in a long experience, he had found most effective.

"See here, chief," he said. "I may as well own up. We were having a little game. But if you go and arrest us, or even tell any one you saw us here together, you're going to ruin Senator Dyer, your best friend. Do you see this?"

He lifted three crackling ten-dollar bills from the package on the table and spread them across his palm.

"There's thirty dollars," he said. "Thirty dollars! A lot of money, that is, down here. You can have it if you'll go out of here and never tell a soul who you saw or that you were here at all. Thirty dollars! And all yours."

"Think of that, Zeb," urged Thompson. "You can buy a brand-new uniform jist like the city p'lice have. Like your brother's, you know. And say!" he scowled fiercely, "if you do tell about our gamblin' or any such foolishness, nobody'll pay any attention to you, and the senator and me'll see that you lose your job inside of a week."

Zebina looked vacantly at the money. Then he looked at the senator once more, and for the first time the senator spoke.

"Zeb," he said, "I made you chief of police. You told me you were grateful. Now I ask you a favor. Will you go away now to oblige me, and never tell a soul that you were here or what you saw? If you don't do just that I shall be ruined, as Mr. Bailey says. Will you do it?"

Zebina did not answer at once. His inadequate brain was trying to grasp the situation as he understood it.

"But how can I?" he gasped. "How can I, senator? No, I can't—even for you. I've *got* to do my duty."

Thompson looked ugly. "Shall I smash the chump?" he asked.

Dyer held up his hand. "Hush," he said. "Zeb, do you want me to lose everything that is worth while in this world? I shall, if you tell any one you saw me here with these men."

"But, Mr. Dyer!"—Zebina waved the official club in pathetic circles—"Mr. Dyer, folks call you 'Honest Sam' down here 'cause you do what's right and don't care for nothin' else. That's what I said I'd do. How can I go on bein' chief if I don't do it? How can I?"

"I don't know, Zeb. I wish I did. But will you promise?"

Zebina looked wildly around the room. "Now, tell me," he pleaded. "Honest and true: won't they elect you no more if I don't go away and keep still?"

"I'm afraid not, Zeb."

"You bet they won't!" said Thompson.

There was a long interval of silence. Then Zebina turned to the window and slowly raised it.

"Will you promise?" asked Senator Dyer.

The answer was a groan, but it was "Yes."

"Hold on a minute," said Bailey. "You've forgotten something." He held out the three ten-dollar bills. Zebina turned and saw them.

"You—you—!" he panted fiercely. "Do you s'pose I want your—your gamblin' money? Do you suppose I'm doin' this for *pay?* Why——why—" He looked at Dyer, the tears running down his childlike, foolish face. "Senator Dyer," he cried, choking and trembling in a way that "Tad" Thompson would have laughed at if he hadn't been so interested. "Senator Dyer," cried Zebina, "*you* know 'tain't that! When you gimme this app'intment I told you I'd do my duty best I knew how. And I told Mr. Titcomb to-day that

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I'd do it right or quit. Now I'm givin' up my fust chance *to* do it and—Tad Thompson, you needn't try to frighten me about my job—and you can't *graft* me neither. I'm through! You can git a new chief of police! I resign!"

He drew his coat-sleeve across his eyes, swallowed another sob, and crawled through the window. They heard him stumble along the back platform and down the steps.

Thompson laughed. Bailey whistled. "Whew!" he exclaimed. "Well, that's a new one on me. Will that interesting curio keep its word?"

The senator nodded. "Yes," he said.

"Oh, he'll keep it!" laughed "Tad." "He ain't got sense enough not to."

"Good business!" said Bailey, sitting down to the table. "We're lucky to get out of that so easy. And now, senator, it's up to you. Say yes, and close the deal so we can all get some sleep. I'm tired."

But Senator Dyer did not sit down. Instead he leaned against the table and drummed on it with his fingers.

"Well, senator?" said Bailey, smoothing the bank-notes.

Dyer sighed. Then he stepped to the closet and took his coat from the hook. He picked up his hat.

"Gentlemen," he said, "it's all off. It's no go."

"*What?*" Both men shouted it.

"It's all off. I shall fight you and the bill as long and as hard as I can. And my associates will do the same, if I can make them."

Thompson began to plead and remonstrate. Bailey did not plead; he looked at the senator's face. He was a student of facial expression, was Mr. Bailey.

"I suppose you know you're a dead one in politics from this time on," he snarled. "Dead as a poisoned pup."

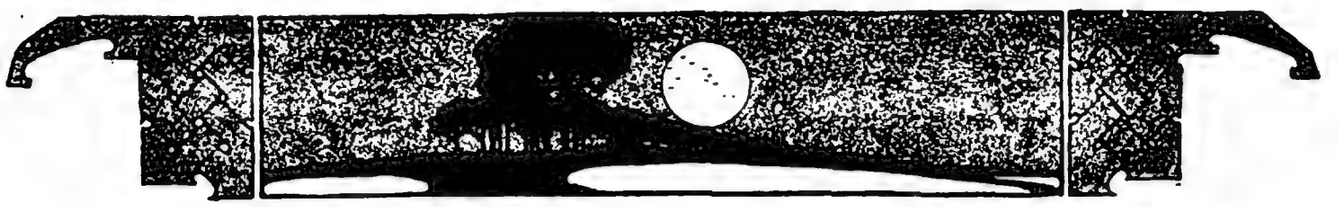
"I know. But I'll be a self-respecting corpse, like"— with a somewhat mournful smile—"our late caller, the chief of police, resigned."

"Great guns, Dyer!" cried "Tad." "You ain't payin' attention to Zeb Mayo's tommy-rot? Why, that feller's the town fool!"

"I know," said Senator Dyer. "I'm going to be the other fool. Good night, gentlemen."

The door shut. Thompson gazed at it open-mouthed.

"I was afraid of it; and we had him landed, too. Blast that crazy cop!" exclaimed Mr. Bailey.



The Barn Swallow

By THOMAS WOOD STEVENS

YOURS is the fleetest rapture. Winging swift,
A flickering crescent, dipping in delight,
With the translucent sunset gold made bright,
You swoop and circle, and from rift to rift
Follow the failing day. Not yours the gift
To spell the rapture into song. Your flight
Sings for you through the gloaming; then the night,
And the warm eaves with all their sleepy thrift.

To chirp an easy song, find easy fare,
Love truly through the changing seasons round,
And have a velvet coat for every day:
Yours is a common aim, a homely care;
And yet—that splendid hour in glory drowned,
That glittering dance above the twilight gray!

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The Coal Trust, the Labor Trust, and the People Who Pay

By HARTLEY DAVIS

II

Illustrated with Photographs

THE Coal Trust is the most effective "gentlemen's agreement" ever employed to evade the spirit of the law. No contract is needed to hold its members together. The power that combination gives them to make enormous profits by levying on the public an unjust tax of from fifty cents to one dollar a ton in the price of coal, is an adequately strong bond of union.

This union is what Baer has accomplished —George Franklin Baer, officially president of the Reading system, practically king of the hard-coal industry.

How enormous were the difficulties presented by the bitter antagonisms existing between the coal-carrying roads, becomes clear in the Wall Street story of the first sorry attempt at a "gentlemen's agreement." This highly effective device, upon which the trusts are largely dependent, is, I believe, the invention of that man who has been hailed as "the genius of common sense," J. Pierpont Morgan.

On a summer day, a dozen years or so ago, certain substantial-looking gentlemen, elderly for the most part, with the important air of those who own things, came to the pier at the foot of East Twenty-sixth Street, where New York's paupers, its sick, and its criminals are placed on boats and taken to the city's almshouses, hospitals, and penitentiary. These gentlemen marveled that suffering humanity could be handled so systematically and expeditiously; as systematically, for instance, as one might handle coal. Presently, with hearty expressions of pleasure, they boarded a rakish black craft called the *Corsair;* the yacht tripped her anchor, and the coal barons sailed away. The soft, healing sunlight, the crisp, salt air, the smiling waters of Long Island Sound brought peace to their fretted minds. They feasted and made merry together—these powerful men who fought each other so relentlessly in business, and whom Morgan had brought together in the hope of ending the warfare among the coal railroads that had been so destructive since the panic of 1893.

In the enthusiasm born of good-fellowship and the pleasures of yachting, increased by the admirable food and the unlimited champagne, the gentlemen embraced one another, making proclamation that they were brothers at heart and that the interest of each one of them was the cause for which they, united, would strive. Each one gave his "sacred word of honor as a gentleman," pledged in the sparkling yellow wine, that thereafter all warfare among them should cease. There were to be no written contracts, no bonds. They were gentlemen. "A gentleman's word is as good as his bond."

But, says tradition, when Mr. Morgan's guests awoke at Newport the next morning, each seemed feverishly eager to go ashore. Once landed at the yacht-club station, they went their separate ways, which, strangely enough, in the end led them one by one to the telegraph office. And in each despatch sent to New York there was outlined a method by which the eminently respectable and substantial sender could knife the other members of Mr. Morgan's yachting party, if they lived up to the "gentlemen's agreement."

"I do not know of any honor in regard to agreements on freight matters," said E. B. Thomas, president of the Lehigh Valley Railroad, to the Interstate Commerce Commission, with the air of one casually stating a familiar fact.

This attempt at a combination did not mark the beginning of Morgan's vital interest in the coal situation. He had been chiefly instrumental in causing the collapse of the

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McLeod bubble of 1893, which left the Reading, the Jersey Central, and the Lehigh Valley in a demoralized condition. Because it was believed that he was the one man equal to it, Morgan was called upon to reorganize these roads. He realized that the situation was hopeless unless the hard-coal railroads should cease warring.

But his peace party didn't bring about even a truce, much less a treaty, for the cutthroat methods that persisted made the "gentlemen's agreement" a bitter irony. The losses that followed in the next few years, however, begot among the railroads a tolerance of new schemes. And through Baer's influence they entered into an agreement to apportion tonnage on a percentage basis. This was a great improvement on the previous agreement, for manifestly there could be no advantage in cutting rates when it did not increase business, and tonnage was a matter of record. This percentage agreement, made in 1896 for one year, was practically effective for three years, although the railroads did not adhere to it absolutely.*

This agreement was an excellent object-lesson as to the possibilities in harmonious action. It preserved a certain equilibrium among the roads. One thing that made it effective was the additional power it gave the railroads to squeeze the few independent operators who still held out against making coal-purchase contracts. But this agreement had no stability, no promise of permanence in it. The men at the head of the hard-coal railroads had grown up fighting each other. Every road for itself and the devil of bankruptcy take the hindmost, had been their principle of action.

The chief disturbing factor was the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railroad, which Samuel Sloan dominated absolutely for the thirty-two years he was its president. This road was operated at the highest point of efficiency; it owned its own coal-mines; it had a small bonded indebtedness; and no other railroad could place coal on the New York market so cheaply. No one was more skilful in manipulation than Sam Sloan, and his sagacity is proven by the fact that to-day Lackawanna stock sells for a better price than any other listed on the New York Stock Exchange. While he was actively at the head of his road, Sloan's rivals hated him with the venom of defeat; but to-day, when the old gentleman—he is nearly ninety—comes to his office, there is not a clerk or a messenger who will not go out of his way to help Sam Sloan across the street.

Another wise old man to be reckoned with was Robert Morrison Olyphant, whose tenure of office as president of the Delaware & Hudson had been as long as Sloan's. Sloan is an Irishman and impetuous; Olyphant is a Scot and canny. Olyphant kept out of fights, yet he was ever ready to take advantage of them. He was one of the safest and most conservative men that ever managed a railroad.

Eben B. Thomas, he who knew of no honor in regard to freight agreements, was president of the Erie, which for thirty-five years has sought to recover from Jay Gould's wrecking tactics. Mr. Thomas is a trained railroad man whose experience was gained chiefly in the West, and he is no mean financier.

Alfred Walter, who began his railroad career as a rodman and who worked himself up by sheer ability to the presidency of the Lehigh Valley, was a victim of the rivalry system rather than a believer in it. He fought to protect himself and his road.

Directly after this "gentlemen's agreement" to apportion tonnage was made, in 1896, there began to be changes in the presidencies of the hard-coal railroads: changes that extend over a period of more than six years. Gradually these old-time fighting men were eliminated, quietly, without scandal. Sloan was the first to go; he was made chairman of the board of the Lackawanna road. Olyphant, who was given a like place on the Delaware & Hudson, was one of the last. Thomas was shifted from the Erie to the Lehigh Valley, where he became one of Baer's chief lieutenants. Walter retired absolutely.

To the presidency of the Lackawanna was brought W. H. Truesdale, a big, hearty, straightforward man, simple, strong, direct, lovable, a born pacificator. A lawyer by profession, he had made good as receiver of the Minneapolis & St. Louis Railroad, which

*These figures are taken from Exhibit 154 in the proceedings brought by W. R. Hearst against the Philadelphia & Reading Railroad *et al.* before the Interstate Commerce Commission:

Railroad	Percentage agreed to	Percentage carried, 1896.	Percentage carried, 1897.
Reading	20.50	20.89	20.10
Lehigh	15.65	15.63	15.43
Central R.R. of New Jersey	11.70	11.58	11.36
Del., Lackawanna & Western	13.35	13.03	13.07
Delaware & Hudson	9.60	9.62	9.42
Pennsylvania	11.40	11.01	11.44
Erie	11.20	11.27	11.44
N. Y., Ont. & Western	3.10	3.00	3.18

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he had managed with extraordinary ability when it appeared to be a hopeless proposition. Fred D. Underwood became president of the Erie. Underwood is another strong, big-bodied man, who made his reputation in the West as head of the "Soo" road, where he came to be recognized as one of the best practical railroad men in the country. Truesdale and Underwood had lived in Minneapolis for years, knew each other intimately, and were friends. David Willcox, long legal adviser of the Delaware & Hudson, took Olyphant's place.

To-day there is not a single president of a hard-coal railroad who was in office when Baer became a factor in the coal situation. These changes, which were necessary preliminaries to the carrying out of Baer's scheme of centralization, were made from the inside—so smoothly, so harmoniously, that the outside world had no hint of the big plan. Baer had the ear of the great financial interests controlling the railroads. He had on his side Morgan, the greatest financial power in the Western world. Morgan was, indeed, perhaps the first to recognize Baer's genius; for more than a dozen years, during the period when Morgan was rising to the highest pinnacle of his success, Baer was his adviser. But to the public Baer was merely chief counsel of the Reading Railroad—simply a lawyer. He was not yet ready to step out into the limelight.

An unexpected event forced him into the open—a revolt among the operators in the Lackawanna region. In 1898, these men found conditions intolerable and decided to build a railroad of their own from Pittston, Pa., to a point on the Delaware River near Belvidere, N. J. Stock was subscribed, a right of way was purchased, and even the rails were paid for, after sufficient tonnage had been pledged to insure the success of the enterprise.

Drawn by Henry Raleigh from a photograph.

W. H. TRUESDALE.

The coal railroads took alarm at once. If this road were built, it would mean not only an immediate loss of tonnage, but greater losses in the future as the line should be extended. Furthermore, if operated wisely and fairly, it would show the public that coal could be brought to tide more cheaply than the existing roads contended. It threatened the very life of the embryonic monopoly.

Baer was equal to the situation. The instrument he used to eliminate the danger was the Temple Iron Company, located in his own home town, Reading, Pa. This company had a single-stack furnace, with the inconsiderable output of 3,000 tons of pig iron a month. Its value to Baer lay in its charter, which permitted it to engage in almost any legitimate business. Under the law the railroads could not purchase mines. The Temple Iron Company could purchase mines.

Now the principal promoters of the independent railroad project, Simpson and Watkins, were the owners of eight collieries with an annual output of 1,400,000 tons. If he could purchase these mines, Baer could put an end to the threatened competition of the independent railroad. Accordingly, having invited the railroads entering the district to come in on the deal, for the protection of their tonnage, he bought the Temple Iron Company for $144,000—sixty cents on the dollar. He increased its capital stock from $240,000 to $2,500,000; caused the company to authorize a bond issue of $15,000,000, and to issue $3,500,000 of these bonds for the purchase of coal-mines.

He then offered Simpson and Watkins for their eight collieries all of the $3,500,000 worth of bonds issued by the Temple Iron Company (which they were later enabled to sell for $3,238,396 in cash) and certificates of beneficial interest in the iron company stock for $1,000,000, guaranteed to pay six per cent. interest. The stocks and bonds issued by the Temple Iron Company were, of course, made valuable only by the guarantee of the railroads. This was an enormous price for the mines, and Simpson

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Photograph by Steffens.

THE LEHIGH VALLEY'S STORAGE-YARD AT PLAINFIELD, N. J.

and Watkins accepted it instantly. Having now no coal-mines, they had no further interest in the independent railroad, and the project died.

The railroads then proceeded to make a contract among themselves to divide thereafter the tonnage of that district on the basis of their interest in the Iron Company—that is, in direct proportion to the amount of coal that each had carried out of the district in the preceding five years. This is merely an illustration of a legal method of whipping the devil around the stump. The object of this contract for the division of the tonnage was to effect a pooling of freight that could be maintained despite the law, which specifically forbids such pooling. It is a highly perfected kind of pool, working automatically, with Baer in absolute control. The stock of the Temple Iron Company is held by the Guarantee Trust Company of New York, with the absolute right of voting it, which right it annually turns over to Baer, the president of the company, by giving him its proxy; in other words, he can vote this stock exactly as he pleases.

From the first, this right gave him authority to compel the railroads to live up to their contract to divide tonnage. He could insure absolute harmony. He was enabled therefore—and this is an important point—to show how the whole industry could be controlled and how enormous profits could be derived from a combination. The Coal Trust is practically the development and extension of the Temple Iron Company arrangement applied to the whole anthracite district, an arrangement free from the danger that lies in a contract, in that a contract is always subject to the scrutiny of the courts.

Thus the coal barons had yielded to the mightiest, and he had become king. He was in the saddle and ready to ride at the head of his forces in 1900. He brought about a general recognition of the Reading interests; organized a holding company, which owns the stock of the Philadelphia & Reading Railroad, the Central Railroad of New Jersey, the Philadelphia & Reading Iron & Coal Company, and various other affiliated concerns; and made himself president not only of the parent company, but of the stronger subsidiary ones. Remember that the Reading Company owns sixty-three per cent. of all the unmined hard coal in the world, and that ever since Franklin B. Gowen unmercifully thrashed the Pennsylvania Railroad in a legal battle in 1879, the latter has acted in concert with the Reading in all hard-coal matters. Baer also practically

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controlled the Lehigh Valley and had welded the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western and the Erie into his scheme by means of the Temple Iron Company deal.*

Directly the Trust, now a tangible thing, was in working order, Baer set about securing

Drawn by Henry Raleigh from a photograph. Copyright, 1903, by Pach Bros., New York.

SAMUEL SLOAN

control of the selling machinery, which was in the hands of powerful wholesalers, or sales agents. (Remember, in this connection, that the strength of the Beef Trust and of Standard Oil rests almost wholly upon their control of the selling machinery.) The railroads organized sales departments of their own, or made contracts which placed the wholesalers under their direction; and the rule was established—and it is enforced relentlessly—of cutting off the supply of any dealer, wholesaler or retailer, who should depart from the schedule of prices fixed by the Trust.

So far as the railroads in the Trust were concerned, the outward semblance of independent action was carefully maintained, as it is now. For instance, President Baer, President Truesdale, President Thomas, and others would meet, quite by accident of course, in the Lawyers' Club, in New York, for luncheon. They talked about business—men of affairs always do that—and it was pure chance that the coal price-lists issued by each railroad after these luncheons were exactly the same. It was merely a general understanding. Here you have the "gentlemen's agreement" in its perfected, purified form.

The spirit of the Trust in its relations with the public is beautifully illustrated by the records of an organization in Chicago, which was made up of local representatives and of the selling agents of the coal railroads. A retributive justice preserved the minutes of their meetings. Here are some of the entries:

Please note the number opposite your name in attached list, and when communicating with the chairman on any matter where the use of your name is not advisable, use your number, which will answer the purpose.

Who sells James Boffin?

No. 6 denies any knowledge of the source of supply of C. J. Boedecker.

C. L. Dering (agent of the D., L. & W.) will not sell any more coal to Hall & Co. if there are any more charges against the company of cutting.

Permission given to Peabody & Co. to dispose of 1,200 tons of damaged coal at any price obtainable for the same.

Mr. Dreiske was given permission to sell damaged coal at $1 off price. He is to notify the chairman when the coal is disposed of.*

As the Coal Trust waxed in strength, labor grew restless. The old, old question of wages had been supplemented by a lively realization of the powder robbery. If the operators had been willing to relinquish that outrageous graft, there would have been no strike in 1900. But they were not. There was a strike. Mark Hanna, as Chairman of the Republican National Committee, believing that it was injuring McKinley's chance for reelection, forced a settlement under which the operators had to give up the powder graft and grant a ten per cent. increase in wages as well.

* In the former article the statement was inadvertently made that the Reading operates the Lehigh Valley under lease. The Reading did lease the Lehigh Valley for a period of 900 years, but the lease was abrogated by the courts, being plainly illegal, as the two railroads are parallel and competing lines. But the advantages sought under this lease are secured by a "communion of interests" safeguarded by interchanges of members of the boards of directors. Legally, the Lehigh Valley and the Reading are two distinct companies, supposedly competing with each other; practically, the Reading rules the Lehigh Valley as if it were its own property.

* W. R. Hearst against Philadelphia & Reading Railroad *et al.*, exhibit 140.

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This unforeseen success of the miners gave them enormous confidence, and their leaders straightway began looking ahead for further gain. Out of the ranks had risen John Mitchell, who is a master of intrigue. He has eloquence, without which no man can be a labor leader, a capacity for organization, a keen insight into human nature, and a thorough appreciation of the weakness of the miners and their lack of stability. He seems to have no illusions. When he talks buncombe, as he sometimes does, it is with a purpose more definite than increasing his own popularity. He has the marvelous art of keeping his own counsel and yet retaining the confidence of his men. He has many of the characteristics of a political boss of the Quay type.

This was the Mitchell who organized the Labor Trust, as that trust was made manifest to the world in the strike of 1902. I would not say of that strike that it was deliberately brought on by the Coal Trust, but certainly the Coal Trust profited tremendously as the result of the contest, despite the fact that labor won practically all it fought for. Nothing in Baer's career more forcefully illustrates the man's genius than the way in which he framed the issues of that struggle. He was probably the first man to realize that the miners would win in their main contentions, and he set out on a campaign to turn their victory into a means of increasing the Coal Trust's power to fix and maintain prices.

Neither Baer nor Mitchell is overburdened with sentiment; each is blessed with great common sense. "Anthracite mining is a business, not a religious, sentimental, or academic proposition," wrote Baer to Mitchell during the strike of 1902. That strike cost the railroads $28,000,000 in freight, and the miners $25,000,000 in wages. Mitchell knows that the big strike was won by public opinion, crystallizing in President Roosevelt's intervention; he must realize that if there be another strike at this time public opinion will be against the miners, and that therefore they cannot win. The Coal Trust has nothing to gain by such a strike; if it should win, it could not reduce wages nor make any increase in the price of coal which could not be enforced even without a strike. A general strike would cost more than $100,000,000 without any return, and that is not business.

The Coal Trust and the Labor Trust will bluster with much noise, making all manner of threats in earnest efforts to wring concessions from each other, up to the point of absolute hostilities. Then they will get together and the public must pay the bill, for the only interest that has less consideration for the public than the Coal Trust is the Labor Trust.

To find actual figures which show how the combination of the coal railroads has increased the wealth of individual members of the Trust, it is only necessary to turn to the records of the stock-market. In 1898 the market value of Reading stock was $29,885,000; on March 1st last it was $164,350,000, having increased more than 500 per cent. Erie has jumped from $12,554,000 to $93,300,000, nearly 900 per cent. *The increase in the market value of seven of the anthracite coal roads in the period named is more than* $400,000,000.*

* The figures for these seven roads, showing the increase in the value of the capital stock alone, can be presented with reasonable accuracy. If the highest prices reached were used for comparison, the contrast would be much greater. Reading common, for instance, has touched 164½, which made the value of the stock $115,000,000, and the others were proportionately higher.

	Par value of outstanding stocks.	Lowest prices and market value in 1898.		Prices and market value on March 1, 1906.	
Reading common	$70,000,000	17¾	$12,425,000	136¾	$95,725,000
1st preferred	28,000,000	15½	4,340,000	91½	25,620,000
2d preferred	42,000,000	36	15,120,000	98	41,160,000
Total	$140,000,000		$31,885,000		$162,505,000
Central R.R. of N. J.	30,000,000	84½	25,350,000	214⅛	64,237,500
Lehigh Valley	40,441,000	17½	7,077,175	74½	30,128,645
Erie common	112,246,300	11	12,347,093	43	48,265,000
1st preferred	42,844,000	15½	6,640,820	77½	33,204,100
2d preferred	16,000,000	29¼	4,680,000	67	10,720,000
Total	$171,090,000		$23,667,913		$92,190,009
Delaware, Lackawanna & Western	26,200,000	141¾	38,907,000	460	120,520,000
Delaware & Hudson	35,000,000	93½	32,725,000	206	72,100,000
New York, Ontario & Western	58,110,982	13⅜	7,773,547	50	29,059,991

Total increase in the value of these stocks, $403,355,510.

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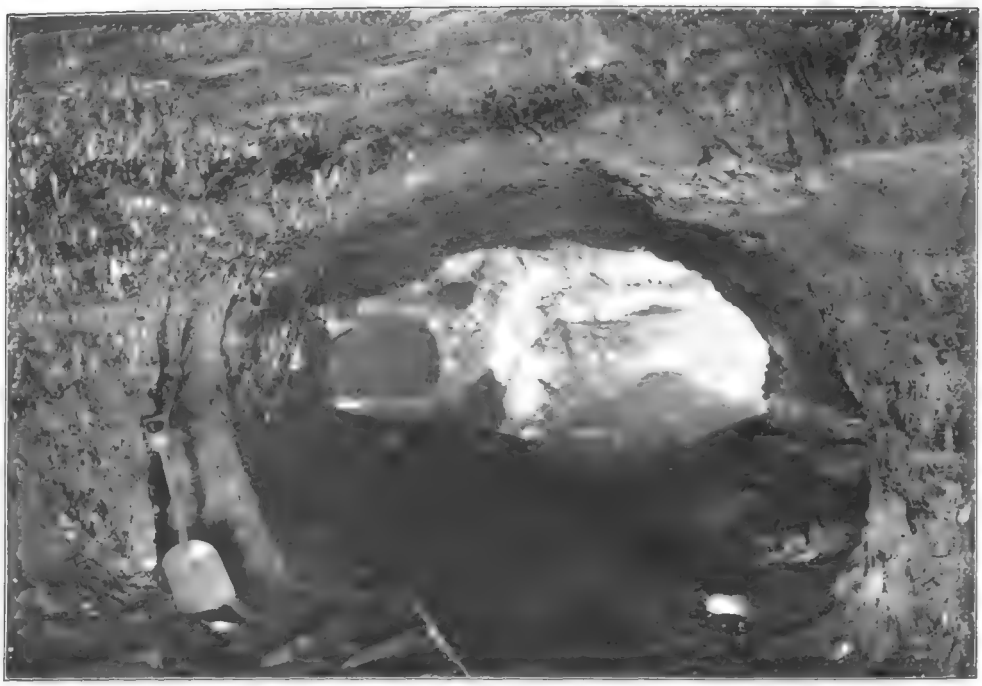

Photograph by Rau, Philadelphia.

A MINE GALLERY THROUGH A VEIN OF PURE COAL.

If it were possible to show the constant rise in price of the bonds of all these railroads; to show how much the railroad coal properties have increased in value; how the value of the stock of the sources of subsidiary companies, chiefly railroads, has increased; how much the Pennsylvania Railroad has profited; I should not be surprised to find the grand total sufficient to pay the interest-bearing national debt of the United States, which is something less than a thousand millions.

This tremendous increase is due primarily to the advance in the price of coal, and to speculative anticipation of future advances.

Is this advance which the Trust has made warranted by conditions? Is the price we are paying now a fair price? Let us consider some figures:

There has been an increase in the cost of mining, due to higher wages and physical difficulties in working lower levels. Evidence before the Interstate Commerce Commission showed that the cost of taking the coal from the mine increased from $1.43 a ton in 1900 to $1.96 in 1903. In that time the price of coal increased a dollar a ton, nearly double the increase in cost. Baer testified before the commission that $2 a ton was a fair cost of mining coal. Now this cost applies to all coal, domestic and steam sizes. There are some nine sizes in all. About sixty per cent. of the total output is in domestic sizes, which command the maximum price. The steam sizes, which until about 1890 were handled as waste and dumped into culm piles, sell for prices that range down to $1.50 a ton. These sizes, however, are transported at a lower tariff than the domestic sizes.

Let us take the Trust in figures, which fix the cost of mining anthracite at $2 a ton, and the freight rate (to tide) at $1.55 a ton. This would make the tide-water price $3.55 a ton for domestic sizes of hard coal. It is extremely difficult to secure any authoritative figures showing how much should be added to the cost of domestic sizes to cover losses on the lower grades of steam coal. Of course this has to be taken into consideration, for if the steam sizes were thrown into piles it would simply mean increasing the cost of mining the domestic sizes. Certainly, under conditions now existing, seventy cents a ton added to the cost of domestic sizes would be liberal if not excessive. This would make the price of coal at tide $4.25 a ton for domestic sizes. Bear in mind this tide-water price is the standard for the whole country. The present price of coal at tide is $5.50 a ton. In a few weeks

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this price will drop back fifty cents. Then it will mount up at the rate of ten cents a month until it reaches $5.50—this sliding scale being arranged to encourage buying in summer when the demand for hard coal falls off enormously.

As a matter of fact, the Trust includes in this cost of coal the charge of placing it in barges and ferrying it across New York City. This terminal cost is fifteen cents a ton. The selling cost, including the guaranteeing of bad accounts by the wholesalers or sales agents, averages about ten cents a ton. The retailers' profit, fixed by the Trust, is $1 a ton. If the price were fair this would make a total of $5.50 a ton to the New York consumer. He is now paying $6.50 a ton. I think it is true that the Trust has exacted a profit of seventy-five cents a ton above what is fair and just by virtue of its ability to maintain the advance. In 1904, when the total output was more than 73,000,000 tons, this made an amazing total of upward of $33,000,000 in a single year.

It is not likely that the price of anthracite coal will ever go below $4.50 a ton at tide. Baer fixed that minimum as securely as human foresight can safeguard anything, when, after the Coal Strike Commission of 1903 had settled the question of wages, he suggested that the miners receive one per cent. of every increase of five cents above the price of $4.50 a ton at tide. This suggestion was adopted despite the bitter protests of Baer's associates. From 1850 until the strike of 1903 the price of hard coal had been above $4.50 only on three occasions.

When in the action brought by W. R. Hearst against the railroads in the Coal Trust, Clarence J. Shearn argued for a reduction in the freight rate in order that coal might be furnished more cheaply to the consumer, the lawyers for the Trust thundered at him that this reduction was aimed at the miners who, under the Baer sliding scale, had received $2,000,000 in addition to the wages fixed by the commission.

Mr. Shearn has gone exhaustively into this matter of coal rates, attacking it from many sides and proving his figures by all possible manner of comparisons. He has shown that hard coal can be gathered and carried to tide for an average of $1.08 a ton, the range being from 84 cents on the Lehigh Valley to $1.30 on the Erie, and he maintains that an average rate of $1.35—a reduction of twenty cents from the present tariff—

Photograph by Steffen.

THE SMILING FACE OF NATURE HAS BEEN SCARRED BY EXCAVATIONS AND DISTORTED BY THE HUGE EXCRESCENCES OF CULM-PILES.

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would still give the railroads engaged in the traffic a handsome profit, a profit slightly in excess of that derived from the carrying of all other freight. From 1897 to 1900, under the coal-purchase contracts, the railroads received $1.27 a ton for carrying domestic hard coal, and they were anxious to make all the contracts they could at that rate. The actual cost of fuel and labor in bringing a train of seventy-five cars, loaded with 2,000 tons of coal, over the Reading is less than three and a half cents a ton, leaving $1.51½ to pay the general operating expenses, fixed charges, and so forth.

Drawn by Henry Raleigh from a photograph.
E. B. THOMAS.

If the Coal Trust were bent upon serving the public and were content with a fair and reasonable margin of profit, we in New York could have coal placed in our bins at $5.25 a ton, $1.25 a ton less than we are now paying. And the reduction throughout the country would be the same. But that isn't the spirit of monopoly. There is no doubt that the Trust can maintain any price it chooses to fix. As former Judge Campbell declared to the Interstate Commerce Commission in February of last year:

"This commission knows now as well as it will know if it calls 1,000 witnesses that the price of coal to-day is approximately $5 a ton, and that it could be $8 or $10 a ton if the operators demanded that price."

During the strike of 1902 coal sold in New York for $18 a ton, and a price of $15 a ton was maintained for a considerable time. This is significant as showing the possibilities in high prices.

What of the future? It all depends upon Baer. Pretty much everything in the behavior of the Trust harks back to this colossus among trust generals. What manner of man is he? What is the secret of his success?

George Franklin Baer, since 1900 the president of the Reading Company, is the finest example of all that is best in the system for which he stands, the modern trust idea. Measured by the commonest yardstick of success, his personal wealth, he falls far short of his contemporaries. To-day he is credited with only five millions, though he could as easily have had twenty times that. Measured by what he has accomplished, he is at least the equal of Rockefeller, Armour, Carnegie, and Morgan. And if one takes that juster, severer test, the enduring quality of his work, he stands head and shoulders above them all.

The fundamental difference between Baer and his associates is this: He adjusts his life to a single code of ethics. He has a simple, dogmatic religion. And this religion enters into every fiber of his being. Baer squares his daily life to his religion; he does not attempt to square his religion to his life or that of his associates. If he were stripped of his wealth, his honors, all those possessions which are the outward sign of power, and summoned before the high court of Heaven and before his fellow men, his naked soul would stand forth unafraid. There is nothing in his life, private or public, at which he squints; nothing which he is not ready to defend with ardor and the courage of every real fighting man. I doubt if there is any man living who could better stand this acid test of sincerity. But sincerity is not morality, for sincerity is a personal thing while morality is a social thing. There is no more sincere person than your bomb thrower, your bloodstained assassin, who seeks to destroy those in power whose views differ from his. The most dangerous men are those who have the moral support of a formal dogma.

Baer began life on a farm, was owner of a Radical newspaper at nineteen, and has an enviable Civil War record. He began his professional career as a lawyer, and by fighting the Philadelphia & Reading Railroad so successfully that he was drawn into its service. For thirty years he has been the legal genius of the company. Within the charmed circle of financial kings he was regarded as one of the greatest of corporation lawyers, but too conscientious, too conservative and too just for "practical business." Yet when the time

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came, he forced recognition of his genius in a way that has given him absolute power.

At sixty, Baer has reached the full development of his abilities. Despite years of prodigious, exhausting work, he looks ten years younger than he is. If you should go to his home in Reading, you might see him striding along with the vigor of youth at six o'clock in the morning, a slender, sinewy figure, with a face of rugged strength, emphasized by thick, harsh, gray hair and an uncouth beard that straggles from his chin. He has the narrow, almond-shaped eyes of the Asiatic without their obliquity. When he speaks it is with drawling deliberation, unless he is aroused; then a sardonic grin emphasizes his forceful words, the gray eyes harden, and one gains some idea of the dominant, dynamic force of his nature.

So long as Baer rules the Coal Trust it will be guilty of no outrageous extortion. He will do nothing against the dictates of his conscience, a conscience that is not the creature of self-interest. But he is most dangerous because of his very virtues, for he has builded up a monopoly so secure, so powerful, so legally entrenched that it is a menace to the public weal, and when he turns it over to another, as he must in time, his successor may make the Coal Trust an engine of oppression. The belief that our rights and interests will be "protected and cared for by the Christian men whom God in his infinite wisdom has given control of the property interests of this country," as Baer once wrote, may be all right so far as he is concerned, but it is nevertheless exceedingly dangerous to place ourselves in the power of men who feel they are responsible only to their own concept of God.

The Coal Trust is a typical instance of what we can see going on about us in every direction: the organization of the productive resources of the country and the centralization in a few hands of their direction and control. This Trust is an especially interesting and an especially dangerous example because of the perfection of its organization and its success in taking advantage of the law.

Is there any justification for this centralization of vast power? Does the community in any way benefit from it? Undoubtedly, in that it introduces order, economy, and system in place of confusion, waste, and individual caprice.

Is it dangerous? Yes, because it places a vast power in the hands of a few irresponsible individuals, giving them the privilege of imposing upon the public an enormous tax in the form of profits out of all ratio to the service they perform.

Is there a remedy? When I came to understand the forces which developed the Coal Trust, and realized how strongly it was entrenched, it seemed to me that it was impregnable. But I am not prepared to admit that there is no remedy simply because I myself have no specific to offer. Bear in mind that trusts know that the public has always at its command the powerful antidote of government control and government regulation, and that this knowledge has acted and will continue to act as a deterrent from intolerable oppression. Nevertheless, government regulation can never be effective unless it is supported by an intelligent public opinion and by public vigilance.

In the last analysis, therefore, there is no security against the Coal Trust or any other monopoly except in the education and general intelligence of the whole people, informed, directed, and supported by pitiless publicity.

The Dragon

By ELSA BARKER

I WOULD not give my least enduring song
For all the boasted strength of all the strong,
Should once the billion weak ones of the world
But realize their numbers—and their wrong.

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THE SPOILERS*

By REX E. BEACH

CHAPTER XIX (*Continued*)

"I CAN'T raise the road-house on the wire and—something dreadful has happened, I know."

"What made her go?" Glenister shouted.

"To save you," came Cherry's faint reply. "If you love her, ride fast to the Sign of the Sled or you'll be too late. The Bronco Kid has gone there——"

At that name Roy crashed the instrument to its hook and burst out of the shanty, calling loudly to his men.

"What's up?"

"Where are you going?"

"To the Sign of the Sled," he panted.

"We've stood by you, Glenister, and you can't quit us like this," said one angrily. "The trail to town is good, and we'll take it if you do." Roy saw they feared he was deserting, feared that he had heard some alarming rumor of which they did not know.

"We'll let the mine go, boys, for I can't ask you to do what I refuse to do myself, and yet it's not fear that's sending me. There's a woman in danger and I *must* go. She courted ruin to save us all, risked her honor to try and right a wrong—and—I'm afraid of what has happened while we were fighting here. I don't ask you to stay till I come back—it wouldn't be square and you'd better go while you have a chance. As for me—I gave up the old claim once—I can do it again." He swung himself to the horse's back, settled into the saddle, and rode out through the lane of belted men.

CHAPTER XX

IN WHICH THREE GO TO THE SIGN OF THE SLED AND BUT TWO RETURN

As Helen and her companion ascended the mountain, scarred and swept by the tempest of the previous night, they heard, far below, the swollen torrent brawling in its boulder-ridden bed, while behind them the angry ocean spread southward to a blood-red horizon. Ahead, the bleak mountains brooded over forbidding valleys; to the west a suffused sun glared sullenly, painting the high-piled clouds with the gorgeous hues of a stormy sunset. To Helen the wild scene seemed dyed with the colors of flame and blood and steel.

"That rain raised the deuce with the trails," said Struve, as they picked their way past an unsightly "slip" whence a part of the overhanging mountain, loosened by the deluge, had slid into the gulch. "Another storm like that would wash out these roads completely."

Even in the daylight it was no easy task to avoid these danger spots, for the horses floundered on the muddy soil. Vaguely the girl wondered how she would find her way back in the darkness, as she had planned. She said little, as they approached the road-house, for the thoughts within her brain had begun to clamor too wildly; but Struve, more arrogant than ever before, more terrifyingly sure of himself, was loudly garrulous. As they drew nearer and nearer, the dread that possessed the girl became of paralyzing intensity. If she should fail—but she vowed she would not, could not, fail.

They rounded a bend and saw the Sign of the Sled cradled below them where the trail dipped to a stream which tumbled from the comb above into the river twisting like a silver thread through the distant valley. A peeled flag-pole topped by a spruce bough stood in front of the tavern, while over the door hung a sled suspended from a beam. The house itself was a quaint structure, rambling and amorphous, from whose sod roof sprang blooming flowers, and whose high-banked walls were pierced here and there with sleepy windows. It had been built by a homesick foreigner of unknown nationality whom the army of "mushers" who paid for

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his clean and orderly hospitality had dubbed duly and as a matter of course a "Swede." When travel had changed to the river trail, leaving the house lonesome and high as though left by a receding wave, Struve had taken it over on a debt and now ran it for the convenience of a slender traffic, mainly stampeders, who chose the higher route toward the interior. His hireling spent the idle hours in prospecting a hungry quartz lead and in doing assessment work on near-by claims.

Shortz took the horses and answered his employer's questions curtly, flashing a curious look at Helen. Under other conditions the girl would have been delighted with the place, for this was the quaintest spot she had found in the north country. The main room held a bar and gold scales, a rude table, and a huge iron heater, while its walls and ceiling were sheeted with white cloth so cunningly stitched and tacked that it seemed a cavern hollowed from chalk. It was filled with trophies of the hills, stuffed birds and animals, skins and antlers, from which depended in careless confusion, dog harness, snow-shoes, guns, and articles of clothing. A door to the left led into the bunk room where travelers had been wont to sleep in tiers three deep. To the rear was a kitchen and cache, to the right a compartment which Struve called the art gallery. Here, free rein had been allowed the original owner's artistic fancies, and he had covered the place with pictures clipped from gazettes of questionable repute till it was a bewildering arrangement of ladies in pink tights, pugilists in scanty trunks, prize bulldogs, and other more or less moral characters of the sporting world.

"This is probably the worst company you were ever in," Struve observed to Helen, with a forced attempt at lightness.

"Are there no guests here?" she asked him, her anxiety very near the surface.

"Travel is light at this time of the year. They'll come in later, perhaps."

A fire was burning in this pink room where the landlord had begun spreading the table for two, and its warmth was grateful to the girl. Her companion, thoroughly at his ease, stretched himself on a fur-covered couch and smoked.

"Let me see the papers, now, Mr. Struve," she began, but he put her off.

"No, not now. Business must wait on our dinner. Don't spoil our little party, for there's time enough and to spare."

She arose and went to the window, unable to sit still. Looking down the narrow gulch she saw that the mountains beyond were indistinct, for it was growing dark rapidly. Dense clouds had rolled up from the east. A raindrop struck the glass before her eyes, then another and another, and the hills grew misty behind the coming shower. A traveler with a pack on his back hurried around the corner of the building and past her to the door. At his knock Struve, who had been watching Helen through half-shut eyes, arose and went into the other room.

"Thank Heaven, some one has come," she thought. The voices were deadened to a hum by the sod walls, till that of the stranger raised itself in such indignant protest that she distinguished his words.

"Oh, I've got money to pay my way. I'm no deadhead."

Shortz mumbled something back.

"I don't care if you are closed. I'm tired and there's a storm coming."

This time she heard the landlord's refusal and the miner's angry profanity. A moment later she saw the traveler plodding up the trail toward town.

"What does that mean?" she inquired, as the lawyer reentered.

"Oh, that fellow is a tough, and Shortz wouldn't let him in. He's careful whom he entertains—there are so many bad men roaming the hills."

The landlord came in shortly to light the lamp, and, although she asked no further questions, Helen's uneasiness increased. She half listened to the stories with which Struve tried to entertain her and ate little of the excellent meal that was shortly served to them. Struve, meanwhile, ate and drank almost greedily, and the shadowy, sinister evening crept along. A strange cowardice had suddenly overtaken the girl; and if, at this late hour, she could have withdrawn, she would have done so gladly and gone forth to meet the violence of the tempest. But the time for retreat was past; and realizing that, for the present, apparent compliance was her wisest resource, she sat quiet, answering the man with cool words while his eyes grew brighter, his skin more flushed, his speech more rapid. He talked incessantly and with feverish gaiety, and smoked numberless cigarettes, apparently unconscious of the flight of time. At last he broke off suddenly and consulted his watch, while Helen remembered that she had not heard Shortz in the kitchen for a long time.

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Suddenly Struve smiled on her peculiarly, with confident cunning. As he leered at her over the disorder between them he took from his pocket a flat bundle which he tossed to her.

"Now for the bargain, eh?"

"Ask the man to remove these dishes," she said, as she undid the parcel with clumsy fingers.

"I sent him away two hours ago," said Struve, arising as if to come to her. She shrank back, but he only leaned across, gathered up the four corners of the tablecloth, and, twisting them together, carried the whole thing out, the dishes crashing and jangling as he threw his burden recklessly into the kitchen. Then he returned and stood with his back to the stove, staring at her while she perused the contents of the papers, which were more voluminous than she had supposed.

For a long time the girl pored over the documents. The purport of the papers was only too obvious; and as she read, the proof of her uncle's guilt stood out clear and damning. There was no possibility of mistake; the whole wretched plot stood out plain, its darkest infamies revealed.

In spite of the cruelty of her disillusionment Helen was nevertheless exalted with the fierce ecstasy of power, with the knowledge that justice would at last be rendered. It would be her triumph and her expiation that she, who had been the unwitting tool of this miserable clique, would be the one through whom restitution was made. She arose with her eyes gleaming and her lips set.

"It is here."

"Of course it is. Enough to convict us all. It means the penitentiary for your precious uncle and your lover." He stretched his chin upward at the mention as though to free his throat from an invisible clutch. "Yes, your lover particularly, for he's the real one. That's why I brought you here. He'll marry you, but I'll be the best man." The timbre of his voice was unpleasant.

"Come, let us go," she said.

"Go," he chuckled mirthlessly. "That's a fine example of unconscious humor."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, first, no human being could find his way down to the coast in this tempest; second—but, by the way, let me explain something in those papers while I think of it." He spoke casually and stepped forward, reaching for the package, which she was about to give up, when something prompted her to snatch it behind her back; and it was well she did, for his hand was but a few inches away. He was no match for her quickness, however, and she glided around the table, thrusting the papers into the front of her dress. The sudden contact with her revolver gave her a certain comfort. She spoke now with determination.

"I intend to leave here at once. Will you bring my horse? Very well, I shall do it myself." She turned, but his indolence vanished like a flash, and springing in front of the door he barred her way.

"Hold on, my lady. You ought to understand without my saying any more. Why did I bring you here? Why did I plan this little party? Why did I send that man away? Just to give you the proof of my complicity in a crime, I suppose. Well, hardly. You won't leave here to-night. And when you do, you won't carry those papers—my own safety depends on that and I am selfish, so don't get me started. Listen!" They caught the wail of the night crying as though hungry for sacrifice. "No, you'll stay here."

He broke off abruptly, for Helen had stepped to the telephone and taken down the receiver. He leaped, snatched it from her, and then, tearing the instrument loose from the wall, raised it above his head, dashed it upon the floor, and sprang toward her; but she wrenched herself free and fled across the room. The man's white hair was wildly tumbled, his face was purple, and his neck and throat showed swollen, throbbing veins. He stood still, however, and his lips cracked into his ever-present, cautious smile.

"Now, don't let's fight about this. It's no use, for I've played to win. You have your proof—now I'll have my price—or else I'll take it. Think over which it will be, while I lock up."

Far down the mountainside a man was urging a broken pony recklessly along the trail. The beast was blown and spent, its knees weak and bending, yet the rider forced it as though behind him yelled a thousand devils, spurring headlong through gully and ford, up steep slopes and down invisible ravines. Sometimes the animal stumbled and fell with its master, sometimes they arose together, but the man was heedless of all except his haste, insensible to the rain which smote him blindingly, and to the wind which seized him savagely upon the ridges, or grasped at him in the gullies with exhausted malice. At last he gained the plateau, and seeing the road-house light beneath, drove his heels into

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the flanks of the wind-broken creature, which lunged forward gamely. Suddenly he felt the pony rear and drop away beneath him, pawing and scrambling, and instinctively kicked his feet free from the stirrups, striving to throw himself out of the saddle and clear of the thrashing hoofs. It seemed that he turned over in the air before something smote him and he lay still, his gaunt, dark face upturned to the rain, while about him the storm screamed exultantly.

The moment Struve disappeared into the outer room Helen darted to the window. It was merely a single sash, nailed fast and immovable, but seizing one of the little stools beside the stove she thrust it through the glass, letting in a smother of wind and water. Before she could escape, Struve bounded into the room, his face livid with anger, his voice hoarse and furious.

But as he began to denounce her he paused in amazement, for the girl had drawn Cherry's weapon and leveled it at him. She was very pale and her breast heaved as from a swift run, while her wondrous gray eyes were lit with a light no man had ever seen there before, glowing like two jewels whose hearts contained the pent-up passion of centuries. She had altered as though under the deft hand of a master sculptor, her nostrils growing thin and arched, her lips tight pressed and pitiless, her head poised proudly. The rain drove in through the shattered window, over and past her, while the cheap red curtain lashed and whipped her as though in gleeful applause. Her bitter abhorrence of the man made her voice sound strangely unnatural as she commanded:

"Don't dare to stop me." She moved toward the door, motioning him to retreat before her, and he obeyed, recognizing the danger of her coolness. She did not note the calculating treachery of his glance, however, nor fathom the purposes he had in mind.

Out on the rain-swept mountain the prostrate rider had regained his senses and now was crawling painfully toward the road-house. Seen through the dark he would have resembled some misshapen, creeping monster, for he dragged himself, reptile-like, close to the ground. But as he came closer he heard a cry which the wind seemed guarding from his ear, and, hearing it, he rose and rushed blindly forward, staggering like a wounded beast.

Helen watched her captive closely as he backed through the door before her, for she dared not lose sight of him until free. The middle room was lighted by a glass lamp on the bar and its rays showed that the front door was secured by a large iron bolt. She thanked Heaven there was no lock and key.

Struve had retreated until his back was to the counter, offering no word, making no move, but the darting brightness of his eyes showed that he was alert and planning. But when the door behind Helen, urged by the wind through the broken casement, banged to, the man made his first lightning-like move. He dashed the lamp to the floor, where it burst like an egg-shell, and darkness leaped into the room as an animal pounces. Had there been time for an instant's calm thought Helen would have hastened back to the light, but she was midway to her liberty and actuated by the sole desire to break out into the open air, so she plunged forward. Without warning, she was hurled from her feet by a body which came out of the darkness upon her. She fired the little gun, but Struve's arms closed about her, the weapon was wrenched from her hand, and she found herself fighting against him, breast to breast, with the fury of desperation. His wine-burdened breath beat into her face and she felt herself bound to him as though by hoops, while the touch of his cheek against hers turned her into a terrified, insensate animal, fighting with every ounce of its strength and every nerve of its body. She screamed once, but it was not like the cry of a woman. Then the struggle went on in silence and utter blackness, Struve holding her like a gorilla till she grew faint and her head began to whirl, while darting lights drove past her eyes and there was the roar of a cataract in her ears. She was a strong girl, and her ripe young body, untried until this moment, answered in every fiber, so that she wrestled with almost a man's strength and he had hard shift to hold her. But so violent an encounter could not last. Helen felt herself drifting free from the earth and losing grip of all things tangible, when at last they tripped and fell against the inner door. This gave way, and at the same moment the man's strength departed as though it were a thing of darkness and dared not face the light that streamed over them. She tore herself from his clutch and staggered into the supper room, her loosened hair falling about her shoulders, while he arose from his knees and came toward her again, gasping:

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"I'll show you who's master here." Then he ceased abruptly, cringingly, and threw up an arm before his face as if to ward off a blow. Framed in the window was the pallid visage of a man. The air rocked, the lamp flared, and Struve whirled completely around, falling back against the wall. His eyes filled with horror and shifted down where his hand had clutched at his breast, plucking at one spot as if tearing a barb from his bosom. He jerked his head toward the door at his elbow in quest of a retreat, a shudder ran over him, his knees buckled and he plunged forward upon his face, his arm still doubled under him.

It had happened like a flash of light, and although Helen felt, rather than heard, the shot and saw her assailant fall, she did not realize the meaning of it till a drift of powder smoke assailed her nostrils. Even so, she experienced no shock nor horror at the sight. On the contrary, a savage joy at the spectacle seized her and she stood still, leaning slightly forward, staring at it almost gloatingly; stood so till she heard her name called, "Helen, little sister!" and, turning, saw her brother in the window. That which he witnessed in her face he had seen before in the faces of men locked close with a hateful death, men from whom all but the most elemental passions had departed--but he had never seen a woman bear the marks till now. No artifice nor falsity was there, nothing but the crudest, intensest feeling, which many people live and die without knowing. There are few who come to know the great primitive, passionate emotions. But in this black night, fighting in defense of her most sacred self, this girl's nature had been stripped to its purely savage elements. As Glenister had predicted, Helen at last had felt and yielded to irresistibly powerful impulse.

Glancing backward at the creature sprawled by the door, Helen went to her brother, put her arms about his neck, and kissed him.

"He's dead?" the Kid asked her. She nodded and tried to speak, but began to shiver and sob instead.

"Unlock the door," he begged her. "I'm hurt and I must get in." When the Kid had hobbled into the room, she pressed him to her and stroked his matted head, regardless of his muddy, soaking garments.

"I must look at him. He may not be badly hurt," said the Kid.

"Don't touch him!" She followed, nevertheless, and stood near by while her brother examined his victim. Struve was breathing, and, discovering this, the others lifted him with difficulty to the couch.

"Something cracked in here—ribs, I guess," the Kid remarked, gasping and feeling his own side. He was weak and pale, and the girl led him into the bunk room, where he could lie down. Only his wonderful determination had sustained him thus far, and now the knowledge of his helplessness served to prevent Helen's collapse.

The Kid would not hear of her going for help till the storm abated or daylight came, insisting that the trails were too treacherous and that no time could be saved by doing so. Thus they waited for the dawn. At last they heard the wounded man faintly calling. He spoke to Helen hoarsely. There was no malice, only fear in his tones:

"I said this was my madness—and I got what I deserved, but I'm going to die. O God—I'm going to die and I'm afraid." He moaned till the Bronco Kid hobbled in, glaring with unquenched hatred.

"Yes, you're going to die and I did it. Be game, can't you? I sha'n't let her go for help until daylight." Helen forced her brother back to his couch, and returned to help the wounded man, who grew incoherent and began to babble. A little later, when the Kid seemed stronger and his head clearer, Helen ventured to tell him of their uncle's villainy and of the proof she held, with her hope of restoring justice. She told him of the attack planned that very night and of the danger which threatened the miners. He questioned her closely and, realizing the bearing of her story, crept to the door, casting the wind like a hound.

"We'll have to risk it," said he. "The wind is almost gone and it's not long till daylight."

She pleaded to go alone, but he was firm. "I'll never leave you again, and, moreover, I know the lower trail quite well. We'll go down the gulch to the valley and reach town that way. It's farther, but it's not so dangerous."

"You can't ride," she insisted.

"I can if you'll tie me into the saddle. Come, get the horses."

It was still pitchy dark and the rain was pouring, but the wind only sighed weakly as though tired by its violence when she helped the Bronco Kid into his saddle. The effort wrenched a groan from him, but he insisted that she tie his feet beneath the horse's belly, saying that the trail was rough and he could

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take no chance of falling again; so, having performed the last services she might for Struve, she mounted her own animal and allowed it to pick its way down the steep descent behind her brother, who swayed and lurched drunkenly in his seat, gripping the horn before him with both hands.

They had been gone perhaps a half-hour when another horse plunged furiously out of the darkness and halted before the road-house door. Its rider, mud-stained and disheveled, flung himself in mad haste to the ground and bolted in. He saw the signs of confusion in the outer room, chairs upset and broken, the table wedged against the stove, and before the counter a shattered lamp in a pool of oil. He called loudly, but receiving no answer, snatched a light which he found burning and ran to the door at his left. Nothing greeted him but the empty tiers of bunks. Turning, he crossed to the other side and burst through. Another lamp was lighted beside the couch where Struve lay, breathing heavily, his lids half closed over his staring eyes. Roy noted the pool of blood at his feet and the broken window; then, setting down his lamp, he leaned over the man and spoke to him.

When he received no answer he spoke again loudly. Then, in a frenzy, Glenister shook the wounded man cruelly, so that he cried out in terror:

"I'm dying—oh, I'm dying." Roy raised the sick man up and thrust his own face before his eyes.

"This is Glenister. I've come for Helen—where is she?" A spark of recognition flickered into the dull stare.

"You're too late—I'm dying—and I'm afraid."

His questioner shook Struve again. "Where is she? Where is she?" he repeated, time after time, till by very force of his own insistence he compelled realization in the sufferer.

"The Kid took her away. The Kid shot me," and then his voice rose till it flooded the room with terror. "The Kid shot me and I'm dying." He coughed blood to his lips, at which Roy laid him back and stood up. So there was no mistake after all, and he had arrived too late. This was the Kid's revenge. This was how he struck. Lacking courage to face a man's level eyes, he had the foulness to prey upon a woman. Roy felt a weakening physical sickness sweep over him till his eye fell upon a sodden garment which Helen had removed from her brother's shoulders and replaced with a dry one. He snatched it from the floor and in a sudden fury felt it come apart in his hands like wet tissue paper.

He found himself out in the rain, scanning the trampled soil by light of his lamp, and discerned tracks which the drizzle had not yet erased. He reasoned mechanically that the two riders could have no great start of him, so strode out beyond the house to see if they had gone farther into the hills. There were no tracks here, therefore they must have doubled back toward town. It did not occur to him that they might have left the beaten path and followed down the little creek to the river; but replacing the light where he had found it, he remounted and lashed his horse into a stiff canter up toward the divide that lay between him and the city. The story was growing plainer to him, though as yet he could not piece it all together. Its possibilities stabbed him with such horror that he cried out aloud and beat his steed into faster time with both hands and feet. To think of those two ruffians fighting over this girl as though she were the spoils of pillage! He must overtake the Kid—he *would!* The possibility that he might not threw him into such ungovernable mental chaos that he was forced to calm himself. Men went mad that way. He could not think of it. That gasping creature in the road-house spoke all too well of the Bronco Kid's determination. And yet, who of those who had known him in the past would dream that his vileness was so utter as this?

Away to the right, hidden among the shadowed hills, his friends rested themselves for the coming battle, waiting impatiently his return, and timing it to the rising sun. Down in the valley at his left were the two he followed, while he, obsessed and unreasoning, now cursing like a madman, now grim and silent, spurred southward toward town and into the ranks of his enemies.

CHAPTER XXI

THE HAMMER-LOCK

DAY was breaking as Glenister came down the mountain. With the first light he halted to scan the trail, and having no means of knowing that the fresh tracks he found were not those of the two riders he followed, he urged his lathered horse ahead till he became suddenly conscious that he was very tired and had not slept for two days and nights. The recollection did not reassure the young man,

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for his body was a weapon which must not fail in the slightest measure, now that there was work to do. Even the unwelcome speculation upon his physical handicap offered relief, however, from the agony which fed upon him whenever he thought of Helen in the gambler's hands. Meanwhile, the horse, groaning at his master's violence, plunged onward toward the roofs of Nome, now growing gray in the first dawn.

It seemed years since Roy had seen the sunlight, for this night, burdened with suspense, had been endlessly long. His body was faint beneath the strain, and yet he rode on and on, tired, dogged, stony, his eyes set toward the sea, his mind a storm of formless, whirling thoughts, beneath which was an undeviating, implacable determination.

He knew now that he had sacrificed all hope of the Midas, and likewise the hope of Helen was gone; in fact, he began to realize dimly that from the beginning he had never had the possibility of winning her, that she had never been destined for him, and that his love for her had been sent as a light by which he was to find himself. He had failed everywhere, he had become an outlaw, he had fought and gone down, certain only of his rectitude and the mastery of his unruly spirit. Now the hour had come when he would perform his last mission, deriving therefrom that satisfaction which fate could not deny. He would have his vengeance.

The scheme took form without conscious effort on his part and embraced two things—the death of the gambler and a meeting with McNamara. Of the former, he had no more doubt than that the sun rising there would sink in the west. So well confirmed was this belief that the details did not engage his thought; but on the result of the other encounter he speculated with some interest. From the first McNamara had been a riddle to him, and mystery breeds curiosity. His blind, instinctive hatred of the man had assumed the proportions of a mania; but as to what the outcome would be when they met face to face, fate alone could tell. Anyway, McNamara should never have Helen—Roy believed his mission covered that point as well as her deliverance from the Bronco Kid. When he had finished—he would pay the price. If he had the luck to escape, he would go back to his hills and his solitude; if he did not, his future would be in the hands of his enemies.

He entered the silent streets unobserved, for the mists were heavy and low. Smoke columns arose vertically in the still air. The rain had ceased, having beaten down the waves which rumbled against the beach, filling the streets with their subdued thunder. A ship, anchored in the offing, had run in from the lee of Sledge Island with the first lull, and midway to the shore a tender was rising and falling, its oars flashing like the silvered feelers of a sea insect crawling upon the surface of the ocean.

He rode down Front Street heedless of danger, heedless of the comment his appearance might create. He passed a gambling hall through the windows of which came a sickly yellow gleam. A man came out unsteadily and stared at the horseman, then passed on.

Glenister's plan was to go straight to the Northern and from there to track down its owner relentlessly, but in order to reach the place, he must pass the office of Dunham & Struve. This brought back to his mind the man dying out there ten miles behind him. The scantiest humanity demanded that assistance be sent at once. Yet he dared not give word openly, thus betraying his presence in the town, for it was necessary that he maintain his liberty during the next hour at all hazards. He suddenly thought of an expedient and reined in his horse, which stopped with wide-spread legs and dejected head while he dismounted and climbed the stairs to leave a note upon the door. Some one would see the message shortly and recognize its urgency.

In dressing for the battle at the Midas on the previous night he had replaced his leather boots with "mukluks," which are waterproof, light, and pliable footgear made from the skin of seal and walrus. He was thus able to move as noiselessly as though in moccasins. Finding neither pencil nor paper in his pocket, he tried the outer door of the office, to find it unlocked. He stepped inside and listened, then moved toward a table on which were writing materials, but in doing so heard a rustle in Struve's private office. Evidently his soft soles had not disturbed the man inside. Roy was about to tiptoe out as he had come when the hidden man cleared his throat. It is in these involuntary sounds that the voice retains its natural quality more distinctly even than in speaking. A strange eagerness grew in Glenister's face and he approached the partition stealthily. It was of wood and glass, the panes clouded and opaque to a height of some six feet; but stepping upon a chair he peered into the room beyond. A man knelt

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in a litter of papers before the open safe, its drawers and compartments removed and their contents scattered. The watcher lowered himself, drew his gun, and laid soft hand upon the door-knob, turning the latch with firm fingers. His vengeance had come to meet him.

After lying in wait during the long night, certain that the vigilantes would spring his trap, McNamara was astounded at news of the battle at the Midas and of Glenister's success. He stormed and cursed his men as cowards. The judge became greatly exercised over this new development, which, coupled with his long night of anxiety, reduced him to a pitiful hysteria.

"They'll blow *us* up next. Great heavens! Dynamite! Oh, that is barbarous. For Heaven's sake, get the soldiers out, Alec."

"Aye, we can use them now." Thereupon McNamara roused the commanding officer at the post and requested him to accouter a troop and have them ready to march at daylight, then bestirred the judge to start the wheels of his court and invoke this military aid in regular fashion.

"Make it all a matter of record," he said. "We want to keep our skirts clear now."

"But the townspeople are against us," quavered Stillman. "They'll tear us to pieces."

"Let 'em try. Once I get my hand on the ringleader, the rest may riot and be damned."

Although he had made less display than had the judge, the receiver was no less deeply worried about Helen, of whom no news came. His jealousy, fanned to red heat by the discovery of her earlier defection, was intensified fourfold by the thought of this last adventure. Something told him there was treachery afoot, and when she did not return at dawn he began to fear that she had cast in her lot with the rioters. This aroused a perfect delirium of doubt and anger till he reasoned further that Struve, having gone with her, must also be a traitor. He recognized the menace in this fact, knowing the man's venality, so began to reckon carefully its significance. What could Struve do? What proof had he? McNamara started, and, seizing his hat, hurried straight to the lawyer's office and let himself in with the key he carried. It was light enough for him to decipher the characters on the safe lock as he turned the combination, so he set to work scanning the endless bundles within, hoping that after all the man had taken with him no incriminating evidence. Once the searcher paused at some fancied sound, but when nothing came of it, drew his revolver and laying it before him just inside the safe door and close beneath his hand, continued to run through the documents with increasing uneasiness. He had been engaged so for some time when he heard the faintest creak at his back, too slight to alarm and just sufficient to break his tension and cause him to jerk his head about. Framed in the open door stood Roy Glenister watching him.

McNamara's astonishment was so genuine that he leaped to his feet, faced about, and, prompted by a secretive instinct, swung the safe door to as though to guard its contents. He had acted upon the impulse before realizing that his weapon was inside and that now, although the door was not locked, it would require one dangerous, yes, fatal, second to open it.

The two men stared at each other for a time, silent and malignant, their glances meeting like blades; in the older man's face a look of defiance, in the younger's a dogged and grim-purposed enmity. The passing of McNamara's first perturbation left him calm, alert, dangerous; whereas the continued contemplation of his enemy worked in Glenister to destroy his composure, and his purpose blazed forth unhidden.

He stood there unkempt and soiled, the clean sweep of jaw and throat overgrown with a three days' black stubble, his hair wet and matted, his whole left side foul with clay where he had fallen in the darkness. A muddy, red streak spread downward from a cut above his temple, beneath his eyes were sagging folds, and the flicker at his mouth corners betrayed the high nervous pitch to which he was keyed.

"I have come for the last act, McNamara; now we'll have it out, man to man."

The politician shrugged his shoulders. "You have the drop on me. I am unarmed—" at which the miner's face lighted fiercely and he chuckled.

"Ah, that's almost too good to be true. I have dreamed about such a thing and I have been hungry to feel your throat since the first time I saw you. It's grown on me till shooting wouldn't satisfy me. Ever had the feeling? Well, I'm going to choke the life out of you with my bare hands."

McNamara squared himself.

"I wouldn't advise you to try it. I have lived longer than you and I was never beaten,

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but I know the feeling you speak about. I have it now." His eyes roved rapidly up and down the other's form, noting the lean thighs and close-drawn belt which lent the appearance of spareness, belied only by the neck and shoulders. He had beaten better men, and he reasoned that if it came to a physical test in these cramped quarters his own great weight would more than offset any superior agility the miner might possess. The longer he looked the more he yielded to his hatred of the man before him, and the more cruelly he longed to satisfy it.

"Take off your coat," said Glenister. "Now turn around. All right! I just wanted to see if you were lying about your gun."

"I'll kill you," cried McNamara. Glenister laid his six-shooter upon the safe and slipped off his own wet garment. The difference was more marked now and the advantage seemed strongly with the receiver. Though they had avoided allusion to it, each knew that this fight had nothing to do with the Midas and each realized whence sprang their fierce enmity. And it was meet that they should come together thus. It had been the one certain and logical event which they had felt inevitably approaching from long before. And it was fitting, moreover, that they should fight alone and unwitnessed, armed only with the weapons of the wilderness, for they were both of the far, free lands, were both of the fighter's type, and were both warring for the first, great prize.

They clashed ferociously. McNamara aimed a fearful blow, but Glenister met him squarely, beating him off cleverly, stepping in and out, his arms swinging loosely from his shoulders like whalebone withes tipped with lead. He moved lightly, his footing made doubly secure by reason of his soft-soled mukluks. Recognizing his opponent's greater weight, he undertook merely to stop the headlong rushes and remain out of reach as long as possible. He struck the politician fairly in the mouth so that the man's head snapped back and his fists went wild, then, before the arms could grasp him, the miner had broken ground and whipped another blow across; but McNamara was a boxer himself, so covered and blocked it. The politician spat through his mashed lips and rushed again, sweeping his opponent from his feet. Again Glenister's fist shot forward like a lump of granite, but the other came on head down and Roy's blow finished too high, landing on the big man's brow. A sudden darting agony paralyzed Roy's hand and he realized that he had broken the metacarpal bones and that henceforth it would be useless. Before he could recover, McNamara had passed under his extended arm and seized him by the middle, then, thrusting his left leg back of Roy's, he whirled him from his balance, flinging him clear and with resistless force. It seemed that a fatal fall must follow, but the youth squirmed catlike in the air, landing with set muscles which rebounded like rubber. Even so, the receiver was upon him before he could rise, reaching for the young man's throat with his heavy hands. Roy recognized the fatal "strangle hold," and seizing his enemy's wrists, endeavored to tear them apart, but his left hand was useless, so with a mighty wrench he freed himself and, locked in each other's arms, the men strained and swayed about the office till their neck veins were bursting, their muscles paralyzed.

Men may fight duels calmly, may shoot or parry or thrust with cold deliberation; but when there comes the jar of body to body, the sweaty contact of skin to skin, the play of iron muscles, the painful gasp of exhaustion—then the mind goes skittering back into its dark recesses while every venomous passion leaps forth from its hiding-place and joins in the horrid war.

They tripped across the floor, crashing into the partition, which split, showering them with glass. They fell and rolled in it; then, by common consent, wrenched themselves apart and rose, eye to eye, their jaws hanging, their lungs wheezing, their faces trickling blood and sweat. Roy's left hand pained him excruciatingly, while McNamara's macerated lips had turned outward in a hideous pout. They crouched so for an instant, cruel, bestial—then clinched again. The office fittings were wrecked utterly and the room became a litter of ruins. The men's garments fell away till their breasts were bare and their arms swelled white and knotted through the rags. They knew no pain, their bodies were insensate mechanisms.

Gradually the older man's face was beaten into a shapeless mass by the other's cunning blows, while Glenister's every bone was wrenched and twisted under his enemy's terrible onslaughts. The miner's chief effort, it is true, was to keep his feet and to break the man's embraces. Never had he encountered one whom he could not beat by sheer strength till he met this great snarling creature who worried him hither and yon as though

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he were a child. Time and again Roy beat upon the man's face with the blows of a sledge. No rules governed this solitary combat; the men were deaf to all but the roaring in their ears, blinded to all but hate, insensible to everything but the blood mania. Their trampling feet caused the building to rumble and shake as though some monster were running amuck.

Meanwhile a bareheaded man rushed out of the store beneath, bumping into a pedestrian who had paused on the sidewalk, and together they scurried up the stairs. The dory which Roy had seen at sea had shot the breakers, and now its three passengers were tracking through the wet sand toward Front Street, Bill Wheaton in the lead. He was followed by two raw-boned men who traveled without baggage. The city was awakening with the sun, which reared a copper rim out of the sea. Judge Stillman and Voorhees came down from the hotel and paused to gaze through the mists at a caravan of mule teams which trotted into the other end of the street with jingle and clank. The wagons were blue with soldiers, the early golden rays slanting from their Krags, and they were bound for the Midas.

Out of the fogs which clung so thickly to the tundra there came two other horses, distorted and unreal; on one, a girl; on the other, a figure of pain and tragedy, a grotesque creature which swayed stiffly to the motion of its steed, its face writhed into lines of suffering, its hands clutching cantle and horn.

It was as though Fate, with invisible touch, were setting her stage for the last act of this play, assembling the principals close to the Golden Sands where first they had made entrance.

The man and the girl came face to face with the judge and marshal, who cried out upon seeing them, but as they reined in out from the stairs beside them a man shot amid clatter and uproar.

"Give me a hand—quick!" he shouted to them.

"What's up?" inquired the marshal.

"It's murder! McNamara and Glenister!" He dashed back up the steps behind Voorhees, the judge following, while muffled cries came from above.

The gambler turned toward the three men who were hurrying from the beach and, recognizing Wheaton, called to him, "Untie my feet! Cut the ropes! Quick!"

"What's the trouble?" the lawyer asked, but on hearing Glenister's name bounded after the judge, leaving one of his companions to free the rider. They could hear the fight now, and all crowded toward the door, Helen with her brother, in spite of his warning to stay behind.

She never remembered how she climbed those stairs, for she was borne along by that hypnotic power which drags one to behold a catastrophe in spite of one's will. Reaching the room, she stood appalled; for the group she had joined watched two raging things which rushed at each other with inhuman cries, ragged, bleeding, fighting on a carpet of débris. Every loose and breakable thing had been ground to splinters as though by iron slugs in a whirling cylinder.

To this day, from Dawson to the Straits, from Unga to the Arctics, men tell of the combat wherever they foregather at flaring camp-fires or in dingy bunk houses; and although some scout the tale, there are others who can swear to its truth because they saw the fight. These say that the encounter was like the battle of bull moose in the rutting season, though more terrible, averring that two men like these had never been known in the land since the days of Vitus Bering and his crew; for their rancor had swollen till at feel of each other's flesh they ran mad and felt superhuman strength. It is true, at any rate, that neither was conscious of the filling room, nor the cries of the crowd, even when the marshal forced himself through the wedged door and fell upon the nearest, which was Glenister. He came at an instant when the two had paused at arm's length, glaring with rage-drunken eyes, gasping the labored breath back into their lungs.

With a fling of his long arms the young man hurled the intruder aside so violently that his head struck the iron safe and he collapsed insensible. Then, without apparent notice of the interruption, the fight went on. It was seen during this respite that McNamara's mouth was running water as though he were deathly sick, while every retch brought forth a groan. Helen heard herself crying, "Stop them! Stop them!" But no one seemed capable of interference. She heard her brother muttering and his breath coming heavily like that of the fighters, his body swaying in time to theirs. The judge was ashy, imbecile, helpless.

McNamara's distress was patent to his antagonist, who advanced upon him with the hunger of promised victory; but the young

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man's muscles obeyed his commands sluggishly, his ribs seemed broken, his back was weak, and on the inner side of his legs the flesh was quivering. As they came together the boss reached up his right hand and caught the miner by the face, burying thumb and fingers crab-like into his cheeks, forcing Roy's slack jaws apart, and his head backward, while he centered every ounce of his strength in the effort to maim. Roy felt the flesh giving way and flung himself backward to break the hold, whereupon the other summoned his wasting energy and plunged toward the safe, where lay the revolver. Instinct warned Glenister of treachery, told him that the man had sought this last resource to save himself, and as he saw him turn his back and reach for the weapon, the youth leaped like a panther, seizing him about the waist, grasping McNamara's wrist with his right hand. For the first time during the combat they were not face to face, and on the instant Roy realized the advantage given him through the other's perfidy, realized the wrestler's hold that was his, and knew that the moment of victory was come.

The telling takes much time, but so quickly had these things happened that the footsteps of the soldiers had not yet reached the door when the men were locked beside the safe.

Of what happened next many garbled accounts have gone forth, for of all those present, none but the Bronco Kid knew its significance or ever recounted the truth concerning it. Some claim that the younger man was seized with a fear of death which multiplied his enormous strength, others that the power died in his adversary as punishment for his treason; but it was not so.

No sooner had Roy encompassed McNamara's waist from the rear than he slid his damaged hand up past the other's chest and around the back of his neck, thus bringing his own left arm close under his enemy's left arm pit, wedging the receiver's head forward, while with his other hand he grasped the politician's right wrist close to the revolver, thus holding him in a grasp which could not be broken. Now came the test. The two bodies set themselves rock-like and rigid. There was no lunging about. Calling up the final atom of his strength, Glenister bore backward with his right arm, and it became a contest for the weapon which, clutched in the two hands, swayed back and forth or darted up and down, the fury of resistance causing it to trace formless patterns in the air with its muzzle. McNamara shook himself, but he was close against the safe and could not escape, his head bowed forward by the lock of the miner's left arm, and so he strained till the breath clogged in his throat. Despite the grievous toil his right hand moved back slightly. His feet shifted a bit, while the blood seemed bursting from his eyes, but he found that the long fingers encircling his wrist were like gyves weighted with the strength of the hills and the irresistible vigor of youth which knew no defeat. Slowly, inch by inch, the great man's arm was dragged back, down past his side, while the strangling labor of his breath showed at what awful cost. The muzzle of the gun described a semicircle and the knotted hands began to travel toward the left, more rapidly now, across his broad back. Still he struggled and wrenched, but uselessly. He strove to fire the weapon, but his fingers were woven about it so that the hammer would not work. And then the miner began forcing upward.

The white skin beneath the men's strips of clothing was stretched over great knots and ridges which sunk and swelled and quivered. Helen, watching in silent terror, felt her brother sinking his fingers into her shoulder and heard him panting, his face ablaze with excitement, while she became conscious that he had repeated time and again:

"It's the hammer-lock—the hammer-lock."

By now McNamara's arm was bent and cramped upon his back, and then they saw Glenister's shoulder dip, his elbow come closer to his side, and his body heave in one final terrific effort as though pushing a heavy weight. In the silence something snapped like a stick. There came a deafening report and the scream of a strong man overcome with agony. McNamara went to his knees and sagged forward on to his face as though every bone in his huge bulk had turned to water, while his master reeled back against the opposite wall, his heels dragging in the litter, bringing up with outflung arms as though fearful of falling, swaying, blind, exhausted, his face blackened by the explosion of the revolver, yet grim with the light of victory.

Judge Stillman shouted hysterically:

"Arrest that man quick! Don't let him go!"

It was the miner's first realization that others were there. Raising his head he stared at the faces, then groaned the words:

"I beat the traitor and—and—I broke him with—my hands!"

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CHAPTER XXII

THE PROMISE OF DREAMS

SOLDIERS seized the young man, who made no offer at resistance, and the room became a noisy riot. Crowds surged up from below, clamoring, questioning, till some one at the head of the stairs shouted down:

"They've got Roy Glenister. He's killed McNamara," at which a murmur arose that threatened to become a cheer. Then one of the receiver's faction called: "Let's hang him. He killed ten of our men last night." The girl winced, but Stillman, roused to a sort of malevolent courage, quieted the angry voices.

"Officer, hold these people back. I'll attend to this man. The law's in my hands and I'll make him answer."

McNamara reared himself groaning from the floor, his right arm swinging from the shoulder strangely loose and distorted, with palm twisted outward, while his battered face was hideous with pain and defeat. He growled broken maledictions at his enemy.

Roy meanwhile said nothing, for as the savage lust died in him he realized that the whirling faces before him were the faces of his enemies, that the Bronco Kid was still at large, and that his vengeance was but half completed. His knees were bending, his limbs were like leaden bars, his chest a furnace of coals. As he reeled down the lane of human forms, supported by his guards, he came abreast of the girl and her companion and paused, clearing his vision slowly.

"Ah, there you are," he said thickly to the gambler, and began to wrestle with his captors, baring his teeth in a grimace of painful effort; but they held him as easily as though he were a child and drew him forward, his body sagging limply, his face turned back over his shoulder. They had him near the door when Wheaton barred their way, crying:

"Hold up a minute—it's all right, Roy—"

"Aye, Bill—it's all right. We did our—best, but we were done by a damned blackguard. Now he'll send me up—but I don't care. I broke him—with my naked hands. Didn't I, McNamara?" He mocked unsteadily at the boss, who cursed aloud in return, glowering like an evil mask, while Stillman ran up disheveled and shrilly irascible.

"Take him away, I tell you! Take him to jail." But Wheaton held his place while the room centered its eyes upon him, scenting some unexpected dénouement. He saw it and in concession to a natural vanity and a dramatic instinct he threw back his head and stuffed his hands into his coat pockets facing the waiting crowd. He grinned insolently at the judge and the receiver.

"This will be a day of defeats and disappointments to you, my friends. That boy won't go to jail, because you will wear the shackles yourselves. Oh, you played a shrewd game, you two, with your senators, your politics, and your pulls; but it's our turn now, and we'll make you dance for the mines you've gutted and the robberies you've done and the men you've ruined. Thank Heaven there's *one* honest court and I happened to find it." He turned to the strangers who had accompanied him from the ship crying, "Serve those warrants," and they stepped forward.

The uproar of the past few minutes had brought men running from every direction till, finding no room on the stairs, they had massed in the street below while the word flew from lip to lip concerning this closing scene of their drama, the battle at the Midas, the great fight up-stairs, and the arrest by the 'Frisco deputies. Like Sindbad's genie, a wondrous tale took shape from the rumors. Men shouldered each other eagerly for a glimpse of the actors, and when the press streamed out, greeted it with volleys of questions. They saw the unconscious marshal borne forth, followed by the old judge, now a palsied wretch, slinking beside his captor—a very shell of a man, at whom they jeered. When McNamara lurched out, an image of defeat and chagrin, their voices rose menacingly. The pack was turning and he knew it, but, though racked and crippled, he bent upon them a visage so full of defiance and contemptuous malignity that they hushed themselves and their final picture of him was that of a big man downed, but unbeaten to the last. They began to cry for Glenister, so that when he loomed in the doorway, a ragged, heroic figure, his heavy shock low over his eyes, his unshaven face aggressive even in its weariness, his corded arms and chest bare beneath the fluttering streamers, the street broke into wild cheering. Here was a man of their own, a son of the Northland who labored and loved and fought in a way they understood, and he had come into his due.

But Roy, dumb and listless, staggered up the street, refusing the help of every man except Wheaton. He heard his companion

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talking, but grasped only that the attorney gloated and gloried.

"We have whipped them, boy. We have whipped them at their own game. Arrested in their very dooryards—cited for contempt of court—that's what they are. They disobeyed those other writs, and so I got them."

"I broke his arm," muttered the miner.

"Yes, I saw you do it! Ugh! it was an awful thing. I couldn't prove conspiracy, but they'll go to jail for a little while just the same, and we have broken the ring."

"It snapped at the shoulder," the other continued dully, "just like a shovel handle. I felt it—but he tried to kill me and I had to do it."

The attorney took Roy to his cabin and dressed his wounds, talking incessantly the while, but the boy was like a sleep-walker, displaying no elation, no excitement, no joy of victory. At last Wheaton broke out:

"Cheer up! Why, man, you act like a loser. Don't you realize that we've won? Don't you understand that the Midas is yours? And the whole world with it?"

"Won?" echoed the miner. "What do you know about it, Bill? The Midas—the world—what good are they? You're wrong. I've lost—yes—I've lost everything she taught me and by some damned trick of Fate she was there to see me do it. Now, go away; I want to sleep."

He sank upon the bed with its tangle of blankets and was unconscious before the lawyer had covered him over.

There he lay like a dead man till late in the afternoon, when Dextry and Slapjack came in from the hills, answering Wheaton's call, and fell upon him hungrily. They shook Roy into consciousness with joyous riot, pommeling him with affectionate roughness till he rose and joined them stiffly. He bathed and rubbed the soreness from his muscles, emerging physically fit. They made him recount his adventures to the tiniest detail, following his description of the fight with absorbed interest till Dextry broke into mournful complaint:

"I'd have give my half of the Midas to see you bust him. Lord, I'd have screeched with soopreme delight at that."

"Why didn't you gouge his eyes out when you had him crippled?" questioned Slapjack vindictively. "I'd 'a' done it."

Dextry continued: "They tell me that when he was arrested he swore in eighteen different languages, each one more refreshin'ly repulsive an' vig'rous than the precedin'. Oh, I have sure missed a plenty to-day, partic'lar because my own diction is gettin' run down an' skim-milky of late, showin' sad lack of new idees. Which I might have assim'lated somethin' robustly original an' expressive if I'd been here. No, sir; a nose-bag full of nuggets wouldn't have kept me away."

"How did it sound when she busted?" insisted the morbid Simms, but Glenister refused to discuss his combat.

"Come on, Slap," said the old prospector, "let's go down-town. I'm so het up I can't set still, an' besides, mebbe we can get the story the way it really happened, from somebody who ain't bound an' gagged an' chloroformed by such unbecomin' modesties. Roy, don't never go into vawdyville with them personal episodes, because they read about as thrillin' as a cook-book. Why, say, I've had the story of that fight from four different fellers already, none of whom was within four blocks of the scrimmage, an' they're all diff'rent an' all better'n your account."

Now that Glenister's mind had recovered some of its poise he realized what he had done.

"I was a beast, an animal," he groaned, when he was alone. "I wanted to leave that part behind, I wanted to be worthy of her love and trust even though I never won it, but at the first test I am found lacking. I have lost her confidence, yes—and what is worse, infinitely worse, I have lost my own.

"She's always seen me at my worst," he went on, "but I'm not that kind at bottom, not that kind. I want to do what's right, and if I have another chance I will, I *know* I will. I've been tried too hard, that's all."

Some one knocked, and he opened the door to admit the Bronco Kid and Helen.

"Wait a minute, old man," said the Kid. "I'm here as a friend." The gambler handled himself with difficulty, offering in explanation:

"I'm all sewed up in bandages of one kind or another."

"He ought to be in bed now, but he wouldn't let me come alone, and I could not wait," the girl supplemented, while her eyes avoided Glenister's in strange hesitation.

"He wouldn't *let* you. I don't understand."

"I'm her brother," announced the Bronco Kid. "I've known it for a long time, but I—I—well, you understand I couldn't let her know. All I can say is, I've gambled square till the night I played you, and I was as mad as a dervish then, blaming you for the talk I'd heard. Last night I learned by chance about

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Struve and Helen and got to the road-house in time to save her. I'm sorry I didn't kill him." His long white fingers writhed about the arm of his chair at the memory.

"Isn't he dead?" Glenister inquired.

"No. The doctors have brought him in and he'll get well. He's like half the men in Alaska—here because the sheriffs back home couldn't shoot straight.

"There's something else. I'm not a good talker, but give me time and I'll manage it so you'll understand. I tried to keep Helen from coming on this errand, but she said it was the square thing and she knows better than I. It's about those papers she brought in last spring. She was afraid you might consider her a party to the deal, but you don't, do you?" He glared belligerently and Roy replied with fervor:

"Certainly not. Go on."

"Well, she learned that those documents told the whole story and contained enough proof to break up this conspiracy and convict the judge and McNamara and all the rest, but Struve kept the bundle in his safe and wouldn't give it up without a price. That's why she went away with him— She thought it was right, and—that's all. But it seems Wheaton had succeeded in another way. Now, I'm coming to the point. The judge and McNamara are arrested for contempt of court and they're as good as convicted, you have recovered your mine, and these men are disgraced. They will go to jail——"

"Yes, for six months, perhaps," broke in the other hotly, "but what does that amount to? There never was a bolder crime consummated, nor one more cruelly unjust. They robbed a realm and pillaged its people, they defiled a court and made Justice a wanton, they jailed good men and sent others to ruin; and for this they are to suffer—how? By a paltry fine or a short imprisonment perhaps, by an ephemeral disgrace and the loss of their stolen goods. Contempt of court is the accusation, but you might as well convict a murderer for breach of the peace. We've thrown them off, it's true, and they won't trouble us again, but they'll never have to answer for their real infamy. That will go unpunished while their lawyers quibble over technicalities and rules of court. I guess it's true that there isn't any law of God or man north of Fifty-three; but if there is justice south of that mark, those people will answer for conspiracy and go to the penitentiary."

"You make it hard for me to say what I want to. I am almost sorry we came, for I am not cunning with words, and I don't know that you'll understand," said the Bronco Kid gravely. "We looked at it this way: you have had your victory, you have beaten your enemies against odds, you have recovered your mine, and they are disgraced. With men like them that last will outlive and outweigh all the rest; but the judge is our uncle and our blood runs in his veins. He took Helen when she was a baby and was a father to her in his selfish way, loving her as best he knew how. And she loves him."

"I don't quite understand you," said Roy, and then Helen spoke eagerly, taking a packet from her bosom as she began.

"This will tell the whole wretched story, Mr. Glenister, and show the plot in all its vileness. It's hard for me to betray my uncle, but this proof is yours by right to use as you see fit, and I can't keep it."

"Do you mean that this evidence will show all that? And you're going to give it to me because you think it is your duty?"

"It belongs to you. I have no choice. But what I came for was to plead and to ask a little mercy for my uncle, who is an old, old man, and very weak. This will kill him."

He saw that her eyes were swimming while the little chin quivered ever so slightly and her pale cheeks were flushed. There rose in him the old, wild desire to take her in his arms, a yearning to pillow her head on his shoulder and kiss away the tears, to smooth with tender caress the wavy hair, and bury his face deep in it till he grew drunk with the madness of her. But he knew at last for whom she really pleaded.

So he was to forswear this vengeance, which was no vengeance after all, but in verity a just punishment. They asked him—a man—a man's man—a Northman—to do this, and for what? For no reward, but on the contrary to insure himself lasting bitterness. He strove to look at the proposition calmly, clearly, but it was difficult. If only by freeing this other villain—her lover—he would do a good to her, then he would not hesitate. Love was not the only thing. He marveled at his own attitude; this could not be his old self debating thus. He had asked for another chance to show that he was not the old Roy Glenister; well, it had come, and—he was ready.

Roy dared not look at Helen any more, for this was the hardest moment of his life.

"You ask this for your uncle, but what of—

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of the other fellow? You must know that if one goes free, they both will; they can't be separated."

"It's almost too much to ask," the Kid began uncertainly. "But don't you think the work is done? I can't help but admire McNamara, and neither can you—he's been too good an enemy to you for that—and—and—he loves Helen."

"I know—I know," said Glenister hastily, at the same time stopping an unintelligible protest from the girl. "You've said enough." He straightened his slightly stooping shoulders and looked at the unopened package wearily, then slipped the rubber band from it and, separating the papers, tore them up—one by one—tore them into fine bits without hurry or ostentation, and tossed the fragments away, while the woman began to sob softly, the sound of her relief alone disturbing the silence. And so he gave her his enemy, making his offer gamely, according to his code.

"You're right—the work is done. And now, I'm very tired."

They left him, the vision of a great loneliness in his weary eyes.

He did not rouse himself till the sky before him was only a curtain of steel, penciled with streaks of soot that lay close down above the darker sea. Then he sighed and said aloud:

"So this is the end, and I gave him to her with these hands"—he held them out before him curiously, becoming conscious for the first time that the left one was swollen and discolored and fearfully painful. He noted it with impersonal interest, realizing its need of medical attention—so left the cabin and walked down into the city. He encountered Dextry and Simms on the way, and they went with him, flowing with the gossip of the camp.

"Lord, but you're the talk of the town," they began. "The curio hunters have commenced to pull Struve's office apart for souvenirs, and the Swedes want to run you for Congress as soon as ever we get admitted as a State. They say that at collar-an'-elbow holts you could lick any of them Eastern senators and thereby rastle out a lot of good legislation for us cripples up here."

"Which reminds me that this here country is gettin' too blamed civilized for a white man," said Simms, "and now that this fight is ended up, it don't look like there would be anything doin' fit to claim the interest of a growed-up person for a long while. I'm goin' west."

"West! Why, you can throw a stone into Bering Strait from here," said Roy, smiling.

"Oh, well, the world's round. There's a schooner outfittin' fer Sibeery—two years' cruise. Me an' Dex is figgerin' on gettin' out toward the frontier fer a spell."

"Sure!" said Dextry. "I'm beginnin' to feel all cramped up hereabouts owin' to these fillymonarch orchestras an' French restarawnts and such discrepancies of scenery. They're puttin' a pavement on Front Street and there's a shoe-shinin' parlor opened up. Why, I'd like to get where I could stretch an' holler without disturbin' the pensiveness of some dude in a dress suit. Better come along, Roy; we can sell out the Midas."

"I'll think it over," said the young man.

The night was bright with a full moon when they left the doctor's office. Roy, in no mood for the exuberance of his companions, parted from them, but had not gone far before he met Cherry Malotte. His head was low and he did not see her till she spoke.

"Well, boy, so it's over at last." Her words chimed so perfectly with his thoughts that he replied:

"Yes, it's all over, little girl."

"You don't need my congratulations—you know me too well for that. How does it feel to be a winner?"

"I don't know. I've lost."

"Lost what?"

"Everything—except the gold-mine."

"Everything except—I see. You mean that she—that you have asked her and she won't?" He never knew the cost at which she held her voice so steady.

"More than that. It's so new that it hurts yet, and it will continue to hurt for a long time, I suppose—but to-morrow I am going back to my hills and my valleys, back to the Midas and my work, and try to begin all over. For a time I've wandered in strange paths, seeking new gods, as it were, but the dazzle has died out of my eyes and I can see true again. She isn't for me, although I shall always love her. I'm sorry I can't forget easily, as some do. It's hard to look ahead and take an interest in things. But what about you? Where shall you go?"

"I don't know. It doesn't really matter—now." The dusk hid her white, set face and she spoke monotonously. "I am going to see the Bronco Kid. He sent for me. He's ill."

"He's not a bad sort," said Roy. "And I suppose he'll make a new start, too."

"Perhaps," said she, gazing far out over the gloomy ocean. "It all depends." After a moment, she added, "What a pity that we

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can't all sponge off the slate and begin afresh and—forget."

"It's part of the game," said he. "I don't know why it's so, but it is. I'll see you sometimes, won't I?"

"No, boy—I think not."

"I believe I understand," he murmured, "and perhaps it's better so." He took her two soft hands in his one good right and kissed them. "God bless you and keep you, dear, brave little Cherry."

She stood straight and still as he melted into the shadows and only the moonlight heard her pitiful sob and her hopeless whisper:

"Good-by, my boy, my boy."

He wandered down beside the sea, for his battle was not yet won, and until he was surer of himself he could not endure the ribaldry and rejoicing of his fellows. A welcome lay waiting for him in every public place, but no one there could know the mockery of it, no one could gage his desolation.

The sand, wet packed, and hard as a pavement, gave no sound to his careless steps; and thus it was that he came silently upon the one woman as she stood beside the silver surf. Had he seen her first he would have slunk past in the landward shadows; but, recognizing his tall form, she called and he came, while it seemed that his lungs grew suddenly constricted, as though bound about with steel hoops. The very pleasure of seeing her pained him. He advanced eagerly, and yet with hesitation, standing stiffly aloof while his heart fluttered and his tongue grew dumb. At last she saw his bandages and her manner changed. Coming closer, she touched them with caressing fingers.

"It's nothing—nothing at all," he said, while his voice jumped out of all control. "When are you—going away?"

"I do not know—not for some time." He had supposed she would go the next day with her uncle and—the other, to be with them through their travail.

With warm impetuosity she began: "It was a noble thing you did to-day. Oh, I am glad and proud."

"I prefer you to think of me in that way, rather than as the wild beast you saw this morning," said he, "for I was mad, perfectly mad with hatred and revenge, and every wild impulse that comes to a defeated man. You see, I had played and lost again and again, till there was nothing left. What mischance brought you there? It was a terribly brutal thing, but you can't understand."

"But I *can* understand. I do. I know all about it now. I know the wild rage of desperation, I know the exultation of victory, I know what hate and fear are now. You told me once that the wilderness had made you a savage, and I laughed at it just as I did when you said that my contact with big things would teach me the truth, that we're all alike, and that those motives are in us all. I see now that you were right and I was very simple. I learned a great deal last night."

"I have learned much also," said he. "I wish you might teach me more."

"I—I—don't think I could teach you any more," she hesitated. He moved as though to speak, but held back and tore his eyes away from her.

"Well?" she inquired, gazing at him covertly.

"Once, a long time ago, I read a Lover's Petition, and ever since knowing you I have made the constant prayer that I might be given the purity to be worthy of the good in you, and that you might be granted the patience to reach the good in me—but it's no use. But at least I'm glad we have met on common ground, as it were, and that you understand, in a measure. The prayer could not be answered; but through it I have found myself and—I have known you. That is worth more than a king's ransom to me. I shall reverence you always, and when you go you will leave me lonely except for its remembrance."

"But I am not going," she said. "That is—unless—" Something in her voice swept his gaze back from the shimmering causeway that rippled seaward to the rising moon. It brought the breath into his throat, and he shook as though seized by a great fear.

"Unless—what?"

"Unless you want me to."

"Oh, God! don't play with me!" He flung out his hand as though to stop her while his voice died out to a supplicating hoarseness. "I can't stand that."

"Don't you see? Won't you see?" she asked. "I was waiting here for the courage to go to you since you have made it so very hard for me—my pagan." With which she came close to him, looking upward into his face, smiling a little, shrinking a little, yielding yet withholding, while the moonlight made of her eyes two bottomless, boundless pools, dark with love, and brimming with the promise of his dreams.

THE END.

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THEODORE ROBERTS AS *TABY-HANA* IN "THE SQUAW MAN."
Photograph by Strony, New York.

THE PLAYERS

"THERE is always a triangle—a woman and two men," says *Amy Grey* to her chum in "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire," when they are discussing problem plays. Two dramas involving this triangle were presented in New York simultaneously. One was the work of a Frenchman, Henri Lavedan, and is called "The Duel." The other was by an American, Rupert Hughes, who frankly called his play "The Triangle."

We have come to expect of French plays not only that they will be constructed on the three-cornered relationship but that they will be immoral. Therefore we are surprised and delighted to find that "The Duel" is fine and clean; that it has a big and splendid idea, set forth with great force and beauty. On the other hand, the home-made play, founded on no truth of general significance, deals with certain isolated types, sordid, mean, ignoble creatures for the most part, trying to work out their own selfish desires and failing miserably.

"The Duel" is truly a big play, a powerful, tremendously moving, psychological drama emotionally expressed. It presents in a highly dramatic form the old antagonism between science and religion, between things temporal and things spiritual. No physical

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combat could be more exciting than the bitter fight between the brothers, the *Abbé Daniel*, an earnest, devoted priest, and *Dr. Morey*, a cold, clear-thinking scientist and atheist, for the soul and body of a woman who is a wife. The struggle is intensified by the family quarrel and the religious differences that have kept the brothers apart for ten years. The woman is half devotee, half pagan, and between the opposing influences of the two men, between religion and an earthly love, she swings pendulumwise. Her husband is paying the penalty of debauchery, and it is while he is under the care of *Dr. Morey*, who is a famous alienist, that the *Duchesse de Chailles* and the man of science learn to love each other. Armed with a highly trained intellect, a conviction of his right to claim the woman he loves, and a clear insight into her mind and heart, *Dr. Morey* is a formidable antagonist for the priest. But at every turn he is met by the abbé with that mightiest thing in the world, a simple, childlike faith in God. And at last the Church saves the woman's soul.

Photograph by Gilbert & Bacon, Philadelphia.
BERTHA GALLAND, STARRING IN "SWEET KITTY BELLAIRS."

Photograph by Davis & Sandford, New York.
LAWRANCE D'ORSAY AS *CAPTAIN THE HON. HAWARDEN KELLIE* IN "THE EMBASSY BALL."

But in this fighting the *Abbé Daniel* makes a discovery that tortures him. He, the priest, finds that he is also a man, as the brilliant doctor was the first to perceive, and as the woman whom both love comes to realize faintly. The abbé's contempt for his weakness in loving, his grief over the conviction that he is no longer fit to wear the cloth, his humiliation in the realization that he is jealous of his brother, his human longing for the woman —all these are elements in a situation profoundly tragic. News of the suicide of the woman's husband raises these emotions to the highest pitch of dramatic intensity. In the end the priest conquers the weakness of the man, and in a scene of poignant tenderness points the woman to the arms of his brother. The lasting memory of the play is not of the woman, but of the young priest, with the great grief locked in his pure heart, turning his face resolutely to heathen lands, there to forget in work that human happiness for which every man longs and which is denied only to the priest.

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Otis Skinner plays the *Abbé Daniel*. Throughout the quiet scenes in the earlier part of the drama he overacts in a manner inexcusable in so finished a player. But in the big scenes he rises to a magnificent height. Then are displayed the purity of his diction, the resonance of his beautiful voice, the fine intelligence of his reading, his splendid sincerity. Never have I seen anything finer on the stage than the wonderful scene in which he directs the woman away from the nunnery to wifehood. For the priest and the man are speaking at once in this final struggle.

I do not think that any one could play the powerful part of *Dr. Morey* better than Guy Standing, who has been for many years distinguished on Broadway as a stage villain. There are fine characterization, great discretion, and power of conviction in his acting; he makes one believe that *Dr. Morey* is as honest, as sincere in his beliefs as the churchman. The part of the *Duchesse de Chailles* makes heavy demands upon the actress who plays it, and Fay Davis does not meet them all. At times she is admirable, but she displays that unevenness that characterizes her work in strongly emotional rôles.

Photograph by Hall, New York.

EMMA JANVIER AS *MADAME STITCH* IN "THE MAYOR OF TOKIO."

RICHARD MANSFIELD IN MOLIÈRE'S PLAY, "THE MISANTHROPE."

"The Triangle" lacks the breadth, the strength, the universality of interest that make "The Duel" significant. Mr. Hughes's play is described as "a play of manners"; the critics, casual and professional, commented upon the kind of manners in a way that suggested Henry James's description of a certain man: "He has

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a great deal of taste, but it is very bad." "The Triangle" is an unpleasant play. The characters are clearly and effectively drawn, but there is not a lovable one among them, except an elderly gentleman who is too good to be true. A United States senator as a sort of fairy godmother is rather a strain on one's credulity. It seems to me that the chief motive of the play is to show the sins of parents in fashionable life. The poor but beautiful heroine who marries the frightfully rich, degenerate little cad places the blame on her mother; and the cad insists that his mother is responsible for his weakness and general shortcomings.

As a play "The Triangle" drags wearily until the last part of the third act, when the little husband finds his wife in her lover's arms. He hasn't the courage to pull the trigger of the revolver he carefully aims, and husband and wife go in to dinner together. Here in this scene are strength and novelty that lift the whole play above the commonplace. The couple's quick transitions from conventional cordiality before the servants to bitter quarreling when alone, are highly dramatic. Mr. Hughes had the courage to end the play with a tragic surprise, for the cowardly little husband is exasperated into plunging a carving-knife into his wife's heart. The wife tells the butler that she stabbed herself, and adds, to her husband, that at least she can "die like a thoroughbred." Curiously enough, one feels rather sorry for the miserable little man who is so conscious of his weakness and who so keenly resents it. While it is true that "The Triangle" abounds in brilliant and caustic lines, and that the last act is handled with great skill, I can not think that it is worth while save in its promise that

Photograph by Otto Sarony Co., New York.

CLARA LIPMAN AS *JULIE BONBON* IN THE PLAY OF THAT NAME, OF WHICH SHE IS THE AUTHOR.

Photograph by Sarony, New York.

HENRY WOODRUFF AS *TOM BROWN* IN "BROWN OF HARVARD."

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Photograph by Hall, New York.

OTIS SKINNER AS *ABBÉ DANIEL* IN "THE DUEL."

Mr. Hughes will some day write a big play.

Ferdinand Gottschalk, as *Willie Enslee*, the husband, gave one of the finest performances of his career, although the part is a "straight" one and he has been celebrated as a character actor for a score of years, ever since he came to this country with Rosina Vokes. During this long period he has made innumerable Broadway hits, but chiefly in delicately eccentric parts. Charlotte Walker, who started the season as the siren daughter in "The Prodigal Son," seemed to have a clear idea of the mental processes of the siren wife in "The Triangle." And William Morris, as the lover, who has been a leading man and a star for twenty years, proved the effectiveness of the old-time school of acting. His extraordinary experiences at the head of his own company in the Antilles and other places which few American players visit professionally have not altered his style of playing.

There is in "Gallops" the cheerful out-of-door spirit that the name suggests. A stage mosaic of several short stories by David Gray, it is a pleasant, innocuous entertainment, of a "horsy" character. All the characters belong to the hunting set; that is, all but

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Photograph by Marceau, New York.

POLLY STANLEY IN "THE EARL AND THE GIRL."

the hero, who, having had a fall in his youth which has made him afraid of horses, suffers acutely when he is palmed off as his cousin, a famous steeplechase rider. Though he displays that physical shrinking from

Photograph by Hall, New York.

GEORGE M. COHAN AS *GEORGE BELGRAVE* AND ETHEL LEVEY AS *DOLLY JOHNSON* IN "GEORGE WASHINGTON, JR."

Photograph by Hall, New York.

EDWIN ARDEN AS *NATAWA* AND BIJOU FERNANDEZ AS *LASHOTA* IN "THE REDSKIN."

danger which is popularly regarded as cowardice, when real occasion arises he proves himself, in accordance with a device familiar to playwrights; one finds it in Richard Harding Davis' "The Galloper," for instance. Really there is a lot of fuss about nothing in particular in "Gallops," but the author makes the audiences feel that they are moving in the very best society and acquiring much interesting information. The real hunting set of Long Island makes up a little world of its own, and many strange and curious things actually happen there which might or might not be useful for stage purposes. In "Gallops," however, there is nothing distinctive; the characters behave as most farce-folk conduct themselves.

The players are excellent. There is a good deal of Mr. Richman for a hunter to carry in a grueling race, but as a stage hero he is manly, straightforward, good to look upon, and he acts with a taste and a discretion that are the fruit of experience. W. L. Abingdon plays the part of a villain who is as wicked as any that ever stalked through raw melodrama. Also there is Grace Filkins in the rôle of a flighty widow, constantly being called up on the long-distance telephone. Miss Filkins must have the secret of perennial youth despite the fact that she has Oriental blood in her veins—she is very proud of the fact that she is the daughter of an orthodox Jewish rabbi—for she looks no older than her grown

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Photograph by Byron, New York.

DALLAS WELFORD AS *SAMUEL HOPKINSON* AND ANNIE HUGHES AS *ELIZA DIBBS* IN "MR. HOPKINSON."

daughter. In private life she is the wife of Captain Marix, a distinguished officer of the navy. The Brooklyn politician and real-estate dealer who is the president of the Garrick Theatre Company hopes to establish a stock company with Mr. Richman at its head, and has made a most promising beginning. New York has not had a real stock company since the old Lyceum Theatre was torn down.

"The Redskin" is one of those daring novelties that provoke either enthusiastic admiration or pronounced condemnation. For my part, I think it poetic, picturesque, and altogether interesting. It has that great recommendation, a real story well told. All of the characters are Indians, "the scene being laid in the vicinity of the Great Lakes in 1750," but it is not an Indian play in the sense of being a portrayal of Indian character. It may be true to certain romantic conceptions of the noble red men and their beautiful, dark-skinned daughters which Fenimore Cooper made popular; with very few changes, however, it might be placed among any primitive people with strong elemental emotions. It has the beauty and the glory of the open air, the freedom of the primeval forest, and the characters are real people even if they are not Indians. The story, told partly in blank verse, partly in stilted, eighteenth-century cadence prose, moves smoothly, logically, to tremendously dramatic climaxes. The author, Donald MacLaren, is an actor of experience who possesses no mean literary skill.

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Tyrone Power does the best work of his successful career as *Lonawonda*, the blind old chief of the tribe. Coming of a family long distinguished as players, Mr. Power became famous as a star in Australia, made something of a sensation by his *Judas* in "Mary of Magdala," and won high praise for his *Ulysses* in Stephen Phillips' play of that name. As *Lonawonda*, he has a dignity that rises at times to majesty; he is convincingly terrible in his rage, and his grief is profoundly moving. His unusual height, his sonorous voice merely supplement his acting skill in this rôle. Fine, virile, clean-cut, and yet deeply poetic is Edwin Arden's portrayal of *Natawa*. Though he has passed the half-century mark, he has the strong, athletic figure, the face, the fresh, clear, bell-like voice of a man in the flush of young manhood; and he looked every inch the warrior. He is one of the few players whose diction is a delight. Despite the trying costume, Katherine Grey is exquisitely lovely as *Adulola the Lily*, daughter of the chief, and she plays the rôle with fine shading, with tender sympathy and genuine emotional power.

London laughed for a long time over "Mr. Hopkinson," in which R. C. Carton, who wrote "Lord and Lady Algy," keenly and rather contemptuously satirizes a certain phase of English fashionable life. Mr. Carton's duke and duchess, with their associates, are quite willing to make money by furthering the petty ambition of a sordid, ignorant, and altogether despicable little clerk who has inherited a vast fortune. "My aspirations is society," says *Samuel Hopkinson*.

American managers fought shy of "Mr. Hopkinson." They thought it too insular, believing that America could not understand how pronounced are class distinctions in England, how the people of position look down upon a creature like *Hopkinson;* and indeed much of the satire does pass us by. But the American managers overlooked the fact that it is not society's opinion of *Hopkinson* but his own abominable caddishness that makes the situations funny. I am inclined to think, however, that if it had not been for Dallas Welford, who plays the name part, "Mr. Hopkinson" could scarcely have succeeded over here. No one in this country had ever heard of Mr. Welford, and indeed he was little better known in England, although he has been on the stage for fifteen years. He was known among certain managers merely as a useful man in a particular kind of part, one among hundreds of obscure actors. In London *Hopkinson* was played by Mr. Welch, who is a great favorite—a thin, eerie sort of creature with a bizarre, dry humor. He and Mr. Welford are as much unlike, physically and temperamentally, as two men can well be. I cannot conceive how any one could portray the rôle more effectively than Mr. Welford, who is a tubby little man, with a round, moon face, unctuous and oily, which he can make look supremely sodden and stupid, although the piggy eyes show cunning. There can be no question but Mr. Welford is one of the most finished actors that have ever appeared on Broadway, and that he could carry effectively to success a much more exacting farce than "Mr. Hopkinson."

In the cast also is Annie Hughes, who has a great reputation in England. She is known principally as a comedienne, but she has succeeded in a large number of rôles. One of her great hits was in "The Country Mouse," which Ethel Barrymore played in this country. Miss Hughes has a very tiny part in "Mr. Hopkinson," but it is large enough to show her capacity for clever characterization.

Our already huge vocabulary of slang was further enriched by Mr. Carton. Within a week after the farce was produced, two of *Hopkinson's* expressions became current in New York: "bunkie-doodle," which is equivalent to our chaste and elegant "twenty-three" and "skidoo"; and "milky in the filbert," which means a mental haziness or "bats in the belfry," to use a phrase of our elect.

It may not be true that no one will ever write a successful serious play of American college life, but certainly no one has yet succeeded in doing so George Ade joyously satirized college life in "The College Widow." "Strongheart" succeeded despite the college atmosphere, though the football game nearly ruined it. What the fate of "Brown of Harvard" may be is uncertain, although it surely is not a good play. The matinée girl, or her successor—for Clyde Fitch says the matinée girl no longer exists—may make it successful. It isn't likely to be popular with Harvard men, for the plot turns largely upon the snobbishness in athletics which is said to exist at Harvard, and upon a student's disloyalty to his college. At times there is real youth in the comedy, at others it is only make-believe. There are some real

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types of undergraduates, admirably played, but the story as a whole does not ring true, and Rida Johnson Young's local color is more generous than correct. For instance, it is enough to make every rowing man snort in disgust to see the members of the varsity crew with lovely, delicate pink and white faces, legs, and arms.

Henry Woodruff celebrates his twenty-first year on the stage by starring in the title rôle. *Tom Brown* is an impossible, hopeless prig, but Mr. Woodruff plays the part as well as any one could. During his entire stage career he has been a matinée idol, which is natural enough in view of his clear-cut, classical features, his wavy blond hair, his athletic figure, and his real ability as an actor. He was at one time engaged to Miss Anna Gould, now the unhappy Countess Castellane. Her brother, George Gould, arranged that Mr. Woodruff should leave the stage and go through Harvard. He remained in the university, however, only two years; the engagement was broken off, Miss Gould married the little French count, and Mr. Woodruff returned to the stage, where he has been very successful.

George M. Cohan works the patriotic game for all it is worth. His latest play, in which he is starring, is "George Washington, Jr." The star-author-composer-producer-owner plays the rôle of the son of a United States senator who, after a quarrel with his father, assumes the name of the Father of his Country. Like Cohan's other plays, this is a mixture of melodrama, farce, songs, chorus, and Cohan, which rushes along at a breakneck rate, keeping people laughing at the fun or applauding the music pretty much all of the time. The young man seems to hit popular taste with absolute certainty. Sitting through one of his shows involves no mental effort, but he can set one's feet to tapping and bring smiles or wild outbursts of mirth just as he pleases. In "George Washington, Jr." Mr. Cohan's real father plays his stage father, his mother plays his aunt, and his wife, Ethel Levey, plays his sweetheart; so the Cohan productions continue to be family affairs. His sister, Josephine Cohan, used to be in the company too, but after her marriage to Fred Niblo, who was also a member of the company, she and her husband left, as the result of a disagreement as to who should be leading lady. Mr. Niblo insisted that his wife, as a real Cohan, was entitled to the distinction, while Ethel Levey maintained that her position as wife of the star and author should secure it to her.

"The Vanderbilt Cup" dramatizes the automobile and exploits Elsie Janis, the youngest star that ever made a hit on Broadway. Though she is now only eighteen, for years she has played in vaudeville, where she gained an enormous following through her cleverness as an imitator. Her irresistible smile, her cheerfulness, and her vast energy are important items of her stage equipment. Moreover, she can sing sweetly and dance cleverly.

As a musical comedy, "The Vanderbilt Cup" is pretty poor stuff, but a most exciting race on the stage in which real automobiles are shown going at the rate of sixty miles an hour is partial compensation. The combination of this novelty with Elsie Janis has given the play a remarkable success. Also there is Otis Harlan, who used to be a great favorite years ago in the Hoyt farces. He has grown into a little butter-ball of a man, but he is as funny as ever.

"Mexicana" starts out most promisingly. It has a story, a picturesque setting, and romantic characters, but it doesn't go far before it lapses into the old, familiar musical show. It has some pretty numbers that are well sung, and Thomas Q. Seabrooke, playing a Wall Street broker with a thick brogue and pink whiskers of the kind known as "Galways," is the comedian. There is Christie MacDonald, too, with all her charm of voice and person, in the rôle of *Tita*, an Indian girl.

The inimitable Bert Williams and his partner, George Walker, who occupy a high place among colored comedians, have come forth in "Abyssinia," which is described as "a musical oddity." Certainly that is what it is, for it ranges from dangerously near grand opera to broad farce. It is all the work of colored people—book, music, staging, singing, and acting. There are a swing, a rhythm and a dignity in Will Marion Cook's numbers, a breadth and a brilliancy in the orchestration that place "Abyssinia" upon a plane above any modern comic opera heard on Broadway in years, save "Veronique" and "The Duchess of Dantzic." And the concerted numbers are given with superb effect. There isn't, however, enough fun in this highly ambitious effort—that is, there isn't enough of the marvelous Mr. Williams, one of the most joyous and successful fun-makers on the stage.

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"THERE MAY *BE* SUNSHINE IN NEW YORK—BUT NOBODY HAS THE TIME TO ENJOY IT."

The Philanthropist and the Peaceful Life

By DOROTHY CANFIELD

Illustrations by J. A. Williams

MISS MIDDLESEX, large, blonde, and elaborately dressed, was descanting on the hardships suffered by the Italians in New York. "It quite breaks my heart to see them, poor exiles from sunshine and leisure and all that makes life worth living!"

Her cousin rubbed his bald head in the exasperated way usual with him when Miss Middlesex began what he called her "flourishes," but he said nothing, knowing by experience that criticism but stirred the lady's tongue to greater activity. The guest of the evening was not so wise and raised his napkin with a protesting gesture: "Oh, come now, dear lady, the sun does shine in New York at times. I'll warrant you won't find so much in Genoa the day you land as when you leave here."

Miss Middlesex turned toward him her large blue eyes, which, in spite of the dignified amplitude of her figure and the threads of silver among her blond braids, retained a childlikeness of which she was by no means unconscious. "It is evident, Mr. Martin, that you have no conception of the Italian character. There may *be* sunshine in New York—I don't deny it—but what is the use of sunshine when nobody has the time to enjoy it? Now come, Cousin Ezra"—in answer to the impatiently tapping fingers of her elderly cousin—"come, did you ever, as long as you've lived in New York, see any one lying on the walk just bathing in the warmth and brightness of the day as you may see them in crowds in Italy?"

The picture thus presented to his mind appeared to rouse Ezra to a pitch of mingled emotion rather unusual with him. He seemed about to express himself with some violence, but restrained himself to a negative shake of the head. Mr. Martin looked at his hostess with admiration and spoke with an air of

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masculine concession to womanly fineness of fiber eminently calculated to stimulate Miss Middlesex to further flights. "You must not expect too much sympathy for your pets from us hard-headed broker-folk. We don't see those things as your gentler eyes do. The Dagos seem to me to be getting along well enough here."

The lady exclaimed, "Oh, getting along well! Yes, I suppose they do, and that is the very reason that they make the dreadful mistake of coming over here. Think of the tragedy underlying that purely material progress! Think of the hearts slowly breaking of homesickness and longing for the old idyllic life! Contrast the commercial hurry with the long, leisurely hours spent in their glorious air and sunshine—which I am so looking forward to! I have a friend," (Miss Middlesex was elaborately democratic in her philanthropies) "a fruit-seller. Now only listen, can you imagine a more poignantly pathetic tale than his? He has left a wife and four children at home in one of the hill-towns of northern Italy, and he is struggling desperately with all sorts of discouragements—for what?—to bring them over to suffer as he does from the cold and hurry and harsh life and utter commercialism of our New York."

Cousin Ezra's baldness had grown perceptibly pink with repressed emotion during this speech, and at the end he could restrain himself no longer. "Nellie!" he said with an edge in his voice, "you're a sentimentalist! You like that poor devil just as you do a sad story. But you wouldn't disturb his picturesque state—not by a long shot! If I felt as bad as that about him, I'd loan him the money to set up a fruit-store instead of his stand, and get his family on here."

The lady rose to the occasion. "Listen, both of you," she exclaimed with a sweeping gesture as rapid as the sudden impulse which stirred her; "I never would give him money for a fruit-store, for that would mean his entering the deadly commercial struggle for existence which destroys the spiritual life of our Americans and must be so much harder for the sensitive Italians; but I *will* do something for him! I will take him back with me to Genoa when I sail next week, and I'll give him that money I was planning for the stained-glass window of St. Agatha's—twelve hundred, you know—which is all he would be able to save in years! And I'll go with him myself to his family and see them reunited."

The two men uttered ejaculations of opposite import. Mr. Martin had the feeling that he saw a fair saint before him, and exclaimed in admiration. Cousin Ezra snorted incredulously. "Much you will!" he said, grumpily folding his double chin into a quadruple one. Miss Middlesex's eyes flashed and she looked at her cousin with much spirit. "I call Mr. Martin to witness that this is a serious resolution on my part. It is just the sort of thing I like to do for an Easter offering, and I am very happy for such an opportunity to bring happiness." She spoke with a sweet humility which Mr. Martin found admirable. Cousin Ezra was not daunted—rather vastly amused by a sudden idea. He said with a little chuckle, "Well, if you do go through with that performance may I be there to see, for I'll bet that Guinea has been stringing you—I don't believe he has a family any more than I have! They know how to work the professional philanthropist."

Mr. Martin looked concerned. "I must say, dear Miss Middlesex," he ventured cautiously, "wouldn't it be better to examine into the matter before taking such energetic action? He may indeed have been appealing to your well-known sympathies without due ground." Miss Middlesex waved aside doubts and hesitations with a plump hand. "If either of you had heard his voice as he was telling me his story or seen his eyes as he spoke of his children, you would know that there are some proofs which are not tangible, but, though they wouldn't be admitted in a law-court, are as valid as your most hard and fast rules of evidence. And now, if you'll adjourn to the library, I'll give you your coffee there."

From the upper deck of the steamer, Miss Middlesex waved farewell to a group of friends and admirers. She looked very well in her dark-blue ship-suit, her cheeks glowing with excitement. She glanced down the deck toward the second cabin and wondered if Giuseppe were seeing her and what he probably thought of her. To him, she mused half unconsciously, she must seem like a saint, a blonde saint, descended suddenly to snatch him out of his misery, pour wealth upon him, and waft him back to his family.

As a matter of fact, Giuseppe was not thinking of her at all, nor indeed very definitely of anything. The whole transaction had been so rapid and unexpected that he felt very much like pinching himself to see if he were as unreal as all his surroundings. The car-

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THE SUDDEN DESCENT OF THE LARGE LADY WRAPPED IN FURS.

riage stopping in the slushy street by his stand, the sudden descent of the large lady wrapped in furs, the voluble flow of incorrect American Italian in which she had explained her purpose, the pieces of gold she had put into his hand, the swift transit to the steamer —it all seemed like a dream, and he was so numb with surprise that he could feel nothing but amazement, renewed with every breath. He came to reality with a sharp pang, like a knife-thrust, at the thought of his fruit-stand left ownerless in the street. He groaned aloud at the thought of the wasted money. It was true he had many hundred times the value of it in his belt, but his frugal Latin soul revolted at the extravagance. This woe was superseded by another quite as keen, as he noticed that his passage was in the second cabin instead of in the steerage. He knew to the fraction of a cent the difference in cost between the two, and the sum tantalized him as though some one were holding it just out of his reach.

To these two weights on his mind was added a third, as he came to himself after the first surprise; and this was the perplexity, the bewilderment, the almost stupid wonder which overcame him as he tried to imagine the motives that lay back of the astonishing action of his benefactress. Giuseppe's brother would have argued contentedly that the *forestiera* was mad like all of them, but Giuseppe was not his brother. His black eyes were very keen and set close together, and the same shrewdness and energy which had sent him to New York while his brother remained helplessly behind, set him at the problem of Miss Middlesex's character.

He had much time to meditate over this question and many opportunities of seeing the

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lady, for she was in her element with a protégé so constantly at hand. She called him up by her steamer-chair nearly every day for what she termed "Italian talks" with him, but which were more in the nature of monologues on the part of the American, listened to with intense respect but almost complete silence on the part of the Italian. She made it gently apparent to him that she was not of the herd of common givers who bestow with no thought, but that she really sympathized with the Italian longing for return to the motherland, and for a peaceful life far from the roar and brutal struggle of America. She exhorted him to use his influence against the emigration of his friends, as a step fatal to their happiness.

She introduced him to her friends and told his story—not arrogantly, it must be at once stated—but with an honesty and modesty quite captivating to the gentlemen of the party. It has been said that Giuseppe's eyes were keen and set close together. It is also fitting to state that his hearing was excellent and his powers of observation acute to a remarkable degree. He spoke little and the lady spoke much. It is not improbable that at the end of the journey Giuseppe and Miss Middlesex's cousin Ezra had some convictions in common.

On the way up from Genoa to the little town high in the hills of northern Italy which was Giuseppe's home, there came over the returning exile a change that warmed the fair philanthropist's very soul. His silence and a certain reflective manner, as of one who ponders a difficult problem, had been transmuted to behavior "*much* more Italian," as Miss Middlesex put it to her maid. He had gazed at her with an admiration so mingled with awe that she could take no offense, and from time to time had poured out in a flood of musical Italian his gratitude to her saint-like qualities. She could not understand him completely, for in Italian conversation as in other affairs of life she was more accustomed to giving than receiving, but she caught enough to be sure of his drift, and while she gently deprecated his fervor she did not close her nostrils to the pleasant perfume of burning incense.

As they drove up the narrow, steep street and she noticed Giuseppe's increasing nervousness, she became almost convinced that Cousin Ezra had been right—that her protégé had indeed been drawing on his imagination in the matter of his family; but so soothed was she by the ardor of his gratitude that she was prepared to forgive everything. He sprang from the carriage in front of a tall, leprously spotted tenement building, leaning crazily to one side and flaunting so many rags of various colors from every opening as to give the impression of a huge box filled to overflowing with trash. Toward the doorway of this edifice Giuseppe made a rapid way while Miss Middlesex waited with a very decided quickening of her breath. In one moment her faith in human nature was either to be vindicated triumphantly or shown to be pitiably futile.

With a sense of victory quite out of proportion to the circumstances, she beheld an amazed Italian woman rush toward Giuseppe, followed by two little boys bearing the most unmistakable likeness to him. The woman was slightly disappointing in her behavior, which consisted of a fire of questions so rapid that the American could not follow them, and she did not at once show that delirious delight which was in Miss Middlesex's program. However, Giuseppe embraced her fervently, with a backward glance toward the carriage, and then began a brief harangue delivered with a rapidity which made all previous efforts seem tame. He gesticulated and explained and urged all in one breath, and then, snatching up one of the boys and taking his wife by the hand, ran back to the carriage, apparently giving a series of commands. At once Miss Middlesex found herself in the climax of the little drama she had so carefully arranged. Seated comfortably in the carriage, secure from unpleasant contact with her beneficiaries, she was flooded and overwhelmed by a gush of gratitude even beyond her expectations. The wife knelt on the step and kissed her gloved hand again and again, and the little boys shouted out blessings on her head and invocations to all the saints to protect and prosper her. Giuseppe had disappeared, but almost immediately came back followed by a half-grown girl bearing the same striking resemblance to him as the smaller children. These two now added their voices to the chorus of praise rising about Miss Middlesex's triumphal chariot, in which she sat blushing with pleasure, and ardently desiring the presence of Cousin Ezra.

Giuseppe then called the wondering neighbors about him and in a florid speech related the wonderful deed of bounty by which he was with them. Miss Middlesex felt that a word from her was needed to complete things, and summoning her best Italian she made a

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SHE CALLED HIM FOR "ITALIAN TALKS" WHICH WERE MORE IN THE NATURE OF MONOLOGUES.

little speech herself. She spoke of her love for Italy and her sympathy for Italians exiled to America's harsh life, of her pleasure in being able to give to Giuseppe the opportunity to live his natural, serene, and contented existence. She wished them all joy and thanked them with a sweetness which quite moved her, for allowing her to make them happy, and then with a wave of her admirable hand she signaled the driver to proceed again to the station. As the wheels began to move, and before the sound of grateful blessings was out of her ears, she was already composing in her mind a letter to Cousin Ezra which she meant to be read by Mr. Martin.

Miss Middlesex spent the winter in Italy and the summer in the Alps, and the winter again in Italy before her admirers in New York caught sight of her. The glow of her good deed remained with her for long. The thought of Giuseppe's children growing up and learning to venerate her as the source of their unparalleled position among their neighbors filled her with a joyous sense of the beauty of philanthropy. Every time that she told the story she finished by drawing a little picture of the happy family sitting out in the cool of the evening before the picturesque old building, while Giuseppe related once again the story of the wonderful blonde benefac-

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"I LIKE THE STRUGGLE, FOR I CAN TO WENT OUT ON TOP!"

tress who was always to be revered as a saint. She made the picture a little more real each time she related the incident, till she ended by being almost as much moved by it as the most susceptible of her hearers.

On her return to New York on just such a dreary, slushy day as she had left it, she thought of her so eminently successful experiment with a particularly lively feeling of pleasure. As a result of much correspondence during her stay in Italy she had decided to marry the admiring Mr. Martin, and she anticipated with great satisfaction talking over, with sympathetic comments from that gentleman, the scene of the return of the native.

Her cousin Ezra was at the wharf to meet her, and welcomed her with a warmth somewhat unusual in that self-contained relative. He seemed to have something on his mind and looked out of the windows of the carriage, as they drove home, with an absent expression. He even interrupted her account of the voyage, as the carriage stopped, and his cousin, looking out, saw with surprise that they were not at home but in a street given over to prosperous shops of all kinds. "Nellie," said Cousin Ezra, with an intonation so affectionate as to be almost suspicious, "you don't know how good it seems to have you at home again. I'm housekeeper while you're gone, you know, and I can tell you I'm glad to have you here to take some of the thought. I wish you'd just step in here with me and help me order the fruit you'd like. This is a capital shop, where I've bought my fruit for nearly two years now."

Miss Middlesex, wondering, followed her cousin into a shining, plate-glass-windowed fruit-store where gilt letters, gleaming fruit, and polished counters gave evidence of the most complete prosperity. Cousin Ezra moved rapidly, like one eager for a long-looked-for event, and stepping to one side, with a smile which his cousin afterward felt to be diabolical, revealed behind the counter, dressed in an immaculate shirtwaist suit, Mrs. Giuseppe! At the sight of the astonished lady staring at her with incredulous and grieved eyes, Mrs. Giuseppe vanished into the back room, leaving the shop vacant of all but the two Americans. Miss Middlesex was too amazed for speech at first, but she soon rallied

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to her own defense. "What does this *mean*, Ezra? Have those faithless people taken the money I gave them to do *this!*" Receiving no answer from her cousin, who, with shaking shoulders, was looking out into the street, she continued, "Well, at least she had the decency to be ashamed!"

At this point the door to the back room opened and in came Giuseppe—a very different Giuseppe from the one of two years before. For one thing he had learned English and could cope with his overwhelming patroness in her own tongue. He interrupted the reproaches which she began to address to him in her pigeon Italian, by speaking in a fluent and entirely intelligible English.

"The lady does not know how things are with men, nor the differences between them. The lady gave the money to bring happiness—she said so many times. I am not a child, a sick man or a Neapolitan to be happy with doing nothing all day. Why am I different from Americans who work hard to make more money and more chances for their children?"

There was a certain oversure fluency in his utterance as though he were reciting something which he had said to himself many times in preparation for this very event.

Miss Middlesex interrupted him with broken, disjointed exclamations, as amazed at his arguing with her as she would have been at her Saint Bernard's attempting to show that his diet was not what he needed. "But the sunshine of Italy—the peaceful life—the horrible struggle here;—and oh, what you owed to *me!!!*"

Giuseppe broke in with the impatient scorn of an Italian of his class for a woman's reasons:

"The sun shines in New York—there are schools for the children and chances for them as they grow up. What the gracious lady wished in return for her bounty was gratitude, and I am sure" (with an involuntary accent of pride), "I am sure the gratitude she received was as great as she could possibly have desired. As for the struggle in business here," he spoke with a satisfaction which found an answering gleam in Cousin Ezra's eye, and with an earnestness so emphatic that for the first time he stumbled in his careful English, "I *like* the struggle, *for I can to went out on top!*"

Cousin Ezra led Miss Middlesex away, gently enough, but with a smile on his face. At the door of the carriage the lady turned and surveyed the prosperous, brightly colored shop, gleaming with fresh paint and gold letters. The image of the shambling tenement in Gozzari came to her mind and she compared its picturesque decay with the smug and uninteresting cleanliness before her. A little shudder of disapproval and disappointment ran over her, and as she stepped into the carriage Cousin Ezra heard a remark which gave him much food for reflection on the nature of philanthropists.

His fair cousin had exclaimed with a heartfelt sigh, "What a *dreadful* pity!"

Blindness

By GARDNER WEEKS WOOD

NO more may I the rolling seasons trace:
For me in vain will slender-fingered Spring
Unveil the marvels of her bourgeoning,
Or Autumn hang upon the ancient face
Of her calm cliffs the gold and ashen lace
Of leaf and lifting smoke. The oriole
In vain will flash his flaming path from knoll
To nest below my lodge. The sun-swept space
Will limn its happy visions masked from me
Who, empty-eyed and stricken, sit alone.
Yet not alone am I nor all unblessed:
I know the soul of things before unguessed;
The thrill of hands in mine; the story blown
From out the unseen world's infinity.

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THERE APPEARED ABOVE HER PILE OF AFTERNOON PAPERS AN HONEST FACE SURMOUNTING A PAIR OF BROAD SHOULDERS.

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The Paper Lady's Lodger

By ANNE STORY ALLEN

Illustrations by John Wolcott Adams

THE Paper Lady had decided to rent one of her rooms. Soon after this decision was reached, in obedience to the law of supply and demand there appeared above her pile of afternoon papers an honest face surmounting a pair of broad shoulders. The face and the shoulders belonged to a man who became, without unnecessary delay, the occupant of a small room belonging to the Paper Lady's flat, at five hundred and something, a few blocks north of the Paper Lady's place of business, which is a news stand, huddled close under the "L" steps at a West Side station.

"The grocer over there said he thought you had a room," the man had explained; and a little later, "You can ask the grocer about me; I come from his town."

So the Paper Lady asked the groceryman, though she felt she didn't need to, for the truckman—she learned he was a truckman—had honest, boyish eyes that she liked; and the very next night, about dusk, he drove his wagon around to five hundred and something, and in the wagon were his trunk, a battered valise, and a second-hand Morris-chair. He carted the things up-stairs, leaving them in the upper hall while he drove his horse to the stable for the night.

When he returned, Nellie Flanagan, the Paper Lady's friend and boarder, had pulled the Morris-chair into his room, the small oil heater was lighted, and a lamp with a green paper shade burned on the table at the foot of his iron bed. A long, low whistle, that turned itself into a popular tune, evinced the new tenant's approval. He walked over to the lamp and gazed closely at the shade.

"Horses jumping the fence," he murmured, "and"—he turned it about—"yes, same old girl with the parasol." He laughed silently, but his eyes were moister than any one would think a green paper shade could make them.

"I'll have to tell the old lady," he said.

He lifted his trunk into the room, sank into the Morris-chair, which creaked in protest, and thrust his hands into his pockets with a sigh of satisfaction.

"I call this darn good luck," he said aloud, "darn good luck."

Pulling an evening paper out of his pocket, he stretched himself luxuriously, and began to read. Presently he was roused from his whispered perusal by a low crooning on the other side of the partition.

"Sleep, baby, sleep, mother will rock her to sleep. Sleep, baby, sleep"—a little song without rime or meter. Then a sleepy voice, "Pretty mother!" a low laugh, and then the crooning again.

The new lodger moved his heavily shod feet carefully. A peaceful feeling stole over him. He dropped the evening paper and leaned his head against the faded cushion of the Morris-chair. What a sweet voice the woman had—enough to send any child to sleep, he thought. "Sleep, baby, sleep." He wondered if it was the Paper Lady. His head drooped more heavily against the chair cushion. He saw some small boys playing in a yard. He looked up at a doorway where stood a woman with a parasol; and behind her, against a background of green, several horses were leaping over fences. Then the woman with the parasol changed into his mother, and she called, "Come, little boy, time for bed," and he realized that he wasn't a truckman in New York at all, but a little boy just going to be put to bed by the tired, hard-worked best of mothers. And then he went still farther out into that mysterious country that men call sleep.

Nellie, crossing the little hall to the kitchen, paused at his unlatched door. It was open, just enough for her to see the strong, loosely knit figure, relaxed as a child's, the face turned from her, and the newspaper on the floor, under a drooping hand. There was something in the picture, she couldn't tell what, that brought a flood of loneliness over her. She hoped her singing had not disturbed him.

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With an unconscious sigh, she closed his door, and walked softly into the kitchen.

The Paper Lady's lodger took kindly to his new quarters. Ever since that first night, when the slumber song had lulled him to sleep in the creaky Morris-chair, he had felt at home in his top-floor room at five hundred and something. The days went swiftly by, and trunks and furniture and parcels became in need of immediate removal from one point to another, and people learned that Jim Thompson was strong and willing, and reasonable in his prices; that he didn't gouge bits of plaster from the walls, nor tear the stair carpets with trunks nails; that he didn't make them fork out a tip when the trunk or box was on the fourth floor, but departed and swiftly returned with a colored ex-loafer, who was learning under this new truckman to do an odd job now and then.

Money began to come in, not in large amounts, but a little here and a little there, and the first thing Jim did after paying his first instalment for the business was to move his horse to a stable less drafty. Then he bought a heavier blanket for the animal, after which he renamed him Philadelphia, owing to his defective ideas of speed, and called him Phil for short.

Altogether he felt as if he had started well. He walked and swung his arms for warmth less and less, and jogged about for his customers more and more; and before very long he had bought a new suit and a long coat and a hat that lifted him from the country-dressed, cap-wearing toiler to the rank of a gentleman of occasional leisure.

Sundays he looked very fine indeed, and walked out followed by the admiring eyes of Sadie Bauerman on the floor below, the two Flinkskys under that flat, and the sad-faced, tired out, laundry lady on the ground floor, who sat, of a Sunday, by her window, too exhausted to move, surrounded by a motley collection of irons and swathed boards of various lengths.

ALTOGETHER HE FELT AS IF HE HAD STARTED WELL.

Nellie and the Paper Lady looked, too, each from a different window. If Nellie ever thought how nice it would be to step off beside him, she stifled the thought, not knowing that for him the air would have been more exhilarating, the sun brighter and warmer, and the sky far, far bluer, if he could have summoned courage to say, "Won't you come along, Mrs. Flanagan?"

Nellie would not have confessed for worlds that she could hear a low whistle even when no one was there, and that the tones of a rather gruff voice rang so honest and true in her ears that she had to lower her eyes sometimes for fear some one should see how much, how very much, she approved of the lodger.

A week after that first night in the new room he had been introduced to her by the Paper Lady. Bringing into the kitchen where she sat a dry-goods box out of which the Paper Lady proposed to evolve a cupboard,

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he had looked over the top of the box right into a pair of the most beautiful eyes he had ever seen. The Paper Lady had spoken the names Flanagan and Thompson. He knew one was his own and realized that the other must belong to this brown-eyed creature who rose from the table and helped the Paper Lady make a place for her new acquisition. He seized the opportunity to rest the box on one of its corners long enough to snatch his cap from his head, then lifted his burden to prevent its marking the new oilcloth that covered the Paper Lady's tidy kitchen—it was these little caretakings of his that were increasing his custom.

After the box was placed, the Paper Lady brought in little Margaret, rosy and heavy-eyed from sleep, and she went to Jim without a murmur. And, though he thrilled with pleasure at the little one's confidence, Jim felt a vague disappointment when the baby called "Mamma," and the girl with the beautiful eyes took her from him.

He remembered the crooning song and knew that she must be Mrs. Flanagan. So, when the Paper Lady said: "Come in by and by and have a bite of supper with us," he refused rather hastily, for silly and chumplike though he might call himself, he had no mind to meet the husband of this girl.

If Nellie's face showed for a second a shade of disappointment, he did not recognize it. So he awkwardly withdrew, and the Paper Lady said, when he was out of hearing: "Perhaps it's just as well, for I didn't bring in but three pork-chops and he looks like a hearty eater."

After that Nellie and the new lodger met on several occasions. Once they reached the street door at the same moment from opposite directions, and he carried Baby Margaret up the stairs. And one cold, rainy evening, when his door was ajar as the Paper Lady passed it, she poked her head in and said: "Come on out in the kitchen by our fire." And what could he do but go? He carried the picture all the next day of the cozy room with shades half-raised and the lights of the city showing through the window-panes splashed with rain; of the Paper Lady sitting in unwonted idleness; and of Nellie sewing by the lamp, her delicate face bending over some linen ruffles, and the faint smiles coming and going at his and the Paper Lady's conversation.

THE PAPER LADY LAUGHED, CATCHING HIS MOOD, AS THEY PLODDED ALONG.

In such fashion did Jim Thompson learn

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to love Nellie, and all too quickly come to realize it. For as long as he did not realize it he felt at liberty to accept the Paper Lady's hospitality, to offer sundry little favors on his own part, and to enjoy to the full his taste of home life.

But one night, when the taste had made him long to the point of misery for a larger and more satisfactory share of home life, he sat by his oil stove and, with his hands plunged in his pockets, faced the matter squarely. It was only a few moments till he had acknowledged to himself that it wasn't any old home that he longed for, but his own; and the vague, shadowy figure that evolved from his mind as a fit and suitable guardian for that home of his, found its counterpart, in one leap of recognition, in Nellie, her face bending over the ruffles, and the faint smiles coming and going.

JIM WATCHED A DELICATE FACE BENDING OVER SOME LINEN RUFFLES.

The Paper Lady's lodger put in a very bad night. He despised himself for—as he put it—going crazy over a married woman. But yet there were moments, even in his distress, when it seemed as if the love he bore her would be a white star to lead him and show him exactly what he should do.

A couple of weeks went by, and the Paper Lady's lodger came in late and went out early. Nellie tried to think she was glad not to see him. She hadn't much difficulty in making herself believe that it was better not to, but somehow she couldn't convince herself of her gladness. Often she would open her door softly and walk down the narrow hall, two or three steps, to see if a light burned under his door, and if it did she would be thankful he was safely in. Then after a while she crept out again and, if the light was out, breathed a sigh of satisfaction that he was sleeping after his weary day.

But the eyes of the man in the narrow bed were often wide open, and, his hearing being acute, he would recognize the light step. Waiting till all was still, he sometimes rose and cautiously opened his door, and if he saw the transom over her door all dark, went back to sleep, thankful that she had stopped her sewing.

All this time no man's hat ever hung on the small rack inside the Paper Lady's kitchen door, no man's voice save his own had Jim heard speaking to the Paper Lady or to Nellie. And gradually the hope came to him that Nellie might be free, after all—free to listen to him when he should have proceeded far enough in the courtship he was eager to enter upon.

He called one night at the paper house, under the "L" steps, and he and his landlady started home together. She stopped at the butcher's to buy a bit of meat.

"Nellie ain't a bit of appetite," she said anxiously, looking about the place as if in search of something that Nellie might like.

"Say, now, won't you let me get a chicken?

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There's a plump fellow over there, would fry up good and brown."

"They're awfully dear." The Paper Lady hesitated and was lost. "I don't believe I ought to let you. But it's her birthday, and if you'll come in and help us out with it——"

"Fine!" exclaimed Jim, unhooking the fat chicken from its nail.

"I'll have this one," he said to the butcher. "Fix it up all right, will you? I'll be right back." He put down the price of the chicken and plunged out of the shop, down the block, and into his friend the grocer's.

When he returned, a few minutes later, he found the Paper Lady with the bundle, waiting for him.

"What on earth—?" she began.

"Oh, now," he exclaimed, "just a few little things for the party. I've been invited; you can't take it back."

The Paper Lady laughed, catching his mood, and they plodded along the avenue.

"Say"—Jim's voice was more tense than he knew—"has Nellie been a widow long?"

The Paper Lady nearly dropped the chicken.

"Not long," she answered.

"I don't want to butt in, only—she's a mighty fine girl. I've thought all along there was a husband somewhere. And I just had to find out. If there isn't——"

"There isn't."

The Paper Lady thought she could leave it that way, but something in the honest, questioning eyes turned on hers demanded the truth.

"She's *Miss* Flanagan," she heard herself say.

"*Miss?*"

The Paper Lady nodded.

"Margaret calls her——"

The Paper Lady searched wildly in her mind for some lie that would save Nellie. Not being well stocked in untruths, she found none, looked up into the honest eyes again and saw that their owner knew.

"You'll have to excuse me," he said; "I had no business being such a nosenbob."

He and the Paper Lady walked the few remaining blocks to five hundred and something, in a desperate effort at natural conversation. Jim's one desire was to be alone. He would have given, he thought, his whole thriving express business to be able to excuse himself from the impromptu party.

But a fierce determination to carry out what he had begun, to show the Paper Lady that he was no curious, meddling fellow, who pried into people's affairs and then threw them down, made him enter gaily into the preparations.

Nellie wore that evening a white shirt-waist and a long black skirt that she pinned up carefully. The color was soft in her cheeks, and a ribbon at her throat was tied in a distracting bow just under her chin. The Paper Lady groaned in spirit as she caught sight of another bit of ribbon in her hair. Would Jim think she had done it in coquetry? She had never seen Nellie so softly feminine, so starry-eyed before.

As for Jim, his feelings ranged from a jealous anger at her beauty, the beauty that another had seen and appropriated before ever he, Jim, had known her, to a protective tenderness, whenever the brown, childlike eyes looked into his. His manner varied with his emotions, from awkward formality to a slavish following with his eyes, and a watchful assistance in the homely details of the supper-getting.

The evening passed, and perhaps the happiest one of the party at its close was Nellie, for she had caught certain tones of his voice that made her heart beat fast, and she was trying (and just then it seemed almost possible) to put the past wholly away and think only of the present—the present—and perhaps the future.

But the Paper Lady was not happy. She believed that everybody should "mind their own business," and the fact that she had made Nellie's business hers annoyed and worried her. She watched succeeding events with anxiety, wonder, and finally relief.

For Jim started in on his courtship without undue delay. Whatever of bitterness he went through on the night of Nellie's birthday, he kept to himself. Nellie, as she had been from the time he met her, was to be *his* Nellie, if she would only say the word. His manner toward Baby Margaret was so tender that Nellie felt the tears rise many a time at the sight of them together.

And all the time the trucking business improved. The colored gentleman who had never cared to work became almost steadily employed by Jim. A second horse, thin and a trifle lame, was busily eating its way to strength and resting its legs to an even gait; a wagon was having its wheels tightened and acquiring a new coat of paint.

Jim's letters to his mother had, from the first, been regular and were awaited eagerly by

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the couple left alone on the little farm "up State." On arrival he had written:

"The business is just like Jake wrote me, wagon in good shape, horse kind of bony, but will do. His room is on the bum and I'm going to get another.

"Your affectionate son,

"JAMES."

Later he wrote:

"I got the room all right. It is nearer heaven than I thought I'd get before I actually started there, but you have heard tell of sky-scrapers, and the house where I live almost scrapes, not quite. You must not think, old lady, I am not a good boy because I made that joke about heaven. I went to church on Sunday like I told you I would. Tell the old man trunks is heavy, but business is booming, so I don't kick.

"I meant to told you more about my room. It is a fine one. An oil stove to keep me warm, and a shade on the lamp, green, like the one you and the old man read by. It made me laugh when I see it.

"There is a young woman, Mrs. Flanagan, and a little girl, Margaret. She is a dear little thing.

"I ate supper yesterday with the folks where I room. The little girl is awfully cunning. Makes me think of Sister Josie's kid, only thinner."

"I send this by special delivery so you'll be sure to get the five inside. Get a good layout for you and father for Thanksgiving. Wish I could have a drumstick with you. Why not ask Sister Josie and the kid and Charley?"

"They are mighty fine women where I room. Brought me some breakfast Sunday morning. I felt like Mr. Vanderbilt and a vally. Honest, old lady, they are the right sort. The little one is awfully cute."

"Her name is Nellie, the mother's. No, I haven't seen the father. He don't show up. Most likely she's a widow. Don't you worry, old lady."

"Mother, she is *not* a widow. She has never been married. But I love her, and if she'll have me, I'll marry her. Now don't write, old lady, till you have chewed it over. I have cut my eye-teeth and no woman is going to fool me. God help the man if ever I run across him. The child shall be as my own, so help me. Now, mother, don't write for a few days. Tell her not to, father.

"Your obedient son,

"JAMES."

Jim's wooing took the form of various invitations. Proctor's, the Eden Musée, the Academy of Music, all opened the purse strings of the Paper Lady's lodger, to the limit demanded by the best in the houses. A grimy little table d'hôte set before them more courses, and stranger ones, than Jim had ever seen, and the sour red wine seemed almost too cosmopolitan to the country-bred man. During the evenings spent together he watched the woman he loved, and listened to her with an ever-increasing consciousness of her goodness and an appreciation of the refinement which grew under his unspoken approval. His own sense of humor quickened and softened. It was a delight to tell her little stories of his home and his boyhood. She learned to know "father" and the "old lady." She laughed with him, though with moist eyes, over the episode of the green lamp-shade. She inquired anxiously as to the condition of the new horse, and decided the color of paint for the new-old wagon.

Nellie was living in a new world, a world where a kind, good, handsome—yes, she went as far as that—man was often by her side; a world where honest gray eyes looked into her own with genuine admiration that she could meet frankly, and a something deeper and half-veiled, but honest, too, that she felt she could and would meet a little later. It was a happy world to live in, and, late at night, she would bend over little Margaret with tears of thankfulness and gratitude dropping on the small pillow.

As they walked home one evening, Jim was unusually silent. Nellie wondered, with quick sensitiveness, if she had chattered and laughed too much when, perhaps, he had been tired or even ill.

So she stopped talking, and they walked quietly along one of the side streets. Few people were in sight and the street was dimly lighted.

"You're quiet," Jim said finally.

Nellie looked up at him quickly.

"I thought perhaps you were tired," she said timidly.

"Tired, Nellie?" he said. "I can't be tired with you walking along beside me. Say, Nellie, don't you—can't you—aren't you going to marry me?"

Nellie's heart beat fast.

"If you'll marry me, Nellie," Jim went on, his hand clasped over the fingers on his arm, "I'll be a good husband to you." He choked and paused.

The slender figure by his side trembled. The pretty hat was pushed back a little, showing the side of the face toward Jim, white and pitiful, and the Paper Lady's fur collar came close about a chin that quivered in an effort at control.

"Maybe you don't love me, Nellie; I wouldn't want you to——"

"Oh—" Nellie turned her full face toward him now, and if ever a woman's eyes spoke love for the man they looked at, Nellie's did in that glance which Jim did not see.

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Then she turned away again, and beyond a faint return of the pressure of Jim's fingers made no reply.

They reached the house and walked up the long flights, side by side. They went into the narrow hall, lighted by a lamp shining from the kitchen.

"What is it, Nellie?" asked Jim finally.

There was no thought in his mind of any confession from her. Nellie must have known that he knew about Margaret, must have seen that nothing was to stand between them, as far as he was concerned. She had accepted his attentions and now, when he asked her to be his wife, what was it that made her turn from him, what kept her silent, save the fact that she did not want to marry him, did not love him enough, perhaps did not love him at all? And Jim's heart was very heavy.

Suddenly Nellie, with her hand on the knob of her door, turned almost violently toward him, seized his hand and pressed it to her cheek.

"I can't, Jim, I can't," she sobbed in a whisper, then her own door opened and closed upon her.

Jim went to his own room. He sat down in the creaky Morris-chair, his overcoat still on, and tried to think clearly. The touch of her cheek on his hand thrilled there yet, and he clinched the hand with rage at himself that he had not seized her and made her say *why* she "couldn't."

And Nellie, in her room, was sobbing by her little white bed, at times saying she couldn't tell him, and then, half-rising to risk it all for the sake of another look into his eyes and another touch of the strong, gentle hands.

And in a third room the Paper Lady lay awake, and worried and tossed, because she had heard Nellie's agonized whisper and the dragging step of Jim to his own room. They must live it themselves, she thought, must fight it out. Then she said:

"O Lord help 'em both," and tried to go to sleep.

It was fully an hour before Jim roused himself from his confused thoughts. He wondered if Nellie was all right or if she was still upset, maybe crying. He blamed himself for being abrupt, for not noticing more particularly whether Nellie had really seemed to care for him or whether she was only glad to go about and have a good time once more. Who was he, anyway, that he should expect a girl like Nellie to love him? And then he longed mightily to know whether that strange, sudden seizing of his hand and that broken cry could have meant anything other than the expression of regret they seemed to him at the time.

He tiptoed to his door and opened it softly. If Nellie's transom was dark, he would turn in; if still lighted, he would drop a little note over into her room, telling her not to mind, that he'd wait till she was willing he should try again; he would not give her up till she told him to, and finally.

Nellie heard his door open. She thought that, perhaps, restless and unhappy, he was going out into the streets. She couldn't let him. Anything was better—she would be a coward no longer. She would tell him—what it was right for him to know. She flew to her own door, opened it swiftly, and was out in the hall.

Jim's tall figure was before her. She could not see his features clearly in the dim light. She took the few steps that separated them, with her hands stretched out before her. He tried to take the hands in his, but she drew them away and leaned against the wall.

"Jim," she whispered hoarsely, "I've got to tell you. I can't sleep till I've told you. I've never dared—but now I must—oh, Jim!"

"Lord, Nellie!" cried Jim, his whispering voice penetrating the Paper Lady's room in its sibilant strength, "you don't need to tell me anything. About—Margaret? Why, Nellie, I know. I've been trying to show you that didn't matter. God, Nellie, don't cry so!"

He had the shaking figure in his arms, and his own eyes were wet with aching sympathy. "I love you, Nellie," he whispered, "and if you love me, there's no more to be said. Will you marry me, Nellie?"

"Jim, oh, Jim!" Nellie's arms were around his neck, her breath sobbing close to his face. "I'll be the best wife a man ever had. I'll—I'll slave for you, Jim, for the words you've said to me this night."

And Jim laughed a low, rich laugh of absolute content.

"Slave nothing!" he cried. "Kiss me, Nellie."

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Fools and Their Money

Some After-Claps of Frenzied Finance

By THOMAS W. LAWSON

EDITOR'S NOTE.—In this article Mr. Lawson states his reasons for withholding his Remedy: That the people are wholly unready to receive it is amply proved by his story of the recent Heinze-United Copper-Amalgamated coalition. With stupendous audacity the "System" has openly rigged its old game, and the people, despite twenty-three months of Frenzied Finance, and numberless other exposures of the "System's" crimes, have rushed as madly as ever to be fleeced. Heinze's proposition that Lawson take charge of the marketing of United Copper, the startling results of an investigation of the property, the implanting of the stock in banks and trust companies, and its manipulation in the market, make up a story in comparison with which previous episodes of Frenzied Finance seem pale. The article closes with a brilliant description of the court scenes in Boston during the argument of the Bay State Gas case.

IN the January issue of this magazine I announced that I should begin the explanation of my Remedy in March. Other matters pressed for consideration in the March and April numbers, and I have now concluded not to give the Remedy at this time, for what seem to me good reasons. The statement of them involves also a casting up and balancing of my account with the public.

At this point, it is not necessary for me to enter into a long exposition of my intentions as to the future. I have fulfilled the pledges I made at the beginning of my story, have fought an arduous campaign, and if I do not regard this time as the auspicious moment for advancing my crowning argument, such a decision is well within my personal rights. This is my own campaign, and as to its strategic methods my judgment must continue to prevail, if I am to be responsible for results.

When I began, twenty-three months ago, to tell this story of "Frenzied Finance," I stated frankly that I regarded my task as well-nigh impossible of successful performance. I had undertaken to reveal to a public unversed in economics or banking certain fundamental abuses, fraught with momentous consequences, that had grown up in the world's system of finance. These abuses threatened the fortunes and eventually the liberties of all the people, but, owing to their ignorance of financial conditions, there was no hope of correcting the evils without first educating the victims to a knowledge of their wrongs. I knew that if I could make the people comprehend the process by which they were being plundered, they would stop the plundering and punish the robbers; but to do so involved familiarizing them with the practises and the inner mysteries of a profession whose technicalities are considered far beyond the average understanding. My own grasp of the situation had been obtained through a lifetime of patient study, yet I was contracting to make plain my discoveries within a brief period—and that in the face of the most strenuous opposition.

I have gone about this task in my own way. I have not heeded the importunities of those who urged me to tell my story in a few months. Laboriously I have made my points and driven them home, and at the end of twenty-four months' incessant work I am fairly entitled to say that my readers know that my message was a true one and that my warnings of danger were well advised; I may also say that they realize what were the methods used against them and who were their plunderers. But for having won this much in a campaign so difficult I have to thank the divinity that presides over all forlorn hopes—or what my enemies call my "luck." Had not the charges

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I made remained uncontradicted in the courts; had not the "System" furnished public illustrations of my assertions, as they were made; had not the insurance outbreak flashed into the open facts and conditions far worse than those I had sketched, I could not possibly have convinced the world of the truth and authority of my revelation.

PEOPLE NOT READY FOR THE REMEDY

When, two months ago, I said to you, "My story is ended and I shall shortly proceed to set forth to you the Remedy," I was fully prepared to fulfil my final pledge. I did not consider the time auspicious nor the people ready to accept and use what I had to offer; still I had assumed an obligation, and I felt that I should live up to the letter of it. But as I debated further the propriety of fulfilling a pledge at the cost of cramming a reform down the throats of a people unprepared for treatment so drastic—it came home to me that final victory was far more important than present punctiliousness; that I could better sustain the gibes of those who might say now "He has no Remedy," than the knowledge that this Remedy had fallen unheeded through premature exploitation. A general who would order "the charge" because his troops and the enemy were impatient and the photographers and the reporters were ready, while judgment was yet on the road, would be not only a weakling but that most demonstrable of fools, a loser.

I have weighed my Remedy in all known economic scales, tested it with all business acids, and am convinced of its adequacy to correct the errors and abuses of prevailing systems of finance. But its very nature requires that some huge illustration of its practicability be given at the moment it is promulgated. I cannot give this demonstration myself. The people must be ready to apply this device when I turn it over to them. Without application it is no more a Remedy than many an economic panacea put forth by philosophic dreamers. My intention is to present simultaneously with my Remedy a plan for its application to some institution of the people in such a way that, immediately after its announcement, it may be under full head of steam on its way to ultimate success. With that, the revolution will have begun, for I say plainly that once my invention is publicly demonstrated, its general adoption is inevitable.

Further, my Remedy must be put forth at a time when the people's oppressors shall not be able successfully to oppose it. If this invention were made public before conditions were ripe for its application, the "System" would safeguard its organization against it, or might, with its money and power, even set up dummies to threaten the people with destruction, thereby discouraging them from attempting to utilize the Remedy. I reason that had I allowed the impatience, the importunities, or the gibes of my audience to influence me to crowd into the first four chapters of my story the series of revelations I had to present—and it would have been easy to do so—there would have been no such results as have been realized. The "System," fairly alarmed, would have nipped the insurance scandal in the bud, and prevented those other outbreaks which have so richly corroborated my disclosures. The result would have been the utter discredit of my story.* A similar argument seems applicable in regard to the Remedy.

Facing these conditions and considerations, it seemed the part of wisdom to hold back, and I made up my mind to take the consequences of my caution and to reserve my Remedy until I (the best judge of the circumstances) should feel sure that the propitious time for its revelation had arrived.

THE PRESCRIPTION WITHHELD

I ask my readers to consider a little further my own relation to this work and to the people. Throughout, this has been a voluntary undertaking on my part. I had certain disclosures to make that seemed to me of great value to the American people. I made them. To give them the widest publicity I spent my own money; millions, literally. The very nature of my undertaking shut off the possibility of profit. It arrayed against me the most powerful influences in American finance. The contest has not been one-sided. I have been made to suffer for what I have told, as I foresaw would be the case. All this is neither here nor there, except as it sheds light on my conclusion. But, as I reviewed my position I became convinced that, though it might be debatable whether or not the Amer-

*Never in the history of a like movement has the "System" been unable to beg off, beat off, or, failing these two, to buy off, any one who attacked them successfully. It was necessary to troll them along two years with the hope of employing their usual methods, in order to get them to a place too far from their starting-point for retreat. If this had not been done, right here my work would have been balked.

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ican people owed me anything, it was undeniable that I owed them nothing which I did not care to give. It is true I have pledged myself to furnish a Remedy for the ills I have diagnosed, but my prescription being of no value unless applied, I am not bound to produce it until my patient shall be ready to accept it.

AMERICANS LOVE TO BE FLEECED

Why is the moment unripe for the production of the Remedy?

Because, in spite of the revelations of the past twenty-three months, the financial education of the American people is far from complete. It is true that to-day they know of the existence of a robbing trust with live-wire connections with their savings; that they are aware of the crimes of this organization in the past and regard it as a menace to their future existence. They have got so far as to be able to recognize the "System" when it comes into the open with gold bricks to exchange for their little hoards, but to recognize is not to avoid or crucify. During the past few months the American people have allowed themselves to be robbed as shamelessly as at any time in their history—have literally walked up to the "System's" combination mauler-plucker-and-skinner, and submitted to being fed into its hopper and ground through its cogs and crushed between its rollers just as though no danger signal had ever been flashed before their eyes.

Consider for a moment recent performances in the stock-market in the very face of a country apparently awakened to the deviltries of Wall Street. Remember that during the past twelve months the press has teemed with exposures of the "System's" old and new crimes; that there have been revelations of corruption in town and city and in State legislatures; that railroad, bank, trust-company and insurance frauds have been rising to the surface daily like green scum in stagnant pools after a storm. Never before has there been a national house-cleaning of such proportions; yet here are stocks higher than ever before and the people rushing to buy them like so many sheep to the shearing-pen. I knew that the American people loved to be gulled and fleeced, provided the gullers and fleecers make the green baize resemble a communion cloth and quote Scripture while they shuffle the cards; but I did believe the old game had been too thoroughly buoyed and charted ever to be of use to the "System," at least until the century-plants should bloom again. With all my knowledge of the "System's" stony spirit of "don't-give-a-damn-for-God-man-or-the-devil," I supposed that when the Rogers-Rockefeller-Stillman-City Bank - Amalgamated - Standard Oil section should set out on another looting expedition, it would go off by a new way, or at least disguise itself as a safeguard against public recognition. I was wrong.

Sixteen months ago I began to notify the public through this magazine and through great advertisements published throughout the world that the "System," having artificially manipulated stocks and bonds to prices billions above what these had cost the manipulators, was arranging to unload on the people again; that when its holdings had been safely marketed the "System" would depress the prices of securities to their former level, thus gaining two profits for the manipulators and enabling them to repossess themselves of the securities which had been the instruments used in this process. To protect themselves, I advised the public to sell at once to the "System" the securities they were holding. The people sold and the "System" bought. Then the "System," having the stocks and bonds at the inflated prices, met the emergency by maintaining these prices, even causing them to advance still higher. THAT IS WHY THE QUOTATION VALUE OF SECURITIES IS GREATER TO-DAY THAN EVER BEFORE.

The reasoning behind this procedure was simply this: "Lawson is on record as predicting that stocks and bonds must go down. If they go up, not only will his past teachings be discredited, but those who have sold will be so wrathful that they will discount his advice in the future. Therefore, prices must continue to advance, for only in that way can we hope to resell what we have been compelled to buy. Besides, we must not let the people realize that they have found the real way to liberate themselves from our grasp, or our day is done."

THE "SYSTEM" BOOMS STOCKS

The course of the stock- and money-markets in Wall Street during the past sixteen months furnishes abundant proof of the soundness of the advice I have been giving the people. If that advice had been followed, if the public had kept away from the stock exchanges, then

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all I predicted would have been on our door-steps. Sooner or later the votaries of the "System" would have begun quarreling among themselves, as they did in the Northern Pacific corner, and in their endeavors to sell out on one another, prices must have crashed to splinters. Instead, this is what occurred: stocks have advanced billions—for instance, Reading Railroad from 38 to 160, Amalgamated from 33 to 118, and others in proportion. Though crops were good and business was prospering, nothing had happened to justify such an advance, as is indicated by the fact that at the same time the "System" was paying as high as 125 per cent. per annum for the use of the people's savings in banks and trust companies, whereas the usual rate is from three to five per cent.

THE UNHOLY ALLIANCE

To perform such a miracle as the "System's" in maintaining prices involved the use of hundreds of millions of dollars. To sustain a financial structure high above bed-rock requires the exchanging of millions daily. Where does this money come from? Do you imagine the "System" keeps its own gold in safe-deposits for such emergencies? No, indeed. The dollars used to pyramid Amalgamated, Reading, and the rest are your very own savings, out of the banks and trust companies where you have anchored them to earn three and four per cent. per annum. From these institutions, your institutions, that you fondly imagine are impregnably safe, the giant gamblers "borrow" your money. And with your gold they send prices soaring until you look on in wonder. Blind to the consequences to yourselves of this mighty boosting of prices, forgetful of the fact that every dollar of this rise means a higher tax on your necessities and luxuries, you watch admiringly the exhibition of the "System's" power. You read in the papers of the marvelous activity in Wall Street, and that money rates are soaring, but it does not occur to you that it is for your gold that the thirty, fifty, even one hundred and twenty-five per cent. is paid, while no matter what your banker makes, he pays you only the old three or four per cent. You hear that the rise in the market has "turned the laugh on Lawson," and you say casually: "It does look as though they had the laugh on Lawson—guess things must be better than he told us they were." And some of you—many of you—begin eagerly as of yore to inspect the gears and wheels and cogs of the "System's" grist machine, and very soon Wall Street is as of old—selling a million to two million shares a day; the incandescents burning till dawn in the banks and trust companies; in the brokers' offices the clerks eating their lunches and dinners at their desks, and sleeping standing up; their chiefs bemoaning a return of the almost forgotten ailment, money-counting-thumb-and-finger-paralysis. And the chimes of old Trinity are again pealing forth the long-hushed anthem:

> "The suckers are coming to town, to town,
> Covered with fleece and golden down."

When such performances as these I have described can go on without protest from those most intimately concerned, I realize that the people have not yet learned their lesson. I have reiterated time and again that so long as the unholy alliance between the stock-gambling fraternity of Wall Street on the one side, and the banks and trust companies on the other, is allowed to exist, there can be no real reform in financial or business conditions in this country. So long as you permit your banker to loan your savings to Wall Street, so long will the stock gamblers chivy you out of them and tax you unnecessary millions annually for your food, your clothes, and your traveling.

I propose to go farther now, and though it involves adding another chapter to my story, to review some incidents in frenzied finance which have occurred during the few weeks since the last chapters of my story were written, in December.

A WELL-ADVISED WARNING

As I write this chapter in the early days of March, I recall a passage from the December instalment—a passage of warning which in the light of subsequent events and future contingencies is well worth reading over:

CHAPTER XXX

THE END OF AMALGAMATED

RIGHT here, before beginning to tie the fag ends of my tale into the knot with which all such skeins should terminate, briefly and concisely I will run Amalgamated out to a finish and leave it.

After the first cut of the dividends from eight to six per cent. Mr. Rogers continued to rain blows on our unfortunate structure. Standing by at each directors' meeting with his one-man-rule ax, he relentlessly smashed at it. Dividends were dropped from six to five, then to four, three, and even two per cent.

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At that low point, the rumor machine prophesied that after the next meeting there would be no further returns to stockholders. Nor were reasons ever assigned for these autocratic actions of the directors. Never until a few months ago was there published a statement of even the resources of the corporation. Its earnings or expenditures, the returns from its subsidiary companies, have never been disclosed. Under the compulsion of this brutal policy, Amalgamated declined, steadily falling until it reached 33. After every man and woman owning a share of this cursed stock had been tortured to the last turn of the screw—to the last vibration of the rack—after the last victim had dropped his last share into the relentless maw of 26 Broadway, the siren song began again to be heard.

The rumor machines megaphoned throughout the land that Amalgamated had recovered its old strength, that new ore had been discovered in its mines, that its earning capacity had been increased through new processes of ore extraction, and that those who wished to make money had better get aboard. To add reality to these reports, dividends were gradually increased—to three per cent. first; then four; now five. As I write, the press and the army of Wall Street touts provided by the Boston "News Bureau" are busily engaged in a new campaign, the slogan of which is that Amalgamated is really earning seventeen per cent. Under this stimulus the stock has shot up until it is now quoted at 84 or thereabouts and has even been manipulated to 80. The siren voices are whispering that it will shortly jump to 150 or 200. While all this has been taking place the price of the metal has been steadily pushed up from its low level of eleven cents until it is now again seventeen cents, and the same touts are busy with assurances that the metal is on its way to twenty—even to twenty-five cents per pound.

Stop there, my reader—you are about to say that all this is incredible! What incredible? That the people should allow themselves to be hocused by such obvious flim-flamming; that the flim-flammers should dare repeat their tricks, or that the press and the authorities should sit silently by while such a barefaced fraud is being exploited? How little you know the temper of a country that consumes annually gold bricks enough to furnish gilt paving for a new Jerusalem! Perhaps, you say, the black hull has been disguised under white paint, and a new crew mans the old pirate. Not so—the "Jolly Roger" flies at the mizzen peak and it is Captain Kidd—I mean Rogers—on the bridge. Chief Mate William Rockefeller stands handy by, and all the other cutthroats are at their familiar stations. Unaccountable, you repeat, that any wary merchantman should peep out of harbor while this buccaneer is in the offing. My dear readers, it is a credulous and a cruel world. As long as some men have that which other men want there will be spoilers and victims; and dead flies tell no tales of spider-webs. The fire is ever an enticement to the unburned child and even blistered finger-tips are not proof against a I-must-try-it-once-more fascination. Amalgamated spreads its toils for new hordes of dollar-owners, relying on the lures that have proved so efficient in the past to bait its trap. These lures are the old stories of surplus millions gleaned by good management to be distributed among the public by Rogers and Rockefeller, or noble dividends to be conferred on faithful stockholders by these philanthropists who are in the copper business only for the benefit of their generation. Read the Wall Street gossip and the "News Bureaus" for other inducements. Signs multiply that Juggernaut is at hand. Already the shrewdest Wall Street men are asking, "Who is the mysterious seller of Amalgamated?"—for on strong days when buyers appear in the market there is ever a plentiful supply of the stock from some mysterious source. Again one learns in the haunts of finance that all who care to buy Amalgamated can borrow on it close to the market at the National City Bank.

But the coming disaster will differ in one salient feature from that which I have so fully described—it has been fully flagged and red-lanterned. For eighteen months past I have advertised the coming slaughter, and those who are caught cannot claim sympathy on the ground that they have run into an open switch.

RIGGING THE NEW-OLD GAME

In the course of my story I have told you of tricks and devices which made you first smile and then frown that any one should be so impertinent as to foist on you fictions so palpable. This narrative of mine has been laughed out of court as a fairy story one day, and a bit later a sensational incident has been corroborated by a revelation even more startling. Yet all these things that I told you were of the past. I am about to show you now some of the events that have been happening under your very noses during recent months, events which for boldness and audacity make even the Amalgamated performance look like honest jack-knife swapping by comparison. It must be borne in mind that all the loaded-dice flipflopping of the Rogers-Rockefeller-"System"-crowd in connection with Amalgamated was done while the thimble-riggers were ignorant that any one was to expose them, whereas the flim-flam game I am now about to describe was put through out in the open, in full view of the authorities.

In the summing-up chapters about Amalgamated I showed you Rogers, Rockefeller, etc., having broken Amalgamated to 33 and shaken out those who, relying on the "System's" pledges, had bought at 100 to 130, loading up with it for the purpose of again dumping it on the public at 80, 100, or higher. As they were about to perform this trick I spoiled their game by exposing them and their blackjack methods. Being balked in unloading, they bought all that the public sold, and then, instead of talking low prices for the metal and no dividends for the stock, as they had when the shaking-out process was on, they began by manipulation and fraud to bid up the metal to the neighborhood of

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twenty cents, and to increase the dividends until they went from two up again to five (now six) per cent.

I had previously shown you that of the Anaconda stock of 1,200,000 shares, the Amalgamated treasury held 600,000 odd, the balance having been unloaded by Rogers, Rockefeller, etc., upon the public at about 300 per cent. ($75). And that when the shake-down was over, Anaconda was selling at less than sixty per cent. ($15).

If you remember the details I presented in regard to Heinze's properties, you will recall that his "United Copper" consisted of 450,000 shares of stock which were being kicked around, a drug upon the market, at $4 per share. In addition, he had 50,000 of preferred stock and a lot of bonds and debts. You will recall, too, that Rogers had indignantly refused to pay five millions for the whole outfit and that upon a hundred or a thousand occasions he had unqualifiedly stated that the common stock representing the Heinze outfit was not worth the paper upon which it was printed; that it would require more than all the Heinze property would bring to pay Amalgamated the damages the courts must award for the ore Heinze had stolen from its property. Moreover, both Rogers and Heinze had, scores of times, publicly and privately, pledged their sacred honors that the other was the lowest thief, thug, and murderer in existence, and that in no circumstances or conditions would either have anything to do with the other or his property save in the endeavor to send him to State prison or the gallows, and his property to the auction block.

THE CURTAIN RISES IN MONTANA

With these elements in the situation you are familiar. Before the recent action can be explained, two or three more factors must be introduced. One is a small no-account mine in Butte belonging to the estate of Marcus Daly, which Mrs. Daly was willing to sell for from $350,000 to $500,000; another is a second old mine that was held at from $3,000,000 to $4,000,000, but which Rogers and Amalgamated had always refused to take into their combination.

About this same time there was in Butte a bright, strenuous young mining man named John D. Ryan, otherwise known as "Johnnie" Ryan, and in Duluth was another bright mining man named Thomas F. Cole, generally called plain "Tom" Cole. These two men were of that "a-coming" make-up which is very attractive to "Standard Oil" and the "System"—men absolutely blind to all just-ahead road obstacles, from forty-foot ditches to broken-glass-top-no-hole stone walls—men who go through the world upon the principle of burning up every foot of plank road passed over, that they may not be tempted to retreat.

You now have, as the stage folks say, "the setting"; let's up with the curtain:

Scene 1. Rogers hires "Johnnie" Ryan as the head of Amalgamated and announces in Butte that henceforth he will have full swing. Heinze announces that, having no quarrel with "Johnnie" Ryan, he will "do business" with him. Thereupon both sides suspend ore-stealing, dynamiting each other's miners, and lawsuits.

WAR SETTLEMENT IN BUTTE!

The scene changes to the East. Barron, of the "News Bureau," and his affiliated touts fill the press with screamings of "War Settlement in Butte!" With a great show of activity Amalgamated mounts to 100 and United Copper to 30. This represents manipulation on the Boston and New York Stock Exchanges. Heinze sends agents into New England, Pennsylvania, and the financial centers of the Middle West to make bargains with banks, trust companies, and brokers at any rates of interest and to give bonuses to "carry United Copper share for share." This, being interpreted into the people's language, means that, United Copper being quoted at $30 per share on the Stock Exchange and curb, any one who can be tempted by big rates of interest and commissions to take an order to buy it upon margin or to make a loan upon it, has turned over to him, in stock, margin for the purchase or loan to the amount of what he buys or loans upon. For instance, "A," the dummy agent of Heinze, says to "B," the broker: "I think United Copper is a great purchase. I hear it is going up. I own a thousand shares. Buy me another thousand, and I will put up the thousand I own as margin and will pay you, in addition to the regular commission of 12½ cents a share, ten per cent. of the purchase price for 'carrying' it six months." After "B" has swallowed the bait, the trans-

Continued on page 65 of the *Advertising Section.*

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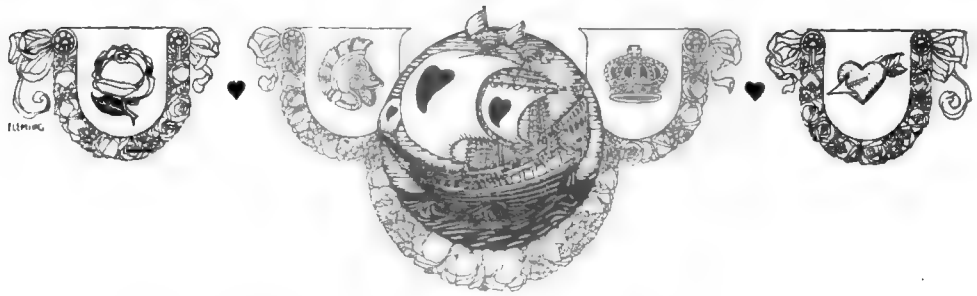
Little Stories of Real Life



May Madness

By Anne O'Hagan

IT was a silvery light that fell upon the two women at their nightly game of piquet. The low-set lamps were shaded in pale silk, the yellow luster of the candles borrowed a moonlight purity from their silver sconces. In the polished surface of the tables hyacinths and mignonette repeated themselves, bell for bell, feathery stalk for feathery stalk. The Sheraton davenport was covered in old brocade, green of a wonderful, cool clarity. The sweeping curtains at the broad doors, the valances at the long windows were of the same color. The dark luster of mahogany, the deep tones of the rugs, the ruddy gleam of the portraits on the walls, even the red embers burning down to ash beneath the white, colonial mantel seemed merely to emphasize the prevailing colorlessness, to accentuate a bloodless refinement of taste.

Only the counting of the two women at their old-world game, the occasional fall of a stick in the fireplace and the distant murmur of the bay, lapping the breakwater at the foot of the orchard, broke the evening stillness. The Webster house stood too remote from the vulgar region of traffic to be penetrated by the shrill of trolley or of whistle, and was too deeply set in its old-fashioned garden for voices and laughter from the street before it to be blown through its windows. But suddenly Mrs. Webster broke the peace.

"Antoinette," her voice was a little sharp, "if you are too *distraite* for the game——"

"I beg your pardon, mother," Antoinette apologized for an absent-minded play; "that was very stupid of me."

Mrs. Webster, though slightly mollified as to her daughter's intentions, was not completely set at rest.

"You have scarcely seemed yourself for several days," she said with some asperity.

"It's the weather, perhaps," Antoinette acquiesced. "I've felt a little languid."

She leaned against her inlaid, fiddle-backed chair—a tall, slim woman nearing forty. Grace redeemed her body from angularity; the distinction of delicate breeding gave interest to her face. It had, too, something of the wistfulness of waiting inexperience and something of the melancholy of unfulfilment to lend it quality. Her mother, of a more imperious type of the aristocrat—dark, alert, domineering, erect, and lynx-eyed for all her seventy years—frowned as she spoke again.

"I wish that you might have a change," she said with a sort of thwarted impatience, "but——"

"Dear mother, don't speak of such a thing. To change from New Weymouth must be to change for the worse. Shan't we go on with the game?"

"Not to-night. I think that I'll go at once to my room. Antoinette, what is that odor?" Mrs. Webster was suddenly on her feet, startled, outraged. Antoinette's delicate nostrils widened—a Webster could not be said to sniff. Certainly a whiff of something pungent, acrid, sharpened the air that had been faintly sweet with hyacinth and mignonette.

"It's some one smoking," declared Mrs. Webster, without waiting for Antoinette to define the olfactory crime. "Some one smoking a very vile tobacco in a nauseous pipe." Antoinette's eyes could not reflect the indignation of her mother's; discreetly she veiled them.

"It can't be Heppy," pursued Mrs. Webster, whereat Antoinette laughed unguarded-

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ly. "Don't be silly, Antoinette. Of course I mean that it is not Hepzibah who is entertaining a man at this hour of the night—" It was nearing nine o'clock.

"No, mother," agreed Antoinette. "I don't think it's Heppy. Heppy"—her tone lacked bitterness, "is as old as I am."

"It's that bold little Nora whom you would insist upon having. Antoinette, I have kept house for nearly fifty years and I have always insisted that the maids should not have followers. You must send Hepzibah out—that tobacco is being smoked in the yard—to tell Nora to get rid of that man at once. At once. And it must not occur again. You, my dear," her voice softened, "you have been too carefully guarded against—unseemly knowledge—to be aware of the way such people as Nora act when they are what they call in love. And as for your being as old as Hepzibah"—her voice hardened again as though she replied to an accusation, "that's a foolish remark. Hepzibah's fifty and always was a very plain female. If you mean to reproach me for your—your singleness—I can only say that I am sorry we have never had the means, since you have been grown up, to mingle in the society where you might have married without—debasement."

She paused. Antoinette colored uneasily and shyly. Her mother went on, half-musingly:

"After all, I don't know. You are a woman of the most delicate sensibilities, Antoinette — of the most exquisite refinement. And men, even the best of them, are inherently—coarse. Have that person put off the grounds at once, please. Good night."

She offered Antoinette her withered cheek, which burned sallowly with the excitement of her little oration, and marched out of the room, quite regal in her scorn of the lower classes and her defiance of mere nature.

Antoinette, left in the room so seldom polluted by the presence of coarseness, stood still for a second, her arms hanging limp by her side, her troubled eyes unseeingly bent upon the flowers, her lips parted in a sigh. Of course it would have been a disgrace—of course—she roused herself with a little shake. Debasement, her mother had said. Yes, that was what it would have been for a Webster of New Weymouth to think even of marrying a man like that! His mother had kept a little truck-farm at the edge of the town; he had brought vegetables to the kitchen door—a serious-faced, absorbed lad of eighteen or nineteen when she, a girl of fifteen, was preparing under Hepzibah's tutelage to become the thorough housewife the Webster tradition demanded her to be. She had talked with him on the kitchen porch—he used her language, she had been patronizingly amazed to discover. Ah, he had talked a better language than hers—courageous, determined, big with ambitions and plans! What a square chin he had had, what high cheek-bones, what a rough thatch of mahogany-red hair, what dog's eyes for color and faithfulness! An Irish setter her father had owned in those more opulent days had always reminded her of poor Bernard Moran. Her father was a judge; Bernard's had been killed in an accident in the shoe-shops where he worked. Her mother had been quite right!

AT THEIR NIGHTLY GAME OF PIQUET.

But she grew hot again with the recollection of the afternoon when her mother had ordered him from the house. He had been to college then, he had worked his way through — what had he not done for the sake of education, that poor woman's son! He was twenty-two or three, and he had worn a dreadful collar—too large, too low, with his long, sunburned neck showing grotesque above it. Ah, it would have been impossible—dreadful! But was it not almost more dreadful to be nearing forty with no more tender recollection than that—the memory of

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the insulted boy who had stumbled out of the prim, pretty room, his dog's eyes turned upon her in piteous appeal and forgiveness?

"Antoinette!" Over the stair rail came the imperious voice of her mother: "Have you sent Hepzibah out yet? That tobacco stench fills the rooms on the east side."

"Right away, mother!" She hurried to the kitchen. The great clock ticked, the gray cat purred, the big, nickel lamp beamed brightly. But Hepzibah did not sit in her gingham-cushioned rocker.

"Of course. It's Friday. She's gone to prayer-meeting," Antoinette reminded herself. "I'll tell Nora myself."

She stepped out into the miracle of the spring night. When before had she been out of doors after evenfall? When had she seen the moon save from her chamber window? Even on summer nights her mother preferred the retired, spacious coolness of the house to the piazza. She drew a deep breath—not of air, but of moonlight, of wide, cloudless sky, of dim, blossoming orchard, of flower-scents, of the sweeter, more stinging odor of earth upturned for planting. The erring Nora was forgotten. Her whole being relaxed to the caress of the spring. She threw back her head to feel it upon her throat, she opened wide her arms that it might flow about her, her parted lips besought it. It was an ecstasy, soft and painfully keen—the surge of departing youth to greet the ageless wonder of the world.

SHE FLOATED DOWN THE GARDEN.

She could not tell whether she trod air or dewy grass or fragrant mold as she floated down the garden to the orchard. She could scarcely tell whether it was the moon, high and white in the serene sky, that diffused light, or the billowy masses of the trees that glimmered before her. She scarcely knew whether it was the sea—all its turbulence spent upon the line of islands out beyond the harbor—that lapped the gently curved arm of the inlet with soft, monotonous murmurs. Moon and sea, waiting earth and seed and blossom, night and sweetness and mystery, and the sudden joy of her own heart, were all one.

Then she became aware of another sound, harmonious with the spring evening—a laugh that was a blossom, a sigh that was a moonbeam, a word that was as gentle as the spent wave upon the beach. She paused abruptly—she had come to the arbor-vitæ hedge at the end of the grounds. Outside lay the highroad above the beach. She listened. The tender murmur went on. The keen odor of tobacco stole through the air. The shameless Nora—no, the happy, the blessed Nora!

Her feet slipped from the sound-subduing grass to the gravel path. There was a start in the shrubbery, a sibilant warning, a disentangling of arms.

"O Miss Antoinette!" cried Nora guiltily, "is it me that ye're lukin' for?"

"Is that you, Nora?" said Miss Antoinette tranquilly. "No, I wasn't looking for you. I'm only taking a little walk. Ah!" she made a courteous pretense of just then seeing the other figure against the hedge. "Good evening."

"It's—it's my cousin, ma'am," faltered Nora.

"Yes? I'm glad Nora has friends in New Weymouth to keep her from being homesick," the descendant of the Websters remarked with serene insanity. She heard the gasp of Nora's incredulity as she passed through the opening in the shrubbery and out on to the beach-road.

Moonlight and the long, shining crests of the waves, moonlight and the earth one great blossom, moonlight and young love! She went on, wrapped in these things. Some new houses faced this road, she remembered; not all the owners of the old estates had held so rigorously, so religiously, so thriftlessly, to undivided possession as had her mother. New streets had been cut through, and

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wonderful structures, turreted, gabled. faced the bay. Of course the Websters did not know who lived in them—shoe-shop potentates, the big grocer, and such persons, her mother had said, dismissing them all. Into one, she knew—Hepzibah had told her—Senator Moran had lately moved. Strange how that gawky youth had forged ahead! He owned the mill in which he used to work, he owned the shop in which his father had died—they talked of him for governor. Why, she wondered, had he never married — some woman of his own class?

In one house the shades were up clear to the top of the windows, after the careless way of men in housekeeping. A big, green-shaded lamp cast an all-revealing glare upon the contents of the room—rather tasteless, expensive things. Only the desk at which a man was bent in work had the look of fitness which use gives. The man's face was strong and ugly, big-boned, deep-eyed. His hair was thick and rough.

He rose and yawned, stretching his arms high above his head. From a jar on the desk he filled a pipe. Then he passed through a door and out of her vision. But she stood still, staring into the room across the slope of lawn that separated her from the house. In her ears was Nora's laugh, Nora's whisper of love, Nora's sigh of surrender—and confused with these was the recollection of the hurt look in a boy's eyes twenty years before.

It was the strong odor of tobacco that aroused her. She heard a slow, sauntering step in the road. A man strolled toward her, smoking. She shrank back a little. He eyed her keenly, a householder eying a loiterer. Then he gave an exclamation.

"Miss Webster!"

"Mr. Moran." Her voice was miserable. They stood silent. "I came out for a breath of air," she explained. "I did not know I had come so far. I—I had not seen your house before. I did not know it was yours. The light—I must be returning."

"You will let me walk back with you?"

"Thank you, yes," said Antoinette. He made a movement to empty his pipe, forgotten in his fingers until that moment.

"No, don't," she begged quickly. "Please don't let me spoil your smoke. I like it. I'm particularly fond of it." He stared at her and then asked awkwardly:

"Won't you take my arm? It's rough—and dark." Antoinette, who had found the road smooth and white in the moonlight, laid her hand shyly upon his sleeve. They walked slowly and silently along, too embarrassed, too unfamiliar, for talk. It was he who finally broke the spell.

"I've no gift of small talk," he said. "Miss Antoinette—I've never gotten over the way your mother ordered me out of your house—a boy's a sensitive thing. But I've never gotten over the feeling that brought me there—the feeling that I wanted to tell you what I was doing."

"I have always thought myself much to blame"—Miss Antoinette heard with astonishment the words her lips framed—"not to have asserted myself at that time. But—I was young; my mother—ah. well, Mr. Moran, we both owe you great apologies! But I'm afraid it is only I will make one. Mother—

ANTOINETTE LAID HER HAND SHYLY UPON HIS SLEEVE.

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her generation—her standards—" disloyally she admitted her mother's liability to err and to keep on in error.

"I can make shift without an apology from your mother," declared Bernard Moran with youthful, irreverent cheerfulness. He dashed the hot ashes from his pipe and stuck it into his pocket. Then his left hand lifted hers closer to the hollow of his right arm. It fluttered at his touch. Then it clung contentedly where he placed it and held it.

She was quite mad—she knew it. She only prayed that she might dare be mad by sunlight also.

The Triumph of Will Hen

By Alice Louise Lee

THERE had been a wedding in the Packard farm-house. The only daughter had been married. In the early evening she escaped up the front stairs and her husband up the back stairs, while the rioting wedding-guests, laden with rice and old shoes, guarded the doors below and awaited their victims.

Half an hour later the bride threw herself into her aunt's arms and sobbed: "O Aunt Pearlie, it just seems as if I can't leave you all." Whereupon her aunt gave her a resounding kiss and an amiable "S-shucks!" and pushed her away.

In the adjoining room the bridegroom wrung his uncle's hand and exclaimed absently: "By the way, I forgot to explain about the carriage and horses. You'll see how it is, though."

Then this wise bridal pair swiftly and silently descended a ladder from the bride's window, crept through a hedge, and slid into a carriage awaiting them down the road; while the bride's aunt and the groom's uncle pulled the ladder cautiously up through the window, and the defeated wedding-guests laughed and departed.

The minister was among the last to leave. As he picked up the reins, he remarked to the groom's uncle: "Well, Will Hen, such occasions as these ought to be suggestive to you. Time flies and delays are dangerous."

Will Hen, standing on the horse block, surveyed the minister through half-shut eyes, whose expression was inscrutable. There was something exasperatingly non-committal about Will Hen. The minister, tucking his lap-cloth securely around him, continued in mildly admonishing tones: "It's scarcely fair to keep a woman waiting ten years, is it, Will Hen?"

Will Hen's square chin descended in silent amusement into the midst of his broad red tie. As soon as the minister's back was turned, he walked toward the barn chuckling repeatedly. "Wouldn't he be mighty surprised if he knew the shoe pinched on the other foot?" he asked himself as he swung open the big doors.

He groped his way, through the darkness, to the end of the thrashing-floor, where he had tied his horses. They did not whinny as usual at his voice. "Jerusalem to cripes!" he exclaimed, his hands on their heads, "if that fool hain't taken my horses and left me hisn." By "that fool" he meant the happy bridegroom.

Then Will Hen, with eyes becoming accustomed to the darkness, glanced at the carriage. "Je-*ru*-sa-lem!" he ejaculated, and stopped.

After a few moments his stocky form was silhouetted against the barn-door outside. "Pearlie," he called.

A woman standing on the door-step ambled forward, saying, "W-well?"

"I'm all ready, Pearlie," called Will Hen. "We'll jest load up here in the barn," he added with a queer note of apprehension in his voice.

The note was lost on Pearlie, tired and indifferent, after the excitement of her niece's wedding. Guided gallantly by Will Hen's hand, she found the carriage and "loaded up" in the darkness. A moment later the vehicle rolled out into a flood of moonlight and down the road.

They sat of necessity snugly in the broad seat. "Pearlie" Packard, christened while yet a rosy, dimpled baby, Pearl Diamond, and called Pearlie, had outgrown rosiness and dimples but not her baby name. She was "Pearlie" still at forty years of age, with one hundred and eighty pounds of weight and an incurable stammer.

She sat beside Will Hen placidly and picked out imaginary bastings from her handsome new gray silk dress made for the wedding. She adjusted her becoming gray bonnet and drew off her new gloves, blowing vigorously into the fingers preparatory to smoothing them out. Will Hen, himself resplendent in a new black suit and high collar,

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glanced at her sidewise. Her chin rounded decidedly over her bonnet-ribbons, but to Will Hen it was still dimpled as in girlhood.

"Jerusalem to cripes, Pearlie," he exclaimed. "You look more like it than she did!" By his pronouns he referred respectively to bridehood and to Pearlie's niece.

Pearlie merely sniffed and said emphatically: "S-shucks!" "Shucks" was the only word she was sure of producing when she opened her mouth; hence its frequency.

Will Hen accepted her return for his compliment, as he always did such returns, with meekness. He viewed the surrounding country and said meditatively: "That shower this mornin' made all natur' wiggle, didn't it?"

There was no reply. None was expected. Will Hen was hardened to the practise of conversing alone and in detached sentences.

The horses sped down the river-road on the five-mile stretch which lay between Will Hen's village home and Pearlie's. Suddenly Pearlie, having first got her words well together in her mind, spoke:

"W-what was that preacher a-s-sayin' to you?"

Will Hen chuckled. "He was givin' me some p'inters I should take if it wa'n't fer some other people I know," and he dug an elbow facetiously into her side.

Pearlie's expansive face expressed disgust even in the moonlight. She did not attempt a comment at once, but brought some tissue-paper from her pocket and carefully wrapped her gloves in it. Then, as Will Hen continued to laugh, she gathered her speech together again. "D-don't act like a f-fool," she candidly advised.

"The preacher and I agreed fer once," Will Hen went on with sudden gravity. "He's got one idee in his head that's worth lettin' out!"

Pearlie, still at work with her gloves, showed no curiosity.

Will Hen touched his horses with the whip. "He thought it was high time that he got a job in our direction. So do I," added Will Hen boldly.

No comment.

"He had the idee—most folks has—that it's my fault," slyly; "that I ain't treatin' you well to keep company so long and not marry you."

Pearlie emitted a sound something akin to a snort. Even this thrust did not move her.

Will Hen gathered up the reins firmly in one hand and raised the whip threateningly over the horses. "I tell you, Pearlie," he said impressively, "I don't ca'c'late to hang around ferever."

Pearlie smiled. It was a large, comfortable smile, full of amusement and toleration. "W-who's asked you to h-hang?" She never used one word more than was necessary to make her meaning clear. Articulation was too difficult for her.

Will Hen wisely ignored the question. He began slowly: "Now see here, Pearlie, here you live alone and I live alone. You've no one to look after——"

"Y-you want m-me to look after y-you," stuttered Pearlie and then she laughed.

Hers was a laugh which rolled and rollicked and infected her hearers with her own good nature. But it did not infect Will Hen. He had heard it too often on these, to him, trying occasions.

"Pearlie," he insisted solemnly, "why not?"

Pearlie comfortably loosened her bonnet-strings and settled back on the cushions. She could not speak then, so Will Hen patiently bided his time. Meanwhile he turned his face away and a curious smile crept over it, a smile which Pearlie herself could not have interpreted had she seen it. But she did not see it.

Presently she drove her ideas together into a brief reason: "A m-man brings dirt. I c-can't have one a-m-messing around."

Will Hen turned quickly. "I'll always leave my boots and overalls in the woodshed," he said earnestly, his face divested of its smile and wearing an anxious expression. Will Hen was curiously nervous. He tipped his hat far back on his head and wiped his forehead, and ran his handkerchief carefully around inside his collar.

All the reply vouchsafed by Pearlie to his ardent declaration was a hearty "S-shucks!"

Will Hen made another pass inside his collar, saying desperately at the same time, "What would fetch ye, Pearlie?"

Pearlie was saved the trouble of collecting words for a reply to this pointed question by a sudden noise just behind them. Both were startled. Pearlie leaned out and craned her neck around her side of the carriage. Will Hen did the same on his.

Close behind them came two horsemen, their horses breathing hard and pounding the

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road, while their riders gave breathless, inarticulate yells to the effect that some one or something was caught at last, and better hold up.

Nothing held up.

Will Hen's horses, startled at the noise, bounded forward and Pearlie's bonnet was jerked askew. Before she had time to draw it in, something descended on it with a crackling thud which drove it firmly over her left ear. She shrieked, seizing its ribbons with one hand and Will Hen's arm with the other.

But Will Hen was busy managing the horses. They had bent their bodies low to their task and left the shouting horsemen far behind. They were fairly skimming over the road. Pearlie gazed open-mouthed at the fleeing animals and at the slack reins. Fence-posts and trees flew past, and yet Will Hen appeared to be merely guiding the horses, not checking them.

She pressed a question on his arm with her fingers. He understood, but chose not to reply. He took time to glance at her once, and the one glance seemed to satisfy him. He ducked his chin into his tie and grinned broadly.

They came to the forks in the road. One branch turned to the left up a short, steep hill, at the summit of which lay a village. The other branch, along the river, led to Pearlie's home. To her unbounded surprise, Will Hen turned the running horses sharply to the left.

"Stop!" she cried violently; she objected to going through town. Will Hen made no reply, and the horses, pulled down to a trot, climbed the short hill and traveled through the village square up to that meeting-place for the entire neighborhood—the post-office.

It was Saturday night, and a crowd of men lounged on the post-office porch and occupied the barrels and boxes scattered along the board-walk. The balcony over the porch was filled with women, Pearlie's friends, who hung over the railing, and encouraged the youthful brass band, tuning up for a last serenade before leaving their stand in the square.

Opposite the post-office Will Hen stopped, just at the point where the strongest light fell across his carriage and its occupants. His "Whoa!" arrested not only his horses, but the attention of every one in the vicinity. The band held their instruments suspended and stared. The men removed their pipes and forgot to close their mouths. The women caught their breath.

Pearlie felt the strained silence which had fallen on her neighbors. In awkward self-consciousness she seized her bonnet to right it, when from it in showers fell—rice. She shook herself, and her ample figure showered rice; every fold of her dress was full of it. Then she recollected the horsemen, and resolved the sounds attendant on that strange blow to her bonnet into the explosion of a paper bag. For the first time she noticed that the black horses were not Will Hen's blacks, nor was the carriage his. She glanced at the back wheels and saw there a sight which froze her.

Will Hen laid down the reins and slowly swung one foot over the side, but got no further. The silence which possessed the onlookers proved but momentary. When they saw the rice, recognized the occupants of the vehicle, and fully comprehended the meaning of the white rear decorations of the carriage, its streamers and swinging old shoes and big wooden spoons, they arose with one accord and made themselves heard and felt. Will Hen was literally held in and down and bombarded with noisy congratulations.

"At last, Will Hen, at last!" some one howled.

An urchin climbed a cracker-box set on a sugar-barrel close by. "Three cheers for Will Hen," he cried vociferously.

"A speech, a speech," yelled the postmaster.

"Here! Bring out the mail for Mrs. W. H. West," cried a feminine voice.

"On yer weddin' tower, are ye, Will Hen?" asked the blacksmith, edging nearer.

The members of the band leaped the railings and added to the uproar. They pounded the drum and blew the horns and squeaked the fife.

As for Will Hen, he swung his free foot and looked as sheepish as though he were really guilty. He looked everywhere except at Pearlie's dumbly accusing eyes. He seemed alive to every touch save her grip on his arm.

The women whom the balcony disgorged gave Pearlie no opportunity to straighten her bonnet. Every one liked her; every one knew of her vocal difficulty and therefore no one expected her to speak. They seized her hand. They climbed up and planted

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kisses at random on her face, every line of which protested in vain.

"Cigars for the crowd!" yelled a band-boy suggestively.

Will Hen seized eagerly at the remark. He noticed apprehensively that Pearlie was getting speech under headway. He could tell this by the beating of her feet on the carriage floor.

"Will ye let us go if I'll treat?" he asked.

"Yes, yes," yelled the boys.

He flipped a ten-dollar bill into the hand of the nearest man and picked up the reins. The boys at the heads of the prancing horses stood aside and let them spring forward.

As the carriage rolled back down the hill everyone shouted good wishes and the band tuned up and played a wedding-march forcefully.

"S-shucks!" said Pearlie in an awful tone of concentrated emotion.

Will Hen shook, but firmly set his teeth and turned the horses' heads up the river-road and not down toward Pearlie's home.

She seized his arm again and shook it.

"W-why?" she gasped.

Will Hen elevated his chin obstinately. "I'm goin' back to the preacher's," he muttered.

Pearlie gave external signs of great internal upheavings, while her fingers on Will Hen's arm made him wince. "W-what preacher?"

"Mine."

"W-what for?"

"What fer?" asked Will Hen, excitedly. "Jerusalem to cripes! We're goin' to git married. What doggoned fools we'd be not to, after what went on up there," jerking his whip townward, "and we not denyin' it."

"W-why didn't y-you?" wailed Pearlie.

Will Hen turned his face away to conceal the grin he could not repress. "I got some flustered, I expect," he said sheepishly, "but *you* wa'n't, and you didn't stop 'em."

At this manifestly unjust accusation, Pearlie began to weep. "Y-you know I couldn't s-say a word!"

Then Will Hen tried reason: "We jest can't back out now. I ca'c'late if we come back to my preacher's instid of goin' to yours, no one in that consarned mess back there will know they got in their licks an hour too early."

Pearlie gradually became calm. Her sobs died away and she smoothed her hair and straightened her bonnet. Will Hen, following her movements apprehensively, felt his spirits rise. He became jubilant when she drew on her gloves carefully, as the lights of the minister's house dawned through the fog.

He touched his horses again and spoke to her with tender encouragement: "Chirk up, Pearlie. We won't never have it to go through with again, that is, not together at least."

A River Hero

By Theodore Waters

THE scene was East River Park, which is situated on the bluff that overlooks the waters of Hell Gate, and the day was one bright Sunday morning in the summer of '98. The walks under the trees, about the historic Gracie House, were crowded with East-siders who had come for their weekly whiff of pure air and the ever-refreshing view of the river. The press was so great that every park bench was occupied and many wanderers, disregarding the printed prohibitions, lounged on the grass. It was an orderly crowd, however; the peace of the Sabbath hung over everything. Suddenly came a single warning cry from below the bluff; every seat was deserted, every lounger rose from the lawn, every promenader turned and made for the railing that guarded the bluff. In a moment it held a living rampart of people, ten deep.

"What is it? What is it?" asked those in the rear.

"Man in the river," replied those at the front. "Look! There he is. No! There he goes down! Ah! He'll drown!"

Over in the swirl of waters between the Manhattan shore and the rugged spit called Mill Rock could be seen the head and shoulders of a man. How he came to be there no one seemed to know, but there he was, churning the water into foam and exhausting himself in a frantic effort to keep above the surface. The current was carrying him rapidly out, and when he went down, the crowd on the bluff, looking upon the scene as from a huge amphitheatre, was sure he would not come up again.

"He's gone! He's gone!"

"Poor soul!"

"Will no one save him?"

"Yes, yes! Look! There comes a

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steamer! They will lower a boat. No, by Jove, there goes a fellow after him!"

Sure enough. They had been so intent on watching the struggles of the drowning man that they had not noticed the approach of a small steamer in-bound through the Gate. She was the Connotquot, a city boat, and her crew had evidently seen the man, for her bells were ringing and her pilot was stepping the wheel furiously in a great endeavor to bring her about, while the rest of her crew leaned out of her cabin windows and stood in her doorways, pointing to the man in the water. At the boat's stern a deck-hand waited with one foot upon her rail, and when she came up opposite where the man had gone down he suddenly dived off into the foam that followed her propeller. The steamer, swept on by the strong ebb tide, tried to circle slowly in the treacherous waters of the Gate, but she was carried nearly to Blackwell's Island before she succeeded in turning her nose up-river again. Meanwhile the crowd on the bluff was quivering with excitement, and when the deck-hand reappeared at last with the drowning man, it gave vent to a prolonged cheer.

"Hold on to him! Hold on to him!"

"Good boy!"

"There's a hero for you!"

"He'll get a medal for this."

But the cheering presently died away, to be succeeded by groans, when it was seen that in place of the rescuer grasping the rescued, the latter had the former tightly clinched around the neck.

"Good Heavens! He's got him by the throat!"

"Now both will drown!"

"Why don't he hit him in the face? That's the way to break that strangle-hold!"

"No! He should hold him under until he suffocates."

And so on. It was wonderful how many things they would have done had *they* been the deck-hand—he in the river with a death-hold on his throat; they far up on the bluff where the trees were green and life fresh and glad.

"Look! He's fighting him."

It seemed so. The men in the river, tight in each other's arms, were churning the water into foam and rolling over and over.

"No," said one on the bluff. "They're not fighting. He's pin-wheeling him!"

"What's pin-wheeling?"

"Why, when a fellow grips you like that in the water, you turn over and over him like the acrobats at Barnum's. It'll break any strangle-hold. You watch him."

Every one was doing that, and presently when the two in the water stopped their rotary motion, it was seen that the deck-hand had the other by the collar and was swimming quietly toward the shore. Again the cheer went up and again it died away as the deck-hand stopped swimming and called faintly over the water.

"Sh—h! What's he saying?"

"Send out a boat!"

Good gracious, yes! The idiots! Why hadn't some one thought of it before? Perhaps because it was Sunday. Men ran along the pier below and in a minute half a dozen boats were on their way to the two in the water. They were picked up and brought in while the crowd on the bluff rushed down the rear side of the hill into Ninety-second Street in a wild scramble to get near that mighty deck-hand and do him personal honor. But the way down and around was long, and before the mob could reach the pier the Connotquot had come in and taken him away, and all that was left to see was an ambulance surgeon working hard over the limp form of the rescued man, who seemed to have swallowed a ton of water.

"Who was he? What was his name?"

"Who, the deck-hand? Why, that was Harry Daniels. That makes over a hundred persons he has saved from drowning."

"Pshaw! I don't believe it." And the crowd went back to its park benches shaking its worldly head skeptically.

Nevertheless the statement was absolutely true. Harry Daniels, now captain of the city steamboat Wickham, has probably saved more lives unaided than any other living person. He has actually lost count of the exact number. He had at one time newspaper clippings to show that he had pulled ninety persons from the river, but the fire that destroyed his home in 1892 consumed those excerpts, and since then he has not kept the newspaper accounts. But he can remember saving over forty persons since 1892, so that his estimate of "between one hundred and twenty-five and one hundred and forty" should be within bounds. His friends presented him with a medal when he had saved thirty-six lives, and again another medal when he had saved twenty-four more. The National Humane Society gave him a medal for

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particular bravery. Altogether he has had ten medals.

Again and again Daniels has placed his life in jeopardy, frequently for the saving of persons who in return have not thought it worth while even to mention their names to him. He admits, however, that in some of these cases he did not wait for the unconscious ones to revive to thank him, having, as he says, his living to get and no time to wait for such incidentals as thanks, once the task of getting folks ashore is accomplished. The very fact that he should have had opportunities to save so many persons from drowning is, apart from any question of bravery, highly interesting. Most heroes are content with a life or two, but fate seems to have been throwing drowning persons in Daniels's way ever since, at sixteen, he made his first rescue. On a ride up the river that the writer once took with him, the mere pointing-out of the places where he had made rescues kept him busy.

His simple account of those rescues would make an Odyssey of strange power. Some of them were thrilling. There was the incident of the boy who fell off the dock at Seventy-first Street and was carried out into the river. Daniels, who was on a boat near by, jumped in and swam after him. When he got near the youngster the latter sank and Daniels dived for him. The boy was a long way down when Daniels reached him, so clasping him around the body with his legs, he paddled up to the surface. Once up, he took the boy by the collar and started for the shore. While he was under water, however, someone on a passing tug had thrown over a ring-buoy to which was fastened a long line. Daniels did not see this when he came up, and the current carried it down the river with the loose end of rope floating after it. Somehow or other that rope got coiled around the swimmer's legs, binding them tightly together. And there he was in a strong tide, a senseless boy on his shoulders, his legs bound, and the buoy holding him back like a sea-anchor on a rudderless ship. How he ever made the 200 feet to shore is a mystery to him to this day, but somehow or other he did it, although onlookers had to drag him up the face of the dock, so exhausted was he by the time he reached it.

That incident occurred in July when the water was warm, but on the night of November 14, 1902, he jumped off Ninety-third-Street wharf to get a man who had been fishing and had fallen overboard. The night was black and Daniels dived on general principles in the spot where the man had gone down. He found him a few feet beneath the surface, tangled up in the fish-lines, which had to be cut before the man could be rescued.

On the night of January 3, 1903, a waitress fell off the city tug Wickham, on which Daniels was deck-hand. It was zero weather and the woman had fallen between the boat and the dock to which the Wickham was being moored. Nevertheless Daniels dived after her and brought her to the surface. Again, he saved an insane woman, who tried to commit suicide by jumping from the sea-wall of Blackwell's Island. That was another case of death-clasp around the neck, but the crew of the Wickham managed to reach Daniels with a launch before the woman could drag him down.

Once near North Beach, L. I., he saved five men at once. A boat containing six men capsized. Daniels rowed out from shore in his own boat and hauled three of the drowning men aboard. The other three had sunk. He dived, got one and brought him up. He dived again, got another and brought him up. He dived the third time, but the sixth man was gone.

Harry Daniels is a good type of the best class of rivermen, honest and outspoken, with an abiding faith in his ability to cope with any merely physical difficulty the river may present for his consideration. He is in his thirty-ninth year, is married, and has a very proper pride in the eight-year-old Henry Daniels, Jr.

"There he is," he said, indicating the photograph of a little towhead tucked into the paneling of his room on his boat. "He'll be a life-saver some day. Why, he's begun already. Had him down to the dock one Sunday when he was three years old. Some one threw a cur dog overboard, and what does the kid do but dive over after it, to save it, mind you. Well, you bet, I was after *him* quick! Could he swim? Sure. Taught him before he was able to walk. But accidents will happen sometimes, you know, and I can't afford to lose *him*. He's the only one I've got. No, *sir*, not for the whole hundred and forty of them."

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WITH THE PROCESSION

HIGH THINKING AND LONG LIVING

ACCORDING to a writer in a medical journal, probably one-third of the English agricultural laborers who survive the age of thirty or thirty-five die of paresis. The figures look exaggerated, but the intellectual barrenness of those laborers is almost incredible, and the monotony of their lives is perhaps not the least of their hardships and misfortunes. It is well known that brain workers live long as a class. And it has not yet become the custom to draw the "dead-line" against them at forty-five, as is the case in many occupations at present. The brain must have blood to be healthy. Thinking gives it free circulation. The American farmer in the present day is a reader and a thinker, in touch with all the movement of the world. Telephone, trolley, rural delivery keep him from isolation and monotony; and his outdoor life, with his mental and social activity, should give him a better chance of long life than the merely sedentary brain worker has.

THE GRAND CENTRAL STATION

THE present New York Central station in New York is a derision. The company has at last waked up. It is making terminal improvements, which will cost in all $40,000,000. The station itself will be a $17,000,000 job. It will cover eight acres, and include the general office, a post-office, and express offices. The ticket lobby will be 300 by 90 feet, and on the express traffic level there will be a "grand concourse," 470 by 160 feet. Glorious news for suburbanites, the suburban trains will turn around and go out without breaking bulk, on their own separate level, thirty-five feet below the street, and will be served by a separate station, independently connected with the subway and the street. The upper level will be for the express trains. The capacity of the Park Avenue tunnel will be greatly enlarged; electricity will be the motive power; trains can be run on close headway. Improvements long needed and devoutly to be wished.

RETRIBUTION AND THE PUBLIC

THE moralists have drawn affecting lessons from the fall of some of the greater gods of life-insurance. John A. McCall, more sensitive than his associates in the New York Life, died under the stress of exposure, surprised to the last that anybody should object to his methods. McCurdy, long a major god of high finance and Morristown, is a broken exile. James W. Alexander, the type and representative of respectability, the glory of the Princeton Club and the University Club, is a crushed man. Young Mr. Hyde, whom he betrayed and sought to ruin, is the least smirched and ruined figure in the lot. But he has missed the career for which he was brought up to believe himself born. He has been ridiculed and abused unmercifully. It is still faintly possible that he may be prosecuted criminally. But what has the public got by the displacement of these once eminent persons?

The rebater Morton gets $80,000 for knowing nothing about the insurance business—except the rebate habit—and shamelessly defends at Albany the interests of the milkers and bilkers of the policy-holders. The great Tarbell—some say the evil genius of Alexander and the chief conspirator against Hyde—the great Tarbell, his mouth full of suggestions as to the reform of life-insurance and his pockets full of rebates—has anything happened to him? No, he knows

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too much about the business; he controls too large an army of agents; his views on commissions are liberal. The virtuous Harriman, does anybody interfere with him? Why, he was an honored guest of Speaker Cannon the other night. Young Mr. Hyde is replaced by the tender altruist, Ryan.

Peabody, of the Mutual, is eager for reform, isn't he? See some of his trustees fighting to cover up their tracks and keep control of the swag. New York Life, ditto. The New York Life pays $50,000 a year for a set of whiskers; and the whiskers go to Albany and repeat the loathsome cant about life-insurance as a "philanthropic" institution. Philanthropy at $50,000 a year! Perky Perkins is still the greatest man in the world, and will make a stump speech on the value of his services and read you pa's letter at a moment's notice. The downtrodden agents have made their wrongs heard at Albany. They will be able to make a living and to spread the light of life-insurance. "This thing will all blow over in a year or two." And it will; and the policy-holders will be plucked as usual. Retribution! Contribution is the policy-holder's specialty. Pay up and shut up!

HEROES IN MAINE

THE Trull Homeopathic Hospital in Biddeford was afire. A clinic was going on in the operating room. An operation was half done. Fire or no fire, it must be finished. The patient was removed to another room. The hall outside was blazing. Water was dripping from the ceiling. Umbrellas were held over the patient. The operation was completed, the surgeons working imperturbably, the nurses assisting imperturbably. The nurses and the pupils of the training-school hospital were absolutely brave and cool. They got the patients out. They thought of nothing but the patients. These surgeons and nurses are heroes and heroines of the real sort and "stuff"—not candidates for Carnegie medals.

THE SUN SHINES BRIGHT ON MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME

"OLD HOME WEEK," which has become an institution in New England, has been adopted by the Kentuckians. Founders of States, dauntless pioneers, great by many names and in many ways—it would be painting the lily to praise the sons of Old Kaintuck; and the loveliness of the Kentucky women is beyond all praise. Land of colonels and rivers and mountains and blue grass; raiser of horses swifter than the wind and mint juleps inimitable; rich in statesmen, big, fertile; she of the kind heart and the "glad hand"—come, come, we shall be dropping into poetry next, and Kentucky has poets enough of her own. This is to say, "home-coming for all Kentuckians who have wandered to other lands or foreign shores" is scheduled for Louisville, June 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th. Judges and governors by the mile will be on hand. Henry Watterson is to make the main speech of welcome. June 14th will be "Foster Day" in memory of the author of "My Old Kentucky Home," who is to be variously honored and cannot be honored too much. "Don't you want to come home and see the folks?" You bet!

ANOTHER "RECORD" BROKEN

FOR a time Paul Munder, of New York, held the world's typewriting record, 3,830 words an hour. Too slow for the West. In Pueblo, Colo., Ray Vanetisch typewrote 4,917 words in an hour; in the first half-hour, 2,600. Lightning on the keys; the 5,000-mark will soon be passed. We are living, we are moving, in a mighty rapid time.

BRITISH LABOR IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

FIFTY-FOUR Labor M. P.'s, all with hopelessly bagged trousers and some with caps! The fashionable tailors tear their hair. "Society" shudders. The young Tories take even more strenuously to polo and whisky-and-soda. Fifty-four working men! And they are hard at work. They want pensions for the aged poor. According to Keir Hardie, nine-tenths of the Liberal members made ante-election promises about old-age pensions. A deputation of the Trade-Union Congress calls on the Prime Minister to urge such a pension system. The Prime

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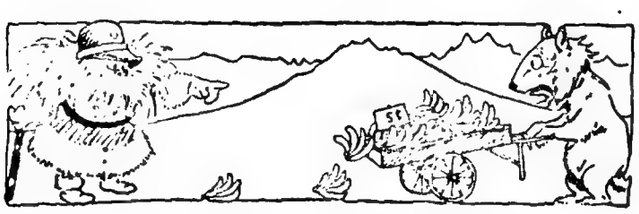
Minister conveys his "sympathy," but there is no money for old-age pensions. The cost of these is put at from fifty to sixty millions a year. No money? Ah, says Mr. Hardie, in effect, that is what we were told in 1894! Since then the expenses of the Government have gone up to the tune of some $200,000,000 a year; and nearly half of that increase has been spent on the army and the navy. Millions enough for possible man-killing; nothing to help people to live. Well, the British Labor Party will continue to demand old-age pensions; payment of M. P.'s (though that, too, is dished for the present); higher wages; workingmen's trains; inspection of railroads and factories; clearer determination of the rights of trade-unions; a free, State-supported, secular system of education; and a free meal once a day for all school children. The Labor Party is now the most interesting, and may yet be in results the most fruitful, of British parties. It is the real progressive democracy, the future party.



THE GLORY OF ICELAND

THEY say that Iceland has one policeman, no jail, no intoxicating liquor, domestic or imported, and not one illiterate past the age of ten. A poor country; and yet what country is richer in the riches that do not have wings and fly away?

A CONSTITUTION FOR PERSIA

THE popular character of priesthoods has often been doubted or attacked. A priesthood must think and act for its own interests, ideas, and supremacy. In this age of curious things the grant, by the Shah of Persia, of a national assembly, at the demand of a thousand or so of mollahs, or Mohammedan priests, is not the least curious. To be sure, to be a mollah, one needs only to read the Koran and interpret its law. In short, the mollahs are an essentially popular priesthood. Imbued with popular ideas, they have imposed them on the Shah, traditionally an autocrat who had rather cut off your head than eat. The army is more faithful to the mollahs than to the Shah. It is to be noted, however, that this revolution of the mollahs may be essentially an antiforeign movement, even though it takes the form of an introduction of a foreign institution. At any rate, the mollahs are the real rulers of Persia.

SIMPLIFIED SPELLING

MR. ANDRU CARNAGY has bestowed a little money for the expenses of a Simplified Spelling Board, an association of scholars that will try to use and popularize simpler and more phonetic forms of spelling certain words. The omission of silent letters is the main present work of the simplifiers. Thus: "cigaret," "coquet," "deth," "welth," "infinitiv," "definit," "thru," "wisht." International copyright stands in the way of any sudden changes and makes American spelling conform with English in many books and some magazines. Domestic spelling, however, can go as it pleases, to a certain extent. Magazines, newspapers, printers, publishers can give their customers and clients as much or as little "simplified" spelling—observe and be thankful that the simplifiers are not seeking to "reform" spelling—as their public will stand; and the public is essentially conservative and will not stand a great deal. Those of us who have mastered or partially mastered the present system at great expense may not take kindly to attempts to change it; but individual feeling and even associated efforts like those of the simplifiers do not count for much at any time. Spelling is always changing as the language is, as pronunciation is. Almost imperceptibly new forms conquer. And it is as futile to object to them as it was to object to "mob" or "reliable." We open at random North's translation of Plutarch (1579) and find: "Although from the beginning of their youthe they dyd use to weare longe heares, yet were they never so carefull to combe and brushe their heades as when they should to the battell." Doubtless every superfluous letter that time has cut off was as precious once in the proof-reader's eyes as the final "me" in "programme" is to good old hunker spellers now.

GREAT CHURCHES OF THE WORLD

A ROMAN journal gives a list of the great churches of the world. The estimate allows four persons to every square yard of space available. Milan Cathedral stands at the head,

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with capacity for 37,000; St. Peter's holds 32,000; St. Paul's, 25,600. The capacity of San Petronio, Bologna, the Florence Cathedral, and the Antwerp Cathedral is about 24,000 apiece; that of St. Sophia, Constantinople, is 23,000; that of St. John Lateran, Rome, about the same (22,900); that of Notre Dame, Paris, 21,000. These are the nine great churches of the world. The Pisa Cathedral comes tenth with a capacity of 13,000. The cathedral of the City of Mexico and that of Notre Dame in Montreal are the two largest churches in North America, though they belong to the second class with St. Stephen, Vienna (12,400), and St. Dominic, Bologna (12,000).

PEDDLING COMPRESSED AIR

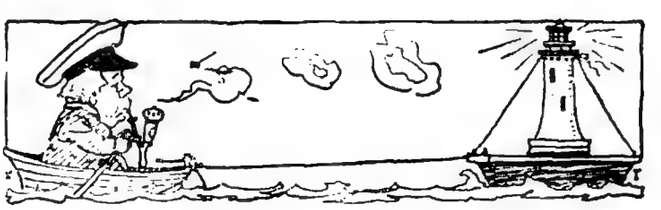
THE air-meter, which measures air as a gas-meter measures gas — or pretends to measure it—has been on sale for two or three months. This invention makes it possible to buy and sell compressed air, distributed from a central plant, at so much a cubic foot. Mine owners thus purchase air for their miners, and it is predicted that some very deep abandoned mines will be worked again. The compressed-air business is new. Wonderful things may yet be done with it. One interesting proposition is the ventilation of the New York Subway by means of highly compressed air, stored in a central reservoir and distributed in pipes. Is the millennium so near?

INNOCENT MONGOLIAN OBLIQUITY

WHAT can you expect of a race that has its eyes set at an angle? Can its view of things be other than absurd? So says, or might have said, Pierre Loti. But divers German scientists have looked at the Chinese more closely. Ah Sin's eyes are straight in his skull. They look oblique because the upper eyelid is oblique, and the eyebrow takes an oblique direction. The lids are thin; the eye has an air of being imperfectly open, a sort of narrow slit; and at the side of the nose the upper eyelid forms a fold, hiding the angle where the lacrymal gland is. Does this make it hard for Ah Sin to weep? At any rate, he is acquitted of obliquity as to his eyes. How do the orbs of barbarians look to him? Absurd, no doubt.

THE AUTOMATIC BOOTBLACK

THE automatic restaurant, common among many other automatic devices in Germany, has examples in New York and Philadelphia, and is, perhaps, an old story. New, though also known in New York, is the automatic bootblack, essentially a platform with a kind of cylinder wherein are brushes revolving in various directions. You drop your nickel in the slot, insert your foot in the proper place, and your "shine" proceeds. Very fine. Still you stand and hold on by a hand-rail during the operation. Not luxurious. But what the heart of the world seeks unsleepingly is an automatic tipless Pullman car porter.



MOVING THE LIGHT

A LIGHTHOUSE near Hamburg, Germany, had to be moved because the channel was always filling up with sand. The light must not be put out during the moving process. The job was of the utmost delicacy, for the ground surface is sandy and the lighthouse tower is 115 feet high and weighs sixty tons. Thirty feet from the old site a new foundation was built and moored. Thither slid the tower on steel rollers running on a track of iron girders. A hand-driven winch in front pulled the tower with wire ropes. There was a winch in the rear to keep the tower from getting out of place if a storm should come up. Wire ropes fixed to the top of the tower and attached to a winch in front and another at the rear guarded against oscillations. The winches kept time. The work was done in perfection. And the contractors' charge for the moving was only $1,750!

THE WORKHOUSE BROTHERHOOD

IN a Cleveland apartment-house live twenty-three graduates of the workhouse. They are working for themselves, and not the

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city, now. They are trying to support one another in the resolve to lead better lives and be useful and decent members of the community. Whatever they have been, they are now working manfully. Their brotherhood is run on the cooperative plan. The members pay its expenses. The plan is excellent. There should be more of such brotherhoods; and not too much public attention should be turned toward them. There is a certain offensive, pitying, patronizing air on the part of the "unco guid" toward the unfortunate and the found-out criminal. One of the rules of the Cleveland house seems to us more than a little unreasonable. Every member must promise not only to be a total abstainer, but not to use tobacco. The latter part of the prohibition is all right, if these men have an aversion to tobacco. If the rule is thrust upon them by excellent outside philanthropists, it is all wrong. Tobacco is not a hanging matter. It makes a great many persons more comfortable and contented, especially after a good day's work. A man trying to reform ought not to be made to feel that "the devil has all the good tunes," and that he may go to the devil if he won't give up his pipe. Make the crook straight, if you can; but don't insist upon making him better than many better citizens are.

STONES OF GWANDU

THERE is no asphalt trust in Gwandu. No woolly reformers investigate or suppress paving scandals in Gwandu. In that happy African settlement the pavements of the approaches to the gates look like ivory, worth stealing. They are skulls, some twelve thousand in all, white as an African's teeth and shining as his eyes. Long use has put a beautiful polish on them. When repairs are needed, the Paving Board sallies out and "slugs" the necessary number of its enemies and neighbors. So large is the world; some walk on Belgian blocks and some on Ethiopian blockheads.

THE STATEHOOD BILL

AT this writing Speaker Cannon is on his high horse, inclined to "defend the prestige of the House," and to insist upon the House bill admitting Oklahoma and the Indian Territory as one State and Arizona and New Mexico as one State. The position of the Senate as to the bill is sound and popular. Arizona and New Mexico should not be united unless a majority of the people of both Territories are in favor of such union. The Foraker amendment, passed by the Senate, directs that a vote be taken in New Mexico and Arizona, separately, in regard to the double-State proposition. That is fair and square. The Burrows amendment, also passed by the Senate, eliminates Arizona and New Mexico from the Statehood bill. Popular sentiment is in favor of admitting Oklahoma and the Indian Territory. To keep those Territories from joint Statehood because the House cannot have its way and impose joint Statehood upon New Mexico and Arizona, is more like the pique of a spoiled child than like statesmanship. Mr. Cannon and the House will not make any friends or gain reputation by blindly kicking against the Senate when the Senate happens to be right. Probably "Uncle Joe" is just "bluffing," and "saving his face," but the performance has not been edifying.

AUTOMOBILE SKATES

THE automobile skate, a French invention, consists of four rubber-tired wheels, on which rests a little platform beneath which is the mechanism. The one horse-power motor weighs some fourteen pounds and makes from 1,000 to 2,500 revolutions a minute, producing a speed of thirty miles an hour. The front wheels run on the guiding axle; the back wheels are attached to the axis of the motor. The speed is regulated, among other ways, by lifting the wheels with the heels. It is said that motor skating is great fun. The speed is not up to this quick-paced age, but the invention is young. When the residence streets and country roads are thronged with automobile skaters at 100 miles an hour, then the exercise will be lively enough for this age.

ALASKA

TEN years ago even professional geographers and the United States Geological Survey knew little of the interior of Alaska. Few of the passes were mapped. Of the mountains only those of the coast were known; the two mighty inland ranges, from one of which jut the loftiest peaks of North America, were not set down, or were vaguely and incorrectly set down, on any map. Most heights were not determined. Even the large rivers were not

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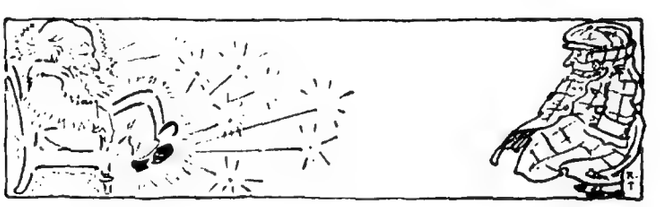
surveyed. Now all but two of such rivers have been surveyed; and if not all the mountains have been explored carefully, at least there are no unknown ranges to discover. Geologically even greater progress has been made; and in view of the golden hoard of Alaska, this geological work is especially important. There is plenty to do yet in that immense area, more than half of which is still virgin even of reconnaissance maps, and detailed surveys of every mineral-producing district are needed. But the Geological Survey has made a report on every mining district. Ask the Survey about the minerals of any district in Alaska and you will get a printed report with the latest information about that district.

THE CHRISTIAN COLONY

On Rainy River, Ontario, is "the Christian Colony," a Land of Promise in what is still largely a wilderness, but fertile and developing rapidly. Mr. R. A. Burriss, who has lived on rented farms in the West, is the founder. The Canadian Government gave him 20,000 acres at first. He gave that away and got 300,000 acres more. He writes us that he "wants tenant farmers, poor men who have families, who wish to become freeholders"; that he "will make them freeholders; will make them better husbands, better fathers, better Christians"; that he has "already helped 2,000 families to help themselves." He will help "deserving families" to get to the Rainy River country, "give them a free temporary home for a week or ten days, and help them to get a free 160 acres to call their own." There will be the inevitable hardships of pioneer life. It is not a country or career for weaklings. To men of pluck it offers independence. There are churches, schools, many beautiful homes. Mr. Burriss's address is Port Arthur, Ontario. He will be glad to tell anybody interested how to get cheap transportation to his colony and all about the colony itself.

ELECTION REFORM

The conference on election reforms which was held in New York City at the instance of the National Civic Federation discussed ballot laws, primary laws, and laws for the prevention of corrupt practises. The conference resolved that a special department should be established in the Federation to take charge of these three matters. The conference also averred that there is no adequate provision in the present criminal laws to prevent or punish vote-buying, and that legislation against corrupt practises must prescribe the publication in detail of receipts and expenditures for political and campaign purposes, prohibit campaign contributions by corporations, direct judicial investigation of election expenditures and corrupt practises, give any citizen the right to take a hand in the inquiry, and increase the penalties for corrupt practises by adding disfranchisement and disqualification to fine or imprisonment. These are admirable suggestions in the main. Imprisonment, however, should not be an alternative. Imprisonment *and* disqualification should be the punishment. The persons engaged in corrupt election practises will not be frightened by fines. Only some poor devil of a henchman would care for fines; and he might know enough of his superior's secrets to make that superior pay the fine. For the principals, the real and head criminals, good long terms in prison. What other crime is so dangerous to the commonwealth as a crime against the purity of the franchise?



THE MOTOR ARMCHAIR

Anybody who has had a good case of seasickness must have felt that he would welcome the electric chair as a relief. Now an electric chair for seasickness has been tested in an English Channel steamer and an ocean liner. You sit in a snug armchair. A motor under the seat is connected with the ship's electric current. You sit and take vibratory treatment. Up and down and crosswise you are shaken. Most sitters need but one treatment. Their tendency to seasickness is vibrated out of them. Some need a second sitting. A few are seasick as soon as their treatment ends. It is a preventive, mark you, not a cure. The theory is that seasickness is essentially a nervous malady and that vibration reduces the nervousness. Certainly imagination and expectation have much to do with the disorder. Blessings on the new armchair if it can block quick-coming seasickness. But many believe and many doubt.

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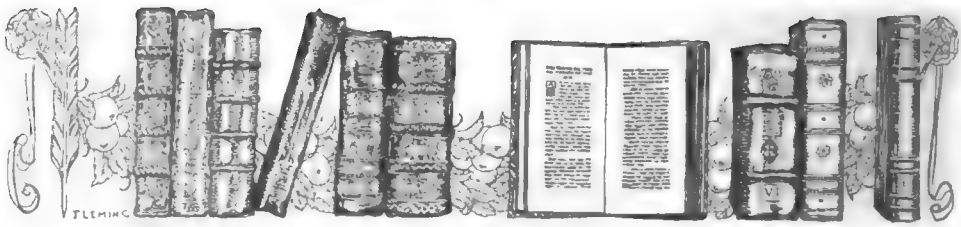

A Row of Books

"THE JUNGLE"

CARLYLE, who thought that Scott's novels (fulfilling romances in the opinion of some) ought to have been supplied with a "message," would have had no fault to find in this particular with Upton Sinclair's remarkable story of "The Jungle" (Doubleday, Page & Co.). Here is a message, about as doleful and disturbing as it could well be, concerning the state of society in Chicago. In no story that we remember has there been presented a more painful picture of economical conditions.

The author follows, in an overflowing abundance of detail, the fortunes of a Russian laborer in this preposterously approved and thoroughly unhappy country. Jurgis Rudkus, from Lithuania, was a massive, powerful man, with mighty hands and beetling brows. He could neither read nor write. It is told how he came from the Lithuanian forests with his father, his sweetheart, and a considerable family of his sweetheart's relations; how he went to work in the Chicago stockyards; how he was fleeced and oppressed on every hand; how his pocket was squeezed and his heart was wrung on the occasion of his wedding-feast; how his little boy was drowned in a puddle in the scandalously unpaved street; how his wife died in childbed in horrible circumstances of want and neglect; how his old father died; how his wife's little foster-brother was eaten by rats; how he assaulted with hands and teeth the "boss" who had forced his wife to sell herself; how he went to jail; how he became a "hobo," a highwayman, a political "heeler," a socialist.

Until he found the socialists Jurgis did not encounter in all his wide experiences anybody who had a heart in his bosom, except only Duane, the cracksman, whom he met in jail, and Freddie Brown, son of the "magnate" at the head of the beef trust, who happened to be drunk, and who gave him a hundred-dollar bill and took him home to the palatial and castellated Brown residence to a champagne supper. This seems one-sided; if there had been no socialists in Chicago we do not see why the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah should not have overtaken it; but no doubt the evils of our social condition need to be strongly represented. Let us read just briefly at page 212 to see how strongly represented they are:

"Jurgis could see all the truth now—could see himself, through the whole long course of events, the victim of ravenous vultures that had torn into his vitals and devoured him; of fiends that had racked and tortured him, mocking him meantime, jeering in his face. Ah, God, the horror of it, the monstrous, hideous, demoniacal wickedness of it! He and his family, helpless women and children, struggling to live, ignorant and defenseless and forlorn as they were—and the enemies that had been lurking for them, crouching upon their trail and thirsting for their blood! All the tricks of the packers, their masters, the tyrants who ruled them—the shut-downs and the scarcity of work, the irregular hours and the cruel speeding-up, the lowering of wages, the raising of prices! The mercilessness of the city, of the country in which they lived, of its laws and customs that they did not understand! All of these things had worked together for the company that had marked them for its prey and was waiting for its chance."

Victor Hugo would have excused Jurgis in the circumstances for knocking down wayfarers and taking their money. "The fault of society," he would have said, as he did say in

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the case of his own thief in "Les Misérables," who walked off with the bishop's candlesticks. Regarding the strike with which President Cleveland interfered, the author of this story has a succinct statement to make. He says:

"Ten years before there had been in Chicago a strike of 150,000 railroad employees, and thugs had been hired by the railroads to commit violence, and the President of the United States had sent in troops to break the strike by flinging the officers of the union into jail without trial." He says of Eugene Debs, the strike leader, that when he went about afterward as a proselyting socialist "the tears of suffering little children pleaded in his voice." Socialism is expounded and commended at considerable length in the book. Rather curiously, there is also what appears to be commendation of the philosopher Nietzsche, friend and custodian of the Overman. Mr. Horace Fletcher is another who is approved—the New Orleans gentleman who says that we should eat one meal a day, chewing each morsel until it disappears by imperceptible absorption without any act of swallowing. The story in its conclusion does not report or picture the actual redemption of the social world, but it quotes jubilantly the statistics of the socialist vote, and leaves us with the feeling that a better time is pretty surely coming. We will add that only a wicked reader could wish for a continuation of the state of things represented in this remarkable and most depressing chronicle.

"THE CONQUEST OF CANAAN"

THE novel reader may not often read of a finer moral triumph than the one that was achieved by the young hero of Booth Tarkington's story of "The Conquest of Canaan" (Harper & Brothers). Time at last sets all things even. So Byron declared in the forcible poem of "Mazeppa," and we should think that any doubter would need to wait until the end of time in order to disprove him. Certainly time evened matters very happily for young Joe Louden in this ingenious and readable tale. We all remember how the Count of Monte Cristo watched the hour, and demonstrated that never yet was human power that could evade, if unforgiven, the patient search and vigil long of him who treasures up a wrong. The count remains, with little doubt, the most brilliant of the operators under this strong theory; nevertheless Joe is to be credited with a distinctly lively and interesting performance.

We hasten to say, however, that Joe did not treasure up wrongs. He was different from the count—a gentle, humorous fellow, with a quaint, pathetic droop of mouth and eye, and a habit of tilting his head on one side, much like an amiable puppy, the story says. How the whole respectable part of the city of Canaan could have come to dislike Joe, to snub him, to persecute him by word and act, is not easily to be understood. This offense of a community against a child speaks ill for Indiana charity. It will both pain and puzzle the reader. It will also interest him; and here doubtless we have the author's reason for letting it be known to the world.

The story opens with an account of the ancient men who used to foregather in the National House to exchange views of abstract philosophy and word of their neighbors. The account is entertaining, the humor effective, though at times a little too laboriously and intricately built up. The grand scamp of the tale makes a brief and truculent appearance—Judge Pike, the "magnate" of Canaan, a fat monster of oppression and guile, a reincarnation of Henry VIII, father of Mamie Pike, a pretty girl engaged to be married to Eugene Bantry, Joe's foster-brother. Eugene sails down the street presently, a lordly and bewildering figure on a vacation from college. He is the petted son. His clothes are magnificent. He has a silver cigarette case. It is plainly the aim of the story to make the reader understand that a comet in the main street of Canaan would have excited no more interest and surprise. We follow the blinding Eugene past the Pike "mansion," where it is the happy fortune of Mamie to be on hand to behold him, to his home. There, in the front yard, we see him kick Joe, who seems to be almost thankful for the rude attention. At the same time we make the acquaintance of Ariel Tabor, the heroine of the tale. Ariel just now is immature and not pretty, but she grows into much loveliness a little later. She is ragged, but she comes to be an heiress.

It is told how Joe sneaked into the Pike "mansion" on the occasion of a party; how he possessed himself, uninvited, of a substantial share of the scalloped oysters and other refection; how he was discovered and smitten by Judge Pike with a poker; how he ran away from Canaan; how he returned and

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opened a law office; how he was the defender and the friend of the disreputable and the oppressed; how he drank and stopped drinking; how he triumphed in the great Corey murder trial; how popular opinion turned in his favor when Respectability, his little mongrel dog, was almost hunted to death; how he discovered Judge Pike in the misappropriation of trust money; how he was nominated for mayor; how he learned, long after the reader had done as much, that Ariel loved him.

All this is very readably set forth. Only in places do we find a rather too laborious effort for effect. At page 119, for instance, we have Judge Pike waving Joe away from the precincts of the "mansion." The story describes his gesture:

"It was a magnificent gesture; it excluded the young man from the street, Judge Pike's street, and from the town, Judge Pike's town. It swept him from the earth, abolished him, denied him the right to breathe the common air, to be seen of men; and, at once a headsman's stroke and an excommunication, destroyed him, soul and body, thus rebuking the silly Providence that had created him, and repairing Its mistake by annihilating him. This hurling Olympian gesture smote the street; the rails of the car track sprang and quivered with the shock; it thundered, and, amid the dumfounding uproar of the wrath of a god, the Will of the Canaanite Jove wrote the words in fiery letters upon the ether:

'CEASE TO BE!'"

That reminds us of something that a schoolmaster of temperate mind once wrote upon a composition of ours. He wrote: "Whew!"

We note further that more than once in this story the word "expect" is used as though it had no significance of futurity. That not a few English novelists of the day are given to this inaccuracy is not an excuse for it. But we have no mind to find much fault with so entertaining and good a story.

"THE STRUGGLE"

THE trusts are vigorously assailed in the notable story entitled "The Struggle," the enviable work of Sidney C. Tapp, Ph.B. (A. Wessels Company). Monopoly indeed is overturned and made an end of in this book, juries all over the country convicting the magnates and the captains of industry in short order, and Judge Snodgrass and his fellow judges consigning them to State prison until not a magnate and not an industrial captain remains outside the bars. But interesting and instructive and proper as this part of the story is, we must confess to having felt an interest even greater in the part telling of Grace Shelton, beautiful daughter of Colonel John Shelton of the Kentucky tobacco belt, and of the young lady's "suit" of auburn hair. At page 49 it may be read:

"She was dressed and ready to receive him. Her queenly, solid, and compact form wore a white silk dress with the usual evening parlor trail, with short sleeves and low neck. Carefully adjusted was the bunch of roses resting at the proper place. Her heavy suit of auburn hair seemed to hang a little loose here and there. Her cheeks were so fair that they were creamy, and as her young, warm blood coursed through her veins she glowed with vitality and life, and when she extended her hand to welcome him his very heart leaped within him. The moon was shining beautifully."

Because we know the limits of magazine space, and because we feel that people interested in the work of an author ought to buy his book, we refrain from quoting further; but from so much it will surely be understood why the judgments of Judge Snodgrass and the incarceration of the captains of industry did not seem to us the most interesting of the matters that Mr. Tapp has here generously communicated.

"THE IDLERS"

As readable a story as has come to us in a long time is "The Idlers," the very happy accomplishment of Mr. Morley Roberts (L. C. Page & Co., Boston). Mr. Roberts is a competent humorist and a capable wielder of irony. He knows, too, how to construct dialogue and how to establish a strong dramatic situation. That he has exceptional insight and ingenuity in these particulars of story manufacture is proved abundantly in this vigorous and satisfying tale.

The hero here is a new Tom Jones, what is called a "human" person, a little weak in the flesh but sound in the heart. We imagine that Fielding's Tom was rather more gifted in his intellectual part than Jack Bexley here, but on the other hand we are satisfied that he did not measure as much around the chest and that he was no handsomer or more amiable. Tom Jones's Sophia was unquestion-

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ably lovely. She had a suitable talent for music, her conversation was engaging, and though a temperate and modest person she was capable of interesting emotions. But so much is also true of Jack Bexley's Cecilia, except that it does not appear that she played the piano. If she did not play it her charm is no less in our eyes. She knew of Jack's wickedness and refused to make much of it. She did, however, despise the females who cast their snares for Jack. The author's power of irony is very keenly employed when it comes to a consideration of Cecilia's attitude toward Jack in the time of his indiscretions.

Some highly interesting characters figure in the story. There is a dramatic part which rises to tragedy and which is very ingeniously and effectively handled. Altogether this is a tale which the reader will find himself following not only without indifference but with eagerness and avidity.

"IN PERIL OF CHANGE"

We are unable to make up our mind whether the world should be optimistic or pessimistic. Mr. C. F. G. Masterman, literary editor of the London *Daily News*, in his book of essays entitled "In Peril of Change" (B. W. Huebsch, New York), devotes one of his chapters to a searching and comprehensive rebuke of Mr. G. K. Chesterton, a brother essayist operating with much fluency in London, whose optimism, jubilant, copious, irrepressible, and not to be doubted, seems to his critic to be contrary to good judgment, unwarranted by facts, and unfounded in any normal and proper feeling of the insides. "It is time," Mr. Masterman declares, "for some dull person to raise the banner of protest, however sober and grave, against the philosophy of life which Mr. Chesterton is steadily hammering into the brain of the English householder."

We do not believe that it will be of any use. We cannot persuade ourselves that any banner, no matter how sober, no matter how grave, will be powerful to avail against Mr. Chesterton and against his halcyon and vociferous ways. He will continue to overflow Fleet Street and inundate the mind of the British householder. The New York *Evening Post* will continue to favor its readers with frequent specimens of his optimistic and numerous remarks. We find ourselves unable to be unhappy in the prospect that this will be the case. It is our feeling that Mr. Masterman may properly disapprove of Mr. Kipling, who occasioned the Boer War, and approve of Mr. Watson, a poet who, to the surprise of everybody, was unable to stop it; but Mr. Chesterton, we are satisfied, is a rock to withstand—likewise a rock that some Moses has smitten in a number of places.

A clever and interesting book, but it cannot stop the rivers and the sun and the dicky birds and the constellations.

"MOSCOW"

We are easily suited. We like all sorts of things. We like vaguenesses and riddles. They interest us. If we cannot determine them we suffer no fever. We like also a plain tale. We have it in "Moscow: a Story of the French Invasion of 1812," by Fred Whishaw (Longmans, Green & Co.). Here the events fall unembellished before us, leaving us to interpret them as we please. We cannot help but think that this is in the nature of a flattering permission. A curious modesty prevails here. There is no obvious effort to direct us or impress us. There are no preachments. With the fetters off, we feel a certain buoyancy. Not that we rejoice too much. We have a pride in our sturdy power to endure. Still this is gratifying. We read along. We are not hindered. We are pleasantly hurried. A good story. We are glad that it came our way.

"RHYMES OF LITTLE BOYS"

Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. send to us Burges Johnson's book of "Rhymes of Little Boys." This is a handsome book with a plaid cover. It is also a clever and amusing book. A world of philosophy is expressed in this verse:

> What's the use o' growin' up?
> You can't paddle with yer toes
> In a puddle—you can't *yell*
> When yer feelin' extra well—
> Why, every feller knows
> A grown-up can't let *loose*.
> I don't want to be no older—
> What's the use?

What indeed is the use? Possibly if we had our way there would be none of it.

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Under the Spreading Chestnut Tree

EDITOR'S NOTE.—A good story is a treasure, and, like other precious things, hard to find. Our readers can assist us, if they will, by sending any anecdotes they find that seem to them good. Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. The younger the better. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree."

Little Bartholomew's mother overheard him swearing like a mule-driver. He displayed a fluency that overwhelmed her. She took him to task, explaining the wickedness of profanity as well as its vulgarity. She asked him where he had learned all those dreadful words. Bartholomew announced that Cavert, one of his playmates, had taught him.

Cavert's mother was straightway informed and Cavert was brought to book. He vigorously denied having instructed Bartholomew, and neither threats nor tears could make him confess. At last he burst out:

"I didn't tell Bartholomew any cuss words. Why should I know how to cuss any better than he does? Hasn't his father got an automobile, too?"

"Buck" Kilgore, of Texas, who once kicked open the door of the House of Representatives when Speaker Reed had all doors locked to prevent the minority from leaving the floor and thus escaping a vote, was noted for his indifference to forms and rules. Speaker Reed, annoyed by members bringing lighted cigars upon the floor of the House just before opening time, had signs conspicuously posted as follows: "No smoking on the floor of the House." One day just before convening the House his eagle eye detected Kilgore nonchalantly puffing away at a fat cigar. Calling a page, he told him to give his compliments to the gentleman from Texas and ask him if he had not seen the signs. After a while the page returned and seated himself without reporting to the Speaker, and Mr. Reed was irritated to see the gentleman from Texas continue his smoke. With a frown he summoned the page and asked:

"Did you tell the gentleman from Texas what I said?"

"I did," replied the page.

"What did he say?" asked Reed.

"Well—er," stammered the page, "he said to give his compliments to you and tell you he did not believe in signs."

Along in the sixties Pat Casey pushed a wheelbarrow across the plains from St. Joseph, Mo., to Georgetown, Colo., and shortly after that he "struck it rich"; in fact, he was credited with having more wealth than any one else in Colorado. A man of great shrewdness and ability, he was exceedingly sensitive over his inability to read or write. One day an old-timer met him with:

"How are you getting along, Pat?"

"Go 'way from me now," said Pat genially, "me head's bustin' wid business. It takes two lid-pincils a day to do me wurruk."

Into a general merchandise store in North Carolina went a mountaineer with his little son, who had never been in a town before. Many wondrous things that boy looked upon, and when

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the proprietor saw his eyes sparkle at sight of the open hogshead of brown sugar, he placed a high chair beside the hogshead and told the lad to help himself, to eat all he wanted.

The boy entered upon this exquisite delight with indescribable avidity. He ate and ate, rested, and ate again. Presently the proprietor saw his guest had stopped eating, while he looked regretfully into the great depth of sweetness.

"What's the matter, sonny—have you got enough?"

"No, sir," with a deep sigh, "I ain't got enough, but I've got down to where it ain't good no more."

Andrew Lang once wrote to Israel Zangwill to ask him to take part in an authors' reading for the benefit of a charity, and received in reply the following laconic message: "If A. Lang will—I. Zangwill."

The stage-coach that carries the mail between Kent's Hill and Readfield Station in Maine drew up along the roadside and the driver accosted a little old man working in a field.

"Do you know who Mrs. Abby B. Brown is and where she lives?"

The old man considered. "Brown, Abby B. Brown?" he repeated. "You don't mean Mrs. Polly Brown, do you?"

"No, Mrs. Abby B. Brown; we've got a letter for her."

"B, you say the middle letter is B, do you? I know a whole lot of Browns that live on the other side of the road, but there ain't any Abby B. among them. You don't mean Abby B. Smith, do you? She lives over——"

"No, it's Abby B. Brown. We'll find her somehow. Thanks."

The stage-driver started his horses, but before the corner was reached a faint "Hello" caused the passengers to turn around. The old man, hoe in hand, was pursuing the stage.

"Brown, Mrs. Abby B. Brown, did you say? Why, I know her. She's my wife."

When Frank Stockton started out with his Rudder Grange experiences he undertook to keep chickens. One old motherly Plymouth Rock brought out a brood late in the fall, and Stockton gave her a good deal of his attention. He named each of the chicks after some literary friend, among the rest Mary Mapes Dodge. Mrs. Dodge was visiting the farm some time later, and, happening to think of her namesake, she said: "By the way, Frank, how does little Mary Mapes Dodge get along?"

"The funny thing about little Mary Mapes Dodge," said he, "is, she turns out to be Thomas Bailey Aldrich."

A young Northern woman once went out to visit the famous old chapel and cemetery of St. Roch, near New Orleans. The eccentric old Frenchman in charge was delighted to show her about, and when they came to one of the "stations" where hung a painting of the Crucifixion, wishing to make sure of a firm foundation for her appreciation of the subject, he inquired:

"Madame is an artist?"

"No," modestly replied "madame," "only a student."

The old man was visibly disappointed, but, taking new courage, he tried again:

"Madame has traveled much. Perchance to Paris?"

"No," replied the lady, with proper regret, "I have never been to Paris."

Increased disappointment, almost reaching the point of disapproval, but followed by another brave attempt at establishing mutual interest and understanding:

"Madame is a good Catholic?"

"No," sadly replied the unfortunate woman, a trifle uncomfortable, although amused.

"Well," in desperation, "this painting is by a great artist—a French artist who lives in Paris. It represents the Christ who long ago was crucified upon a cross. You have *heard* of Him?"

An automobilist, speeding along a country road at a rapid clip, ran over and killed a chicken. When he returned the same way an hour later, a man was standing in the middle of the road, signaling excitedly for him to stop. He brought the machine to a standstill, and there lying on the roadside was the poor chicken whose life had been snuffed out. He was prepared for the worst, when the following dialogue took place:

"May I ask, did you run over this chicken?"

"Yes, I'm the guilty party, but I am willing to pay for the damage. How much do you want?"

"Oh, that's all right. You see, before I took the chicken home, I wanted to make sure how it had been killed. If your automobile ran over it, I guess it's good to eat."

The subject for the regular missionary prayer-meeting was "The North American Indian," and after the pastor had enlarged upon the oppression of the noble red man, especially the manner in

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which his lands were taken from him, he called upon a deacon to lead in prayer. That worthy promptly responded, and, after the usual preliminaries, delivered himself thus:

"O Lord, we pray for the poor Indian. We have taken away his land. Help us, O Lord, to give him the Christian religion, which is much better."

Mrs. M.'s patience was much tried by a servant who had a habit of standing around with her mouth open. One day, as the maid waited upon table, her mouth was open as usual, and her mistress, giving her a severe look, said:

"Mary, your mouth is open."

"Yessum," replied Mary, "I opened it."

The four-year-old daughter of a clergyman was ailing one night and was put to bed early. As her mother was about to leave her she called her back.

"Mamma," she said, "I want to see my papa."

"No, dear," her mother replied, "your papa is busy and must not be disturbed."

"But, mamma," the child persisted, "I want to see my papa."

As before, the mother replied: "No, your papa must not be disturbed."

But the little one came back with a clincher:

"Mamma," she declared solemnly, "I am a sick woman, and I want to see my minister."

"Uncle Joe" Cannon has a way of speaking his mind that is sometimes embarrassing to others. On one occasion an inexperienced young fellow was called upon to make a speech at a banquet at which Speaker Cannon was also present.

"Gentlemen," began the young fellow, "my opinion is that the generality of mankind in general is disposed to take advantage of the generality of——"

"Sit down, son," interrupted "Uncle Joe." "You are coming out of the same hole you went in at."

During the Civil War a Mr. Wertenberger kept a restaurant in a central Indiana town. As all commodities were high at that period, in consequence of an inflated currency, his pie crust had no more shortening in it than was absolutely necessary, lard costing twenty-five cents a pound and more. One day a transient customer came in and called for pie, which was served him, and he set out to devour it forthwith. But the crust was so short of shortening that he could not get his fork through it. He struggled with it manfully for a few minutes, and then laid down his knife and fork in despair.

"Mr. Landlord," he declared at length, "I'd like to know who in thunder tans your pies!"

While dining with friends in Cambridge, Phillips Brooks described with much enthusiasm a college service he had recently attended.

"It was an inspiration to see all those young men singing so heartily. Especially they seemed to throw their whole souls into the hymn:

'Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?'

Even Dr. X., the president of the college, sang as if he felt the contagion of inspiration."

"Dr. X. sang that?" broke in an incredulous listener. "Does Dr. X. believe that?"

"Oh, no," replied Bishop Brooks quickly, "he was merely asking for information."

Oliver Herford once entered a doubtful-looking restaurant in a small New York town and ordered a lamb-chop. After a long delay the waiter returned, bearing a plate on which reposed a dab of mashed potatoes and a much overdone chop of microscopical proportions with a remarkably long and slender rib attached. This the waiter set down before him and then hurried away.

"See here," called Herford, "I ordered a chop."

"Yessir," replied the man, "there it is."

"Ah, so it is," replied Herford, peering at it closely. "I thought it was a crack in the plate."

At the International Sunday-school Convention, at Louisville, Ky., in answer to the roll-call of States, reports were verbally given by the various State chairmen. When the Lone Star State was called, a brawny specimen of Southern manhood stepped out into the aisle and with strident voice exclaimed: "We represent the great State of Texas. The first white woman born in Texas is still living—she now has a population of over three millions."

There was a pause of bewilderment for a moment, and then a voice from the galleries rang out clear and distinct:

"Send that woman out to Wyoming—we need her!"

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With "Everybody's" Publishers

WE are especially complimented in the receipt of hundreds of letters of which the one below is typical. The fact that people all over the country are writing to us in this confidential way about things intimately personal to them is not only an evidence that our readers believe in us, and trust us, but it is an evidence also that they have caught the spirit of the purpose back of our work. Our intense desire is to be of some little help to the helpless, to carry some message of hope to the hopeless, to do what we can to show up wrongs that have made so much misery possible, to do what we can to help discover some practical way to right the wrongs, to distribute more evenly the blessings of our national abundance, to make America in very truth "the land of the free."

We are not discouraged; far from it. We cannot but believe that when so many honest people set out to improve things as has been the case recently, some big and splendid results are bound to follow. You can do a lot of good work right in your own section. What is being done in your community for the people who toil? No self-respecting man wants charity. Give him opportunity.

TO THE EDITOR:

Sir: My little boys and I are great admirers of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE. Although poor in pocket, we are all three great readers, and when the time comes that it is a choice between candy and EVERYBODY'S, even Lester, aged nine, declares for the magazine. We have all had a hard time this winter, and reading your article on "Housekeeping on Half-a-Million a Year," I determined to write and ask you and your readers if you had ever thought of writing on Housekeeping on $200 a year?

Now, Mr. Editor, my heart is very full, and no doubt this epistle will go into the waste-paper basket, but here am I up in this corner with two little boys of nine and twelve, no friends, tubercular, our whole income $40 a quarter. Last spring my youngest boy lost his leg in a railway accident. I am English and consequently somewhat reserved. We live in a tiny shack, rent $2 a month. We don't live; we exist, except in the summer when God's sun and fresh air brighten me and I grow a few vegetables to help us on.

I wish you would write, or get some one to write, "How People Exist on Little." If I had the money I should go home where at least I could learn to know some kind folks and renew old friendships. Here in this corner we know no one and attend no church. Because we are very poor, few trouble us. If we have money we eat; if we don't happen to make the cents spin out we exist on dry bread and berries we preserved last summer. Why do I write? Because my heart aches for my boys. The waste that goes on in the house where a girl of fourteen has perhaps ten courses for luncheon would feed us and make me strong again. Because I have no friends and cannot get nourishment I must eke out a life lived merely out of love for a crippled boy. Could I end it I would, but I may not "turn my back, but must march breast forward."

Mr. Editor, I am a thinker and no Socialist; neither do I envy the rich, but I long for enough to clothe my boys, feed their bodies and minds. I may not teach. I am tubercular and infectious. Every door is therefore closed to me, and my boys may not even have a book from a public library for fear that I might infect it with the germs of phthisis.

Yours faithfully, Mrs. C. G. M.

ANOTHER GLOAT

WE are proud of this May number. Just thumb it through and judge for yourself if it is not the livest thing in magazine making you have ever seen. We are proud of the cover and the President's letter. We are proud of Mr. Denison's article on Panama. You must read it. It is the first really entertaining story of Panama we have read. It will give you real impressions of the work there, as if you were looking with your own eyes, and, best of all, it will line you up enthusiastically with the President and Taft and Stevens. That canal must be built and they are the men to build it, and we must all of us believe in them and encourage them and hold up their hands. We are proud of Upton Sinclair's answer to J. Ogden Armour. Read it and then read Mr. Sinclair's book, "The Jungle." It is the story of how the poor devils who work for the Beef Trust exist. It cannot be called living. Sinclair piles on the suffering thick. His book will horrify you and thrill you and it will give you a new sense of the pain and anguish mere living is to a host of people right here in America. Don't dodge; read it. Be impressed by the facts and not by the theories in the last chapters. We do not want to be understood as recommending Socialism as a cure-all. But we do wish you to know that there is other suffering in the world besides yours.

Mr. Lawson recounts a recent experience with Heinze. You recall the chapter some months ago in which he described Heinze; but in spite of that marvelous skinning, Heinze bobs up a few weeks later with a proposition that Mr. Lawson join forces with

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him to hornswoggle the public. The nerve of him! He showed Mr. Lawson where they could both make millions. He really showed him, and—but read what Mr. Lawson says about it in "Fools and Their Money."

"The Autobiography of an Elderly Woman" is a beautiful piece of work. It shows you how old people feel. If there are any old people dependent upon you for happiness, this article will be a great help to you. Then there is the story of the new President of France—what kind of man he is; how he climbed to the top. The fiction in this number is unusually delightful. It is a great magazine, this May number. We are proud of it.

INSPIRATION

PHILADELPHIA, March 24, 1906.

THE RIDGWAY-THAYER COMPANY,
Union Square, New York.

Dear Sirs: I have just finished the reading of Mr. Russell in EVERYBODY'S on the "Swiss and Their Government."

The conception of the thought—"Soldiers of the Common Good," coming at this opportune time in the country's history, was little short of an inspiration. This last article of the author—terse, frank, and forceful—showing what government of the people can accomplish, is a masterpiece.

What a pity 'tis that it cannot reach and touch the mind and heart of every loyal American interested in good government and himself. It speaks so splendidly to his manhood.

Would it not be possible to reproduce it in pamphlet form and spread its plain "Facts," so graphically told, broadcast over the land—Free?

EVERYBODY'S, through the masterly pens of Mr. Lawson and Mr. Russell, to any unbiased mind, is the instigator of the wave of reform sweeping the country from ocean to ocean.

Month by month you are "making good." And I really begin to believe, through your splendid work, there is still hope of seeing again in liberty-loving America a real live government of the people.

The best I can wish EVERYBODY'S and its two "giants of the pen" is that their rewards may come on earth as well as in Heaven. Faithfully yours,

L.

MAKING THE MARCH COVER

EVERY month somebody says "covers" to us. Many letters come to the office. Occasionally a friend stops us on the street long enough to express himself. Most of the news is good news, though occasionally one of our regular readers takes the cover very much to heart and roasts it long and lovingly. One of the most interesting features of this gossip about the covers is its diversity. It's very hard to get two persons to think exactly alike on any proposition; when you have three, it is almost impossible; make it thirty, and Chrysostom himself would have difficulty in convincing them so that they would all stay of one mind overnight. Just after one person has informed us kindly and sadly that the last cover was a good deal of a fall-down from the ones immediately before it, along come six others with glad, eager faces, all chanting in concert that the last cover was by far our best. Meanwhile we go on doing the best we can, taking perhaps a greater interest in the covers than any of the others who talk about them. All of which leads up to the fact that so many have been curious about the March cover (which consists of a group of EVERYBODY'S readers in diminishing perspective) that they constitute almost a quorum, and certainly are entitled to the information they desire.

The following letter is typical of many received:

THE RIDGWAY-THAYER CO.,
Union Square, New York.

Dear Sirs: I was so much impressed with the front-cover design of the March number of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE that I cannot resist the temptation to write you a request to publish an article in some following number, describing how the design was obtained and by whom. The design is certainly the most appropriate one I have ever seen, and I am sure many others must have felt as I did about it and would be just as much pleased to hear how the design was gotten up. Hoping to see something in regard to it in the near future, I am,

Respectfully yours,

About a year and a half ago the Philadelphia *Bulletin* published a calendar, bearing a photographic group of readers of the *Bulletin*, which attracted considerable notice. At that time it was suggested by one of the publishers that a similar group of EVERYBODY'S readers would make an ideal poster or cover for the magazine. Meantime it was learned that the calendar had been the work of the Ireland Advertising Agency, of Philadelphia. With them we finally placed a commission to construct a cover. They were busy for some months securing the necessary photographs, which were all specially posed. Each separate photograph was carefully cut out, the edges were sandpapered thin from the back, and each was mounted in turn on a large background board some four feet high. Even on the original group of photographs it is almost impossible to see the joinings. When the photographic group was completed the lettering was overlaid and the whole composition photographed down to the size of our cover.

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